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THE DESCENT OF FIRE.

"Il faut que la cœur devienne ancien parmi les anciennes choses, et la plénitude de l'histoire ne se dévoile qu'à celui qui descend, ainsi disposé, dans le passé. Mais il faut que l'esprit demeure moderne, et n'oublie jamais qu'il n'y a pour lui d'autre foi que la foi scientifique." — LITTRÉ.

IN the course of my last summer's vacation, which was spent at a small inland village, I came upon an unexpected illustration of the tenacity with which conceptions descended from prehistoric antiquity have now and then kept their hold upon life. While sitting one evening under the trees by the roadside, my attention was called to the unusual conduct of half a dozen men and boys who were standing opposite. An elderly man was moving slowly up and down the road, holding with both hands a forked twig of hazel, shaped like the letter Y inverted. With his palms turned upward, he held in each hand a branch of the twig in such a way that the shank pointed upward; but every few moments, as he halted over a certain spot, the twig would gradually bend inwards and downwards until it had assumed the likeness of a Y in its natural position, where it would remain pointing to something in the ground beneath. One by one the bystanders proceeded to try the experiment, but with no variation

in the result. Something in the ground seemed to fascinate the bit of hazel, for it could not pass over that spot without bending down and pointing to it.

My thoughts reverted at once to Jacques Aymar and Dousterswivel, as I perceived that these men were engaged in sorcery. During the long drought more than half the wells in the village had become dry, and here was an attempt to make good the loss by the aid of the god Thor. These men were seeking water with a divining-rod. Here, alive before my eyes, was a superstitious observance, which I had supposed long since dead and forgotten by all men except students interested in mythology.

As I crossed the road to take part in the ceremony a farmer's boy came up, stoutly affirming his incredulity, and offering to show the company how he could carry the rod motionless across the charmed spot. But when he came to take the weird twig he trembled with an ill-defined feeling of insecurity

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VOL. XXVII. — NO. 163.

34

as to the soundness of his conclusions, and when he stood over the supposed rivulet the rod bent in spite of him, as was not so very strange. For, with all his vague scepticism, the honest lad had not, and could not be supposed to have, the *foi scientifique* of which Littré speaks.

Hereupon I requested leave to try the rod ; but something in my manner seemed at once to excite the suspicion and scorn of the sorcerer. " Yes, take it," said he, with uncalled-for vehemence, " but you can't stop it ; there's water below here, and you can't help its bending, if you break your back trying to hold it." So he gave me the twig, and awaited, with a smile which was meant to express withering sarcasm, the discomfiture of the supposed scoffer. But when I proceeded to walk four or five times across the mysterious place, the rod pointing steadfastly toward the zenith all the while, our friend became grave and began to philosophize. " Well," said he, " you see, your temperament is peculiar ; the conditions ain't favorable in your case ; there are some people who never can work these things. But there's water below here, for all that, as you'll find, if you dig for it ; there's nothing like a hazel-rod for finding out water."

Very true : there are some persons who never can make such things work ; who somehow always encounter " unfavorable conditions " when they wish to test the marvellous powers of a clairvoyant ; who never can make " Planchette " move in conformity to the requirements of any known alphabet ; who never see ghosts, and never have " presentiments," save such as are obviously due to association of ideas. The ill-success of these persons is commonly ascribed to their lack of faith ; but, in the majority of cases, it might be more truly referred to the strength of their faith, — faith in the constancy of nature, and in the adequacy of ordinary human experience as interpreted by science. *La foi scientifique* is an excellent preventive against that obscure, though not un-

common, kind of self-deception which enables wooden tripods to write and tables to tip and hazel-twigs to twist upside-down, without the conscious intervention of the performer. It was this kind of faith, no doubt, which caused the discomfiture of Jacques Aymar on his visit to Paris,* and which has in late years prevented persons from obtaining the handsome prize offered by the French Academy for the first authentic case of clairvoyance.

But our village friend, though perhaps constructively right in his philosophizing, was certainly very defective in his acquaintance with the time-honored art of rhabdomancy. Had he extended his inquiries so as to cover the field of Indo-European tradition, he would have learned that the mountain-ash, the mistletoe, the white and black thorne, the Hindu asvattha, and several other woods, are quite as efficient as the hazel for the purpose of detecting water in times of drought ; and in due course of time he would have perceived that the divining-rod itself is but one among a large class of things to which popular belief has ascribed, along with other talismanic properties, the power of opening the ground or cleaving rocks, in order to reveal hidden treasures. Leaving him in peace, then, with his bit of forked hazel, to seek for cooling springs in some future thirsty season, let us endeavor to elucidate the origin of this curious superstition.

The detection of subterranean water is by no means the only use to which the divining-rod has been put. Among the ancient Frisians it was regularly used for the detection of criminals ; and the reputation of Jacques Aymar was won by his discovery of the perpetrator of a horrible murder at Lyons. Throughout Europe it has been used from time immemorial by miners for ascertaining the position of veins of metal ; and in the days when talents

* See the story of Aymar in Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, Vol. I. pp. 57-77. The learned author attributes the discomfiture to the uncongenial Parisian environment ; which is a style of reasoning much like that of my village sorcerer, I fear.

were wrapped in napkins and buried in the field, instead of being exposed to the risks of financial speculation, the divining-rod was employed by persons covetous of their neighbors' wealth. If Boulatruelle had lived in the sixteenth century, he would have taken a forked stick of hazel when he went to search for the buried treasures of Jean Valjean. It has also been applied to the cure of disease, and has been kept in households, like a wizard's charm, to insure general good-fortune and immunity from disaster.

As we follow the conception further into the elf-land of popular tradition, we come upon a rod which not only points out the situation of hidden treasure, but even splits open the ground and reveals the mineral wealth contained therein. In German legend, "a shepherd, who was driving his flock over the Ilsenstein, having stopped to rest, leaning on his staff, the mountain suddenly opened, for there was a springwort in his staff without his knowing it, and the princess [Ilse] stood before him. She bade him follow her, and when he was inside the mountain she told him to take as much gold as he pleased. The shepherd filled all his pockets, and was going away, when the princess called after him, 'Forget not the best.' So, thinking she meant that he had not taken enough, he filled his hat also; but what she meant was his staff with the springwort, which he had laid against the wall as soon as he stepped in. But now, just as he was going out at the opening, the rock suddenly slammed together and cut him in two."*

Here the rod derives its marvellous properties from the enclosed springwort, but in many cases a leaf or flower is itself competent to open the hillside. The little blue flower, forget-me-not, about which so many sentimental associations have clustered, owes its name to the legends told of its talismanic virtues.† A man, travelling on

a lonely mountain, picks up a little blue flower and sticks it in his hat. Forthwith an iron door opens, showing up a lighted passageway, through which the man advances into a magnificent hall, where rubies and diamonds and all other kinds of gems are lying piled in great heaps on the floor. As he eagerly fills his pockets his hat drops from his head, and when he turns to go out the little flower calls after him, "Forget me not!" He turns back and looks around, but is too bewildered with his good fortune to think of his bare head or of the luck-flower which he has let fall. He selects several more of the finest jewels he can find, and again starts to go out; but as he passes through the door the mountain closes amid the crashing of thunder, and cuts off one of his heels. Alone, in the gloom of the forest, he searches in vain for the mysterious door: it has disappeared forever, and the traveller goes on his way, thankful, let us hope, that he has fared no worse.

Sometimes it is a white lady, like the Princess Ilse, who invites the finder of the luck-flower to help himself to her treasures, and who utters the enigmatical warning. The mountain where the event occurred may be found almost anywhere in Germany, and one just like it stood in Persia, in the golden prime of Haroun Alraschid. In the story of the Forty Thieves, the mere name of the plant *sesame* serves as a talisman to open and shut the secret door which leads into the robbers' cavern; and when the avaricious Cassim Baba, absorbed in the contemplation of the bags of gold and bales of rich merchandise, forgets the magic formula, he meets no better fate than the shepherd of the Ilsenstein. In the story of Prince Ahmed, it is an enchanted arrow which guides the young adventurer through the hillside to the grotto of the Peri Banou. In the tale of Baba Abdallah, it is an ointment rubbed on the eyelid which reveals at a single glance all the treasures hidden in the bowels of the earth.

The ancient Romans also had their

* Kelly, Indo-European Folk-Lore, p. 177.

† The story of the luck flower is well told in verse by Mr. Baring-Gould, in his *Silver Store*, p. 115, *seq.*

rock-breaking plant, called *Saxifraga*, or "sassafras." And the further we penetrate into this charmed circle of traditions the more evident does it appear that the power of cleaving rocks or shattering hard substances enters, as an indispensable element, into the primitive conception of these treasure-showing talismans. Mr. Baring-Gould has given an excellent account of the rabbinical legends concerning the wonderful schamir, by the aid of which Solomon was said to have built his temple. From Asmodeus, prince of the Jann, Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, wrested the secret of a worm no bigger than a barley-corn, which could split the hardest substance. This worm was called schamir. "If Solomon desired to possess himself of the worm, he must find the nest of the moor-hen, and cover it with a plate of glass, so that the mother bird could not get at her young without breaking the glass. She would seek schamir for the purpose, and the worm must be obtained from her." As the Jewish king did need the worm in order to hew the stones for that temple which was to be built without sound of hammer, or axe, or any tool of iron,* he sent Benaiah to obtain it. According to another account, schamir was a mystic stone which enabled Solomon to penetrate the earth in search of mineral wealth. Directed by a Jinni, the wise king covered a raven's eggs with a plate of crystal, and thus obtained schamir which the bird brought in order to break the plate.

In these traditions, which may possibly be of Aryan descent, due to the prolonged intercourse between the Jews and the Persians, a new feature is added to those before enumerated: the rock-splitting talisman is always found in the possession of a bird. The same feature in the myth reappears on Aryan soil. The springwort, whose marvellous powers we have noticed in the case of the Ilsenstein shepherd, is obtained, according to Pliny, by stopping up the hole in a tree where a wood-

pecker keeps its young. The bird flies away, and presently returns with the springwort, which it applies to the plug, causing it to shoot out with a loud explosion. The same account is given in German folk-lore. Elsewhere, as in Iceland, Normandy, and ancient Greece, the bird is an eagle, a swallow, an ostrich, or a hoopoe.

In the Icelandic and Pomeranian myths the schamir, or "raven-stone," also renders its possessor invisible, — a property which it shares with one of the treasure-finding plants, the fern.* In this respect it resembles the ring of Gyges, as in its divining and rock-splitting qualities it resembles that other ring which the African magician gave to Aladdin, to enable him to descend into the cavern where stood the wonderful lamp.

In the North of Europe schamir appears strangely and grotesquely metamorphosed. The hand of a man that has been hanged, when dried and prepared with certain weird unguents and set on fire, is known as the hand of glory; and as it not only bursts open all safe-locks, but also lulls to sleep all persons within the circle of its influence, it is of course invaluable to thieves and burglars. I quote the following story from Thorpe's "Northern Mythology": "Two fellows once came to Huy, who pretended to be exceedingly fatigued, and when they had supped would not retire to a sleeping-room, but begged their host would allow them to take a nap on the hearth. But the maid-servant, who did not like the looks of the two guests, remained by the kitchen door and peeped through a chink, when she saw that one of them drew a thief's hand from his

* "We have the receipt of fern-seed. We walk invisible" — Shakespeare, Henry IV.

According to one North German tradition, the luck-flower also will make its finder invisible at pleasure. But, as the myth shrewdly adds, it is absolutely essential that the flower be found by accident: he who seeks for it never finds it! Thus all caviis are skilfully forestalled, even if not satisfactorily disposed of. The same kind of reasoning is favored by our modern dealers in mystery: somehow the "conditions" always are absent whenever a scientific observer wishes to test their pretensions.

* 1 Kings vi. 7.

pocket, the fingers of which, after having rubbed them with an ointment, he lighted, and they all burned except one. Again they held this finger to the fire, but still it would not burn, at which they appeared much surprised, and one said, 'There must surely be some one in the house who is not yet asleep.' They then hung the hand with its four burning fingers by the chimney, and went out to call their associates. But the maid followed them instantly and made the door fast, then ran up stairs, where the landlord slept, that she might wake him, but was unable, notwithstanding all her shaking and calling. In the mean time the thieves had returned and were endeavoring to enter the house by a window, but the maid cast them down from the ladder. They then took a different course, and would have forced an entrance, had it not occurred to the maid that the burning fingers might probably be the cause of her master's profound sleep. Impressed with this idea she ran to the kitchen and blew them out, when the master and his men-servants instantly awoke, and soon drove away the robbers." The same event is said to have occurred at Stainmore in England; and Torquemada relates of Mexican thieves that they carry with them the left hand of a woman who has died in her first childhood, before which talisman all bolts yield and all opposition is benumbed. In 1831 "some Irish thieves attempted to commit a robbery on the estate of Mr. Naper, of Loughcrew, county Meath. They entered the house armed with a dead man's hand with a lighted candle in it, believing in the superstitious notion that a candle placed in a dead man's hand will not be seen by any but those by whom it is used; and also that if a candle in a dead hand be introduced into a house, it will prevent those who may be asleep from awaking. The inmates, however, were alarmed, and the robbers fled, leaving the hand behind them."*

* Henderson, *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England*, p. 202.

In the Middle Ages the hand of glory was used, just like the divining-rod, for the detection of buried treasures.

Here, then, we have a large and motley group of objects — the forked rod of ash or hazel, the springwort and the luck-flower, leaves, worms, stones, rings, and dead men's hands — which are for the most part competent to open the way into cavernous rocks, and which all agree in pointing out hidden wealth. We find, moreover, that many of these charmed objects are carried about by birds, and that some of them possess, in addition to their generic properties, the specific power of benumbing people's senses. What, now, is the common origin of this whole group of superstitions? And since mythology has been shown to be the result of primeval attempts to explain the phenomena of nature, what natural phenomenon could ever have given rise to so many seemingly wanton conceptions? Hopeless as the problem may at first sight seem, it has nevertheless been solved. In his great treatise on "The Descent of Fire," Dr. Kuhn has shown that all these legends and traditions are descended from primitive myths explanatory of the lightning and the storm-cloud.*

To us, who are nourished from childhood on the truths revealed by science, the sky is known to be merely an optical appearance due to the partial absorption of the solar rays in passing through a thick stratum of atmospheric air; the clouds are known to be large masses of watery vapor, which descend in rain-drops when sufficiently condensed; and the lightning is known to be a flash of light accompanying an electric discharge. But these conceptions are extremely recondite, and have been attained only through centuries of philosophizing and after careful observation and laborious experiment. To the untaught mind of a child or of an uncivilized man, it seems far more natural and plausible to regard the sky as a solid dome of blue crystal,

* Kuhn, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertranks*. Berlin, 1859.

the clouds as snowy mountains, or perhaps even as giants or angels, the lightning as a flashing dart or a fiery serpent. In point of fact, we find that the conceptions actually entertained are often far more grotesque than these. I can recollect once framing the hypothesis that the flaming clouds of sunset were transient apparitions, vouchsafed us by way of warning, of that burning Calvinistic hell with which my childish imagination had been unwisely terrified; and I have known of a four-year-old boy who thought that the snowy clouds of noonday were the white robes of the angels hung out to dry in the sun.* My little daughter is anxious to know whether it is necessary to take a balloon in order to get to the place where God lives, or whether the same end can be accomplished by going to the horizon and crawling up the sky;† the Mohammedan of old was working at the same problem when he called the rainbow the bridge Es-Sirat, over which souls must pass on their way to heaven. According to the ancient Jew, the sky was a solid plate, hammered out by the gods, and spread over the earth in order to keep up the ocean overhead; but the plate was full of little windows, which were opened whenever it became necessary to let the rain come through. With equal plausibility the Greek represented the rainy sky as a sieve in which the daughters of Danaos were vainly trying to draw water; while to the Hindu the rain-clouds were celestial cattle milked by the wind-god. In primitive Aryan lore, the sky was itself a blue sea, and the clouds were ships sailing over it; and an English legend tells how one of these ships once caught its anchor on a gravestone in the churchyard, to the great astonish-

ment of the people who were coming out of church. Charon's ferry-boat was one of these vessels, and another was Odin's golden ship, in which the souls of slain heroes were conveyed to Valhalla. Hence it was once the Scandinavian practice to bury the dead in boats; and in Altmark a penny is still placed in the mouth of the corpse, that it may have the means of paying its fare to the ghostly ferryman.* In such a vessel drifted the Lady of Shalott on her fatal voyage; and of similar nature was the dusky barge, "dark as a funeral-scarf from stem to stern," in which Arthur was received by the black-hooded queens.†

But the fact that a natural phenomenon was explained in one way did not hinder it from being explained in a dozen other ways. The fact that the sun was generally regarded as an all-conquering hero did not prevent its being called an egg, an apple, or a frog squatting on the waters, or Ixion's wheel, or the eye of Polyphemos, or the stone of Sisyphos, which was no sooner pushed up to the zenith than it rolled down to the horizon. So the sky was not only a crystal dome, or a celestial ocean, but it was also the Aleian land through which Bellerophon wandered, the country of the Lotoseaters, or again the realm of the Graiai beyond the twilight; and finally it was personified and worshipped as Dyaus or Varuna, the Vedic prototypes of the Greek Zeus and Ouranos. The clouds,

* See Kelly, *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, p. 120; who states also that in Bengal the Garrows burn their dead in a small boat, placed on top of the funeral-pile.

In their character of cows, also, the clouds were regarded as psychopomps; and hence it is still a popular superstition that a cow breaking into the yard foretakens a death in the family.

† The sun-god Freyr had a cloud-ship called *Skithblathnir*, which is thus described in *Dasent's Prose Edda*: "She is so great, that all the Æsir, with their weapons and war-gear, may find room on board her"; but "when there is no need of faring on the sea in her, she is made . . . with so much craft that Freyr may fold her together like a cloth, and keep her in his bag." This same virtue was possessed by the fairy pavilion which the Peri Banou gave to Ahmed; the cloud which is no bigger than a man's hand may soon overspread the whole heaven, and shade the Sultan's army from the solar rays.

* "Still in North Germany does the peasant say of thunder, that the angels are playing skittles aloft, and of the snow, that they are shaking up the feather-beds in heaven." — Baring-Gould, *Book of Werewolves*, p. 172.

† "The Polynesians imagine that the sky descends at the horizon and encloses the earth. Hence they call foreigners *papalangi*, or 'heaven-burst-ers,' as having broken in from another world outside." — Max Müller, *Chips*, II. 268.

too, had many other representatives besides ships and cows. In a future paper it will be shown that they were sometimes regarded as angels or houris; at present it more nearly concerns us to know that they appear, throughout all Aryan mythology, under the form of birds. It used to be a matter of hopeless wonder to me that Aladdin's innocent request for a roc's egg to hang in the dome of his palace should have been regarded as a crime worthy of punishment by the loss of the wonderful lamp; the obscurest part of the whole affair being perhaps the Jinni's passionate allusion to the egg as his master: "Wretch! dost thou command me to bring thee my master, and hang him up in the midst of this vaulted dome?" But the incident is to some extent cleared of its mystery when we learn that the roc's egg is the bright sun, and that the roc itself is the rushing storm-cloud which, in the tale of Sindbad, haunts the sparkling starry firmament, symbolized as a valley of diamonds.* According to one Arabic authority, the length of its wings is ten thousand fathoms. But in European tradition it dwindles from these huge dimensions to the size of an eagle, a raven, or a woodpecker. Among the birds enumerated by Kuhn and others as representing the storm-cloud are likewise the wren or "kinglet" (French *roitelet*); the owl, sacred to Athene; the cuckoo, stork, and sparrow; and the red-breasted robin, whose name Robert was originally an epithet of the lightning-god Thor. In certain parts of France it is still believed that the robbing of a wren's nest will render the culprit liable to be struck by lightning. The same belief was formerly entertained in Teutonic countries with respect to the robin; and I suppose

that from this superstition is descended the prevalent notion, which I often encountered in childhood, that there is something peculiarly wicked in killing robins.

Now, as the raven or woodpecker, in the various myths of schamir, is the dark storm-cloud, so the rock-splitting worm or plant or pebble which the bird carries in its beak and lets fall to the ground is nothing more or less than the flash of lightning carried and dropped by the cloud. "If the cloud was supposed to be a great bird, the lightnings were regarded as writhing worms or serpents in its beak. These fiery serpents, *ελικται γραμμοειδως φερόμενοι*, are believed in to this day by the Canadian Indians, who call the thunder their hissing."*

But these are not the only mythical conceptions which are to be found wrapped up in the various myths of schamir and the divining-rod. The persons who told these stories were not weaving ingenious allegories about thunder-storms; they were telling stories, or giving utterance to superstitions, of which the original meaning was forgotten. The old grannies who, along with a stoical indifference to the fate of quails and partridges, used to impress upon me the wickedness of killing robins, did not add that I should be struck by lightning if I failed to heed their admonitions. They had never heard that the robin was the bird of Thor; they merely rehearsed the remnant of the superstition which had survived to their own times, while the essential part of it had long since faded from recollection. The reason for regarding a robin's life as more sacred than a partridge's had been forgotten; but it left behind, as was natural, a vague recognition of that mythical sanctity. The primitive meaning of a myth fades away as inevitably as the primitive meaning of a word or phrase; and the rabbins who told of a worm which shatters rocks no more thought of the writhing thunderbolts than the modern reader thinks of oys-

* Euhemerism has done its best with this bird, representing it as an immense vulture or condor or as a reminiscence of the extinct dodo. But a Chinese myth, cited by Klaproth, well preserves its true character when it describes it as "a bird which in flying obscures the sun, and of whose quills are made water-tuns." See *Nouveau Journal Asiatique*, Tom. XII. p. 235. The big bird in the Norse tale of the "Blue Belt" belongs to the same species.

* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, Vol. II. p. 146.

ter-shells when he sees the word *astracism*, or consciously breathes a prayer as he writes the phrase *good by*. It is only in its callow infancy that the full force of a myth is felt, and its period of luxuriant development dates from the time when its physical significance is lost or obscured. It was because the Greek had forgotten that Zeus meant the bright sky, that he could make him king over an anthropomorphic Olympos. The Hindu Dyaus, who carried his significance in his name as plainly as the Greek Helios, never attained such an exalted position; he yielded to deities of less obvious pedigree, such as Brahma and Vishnu.

Since, therefore, the myth-tellers recounted merely the wonderful stories which their own nurses and grandmas had told them, and had no intention of weaving subtle allegories or wrapping up a physical truth in mystic emblems, it follows that they were not bound to avoid incongruities or to preserve a philosophical symmetry in their narratives. In the great majority of complex myths, no such symmetry is to be found. A score of different mythical conceptions would get wrought into the same story, and the attempt to pull them apart and construct a single harmonious system of conceptions out of the pieces must often end in ingenious absurdity. If Odysseus is unquestionably the sun, so is the eye of Polyphemos, which Odysseus puts out. But the Greek poet knew nothing of the incongruity, for he was thinking only of a super-human hero freeing himself from a giant cannibal; he knew nothing of Sanskrit, or of comparative mythology, and the sources of his myths were as completely hidden from his view as the sources of the Nile.

We need not be surprised, then, to find that in one version of the schamir-myth the cloud is the bird which carries the worm, while in another version the cloud is the rock or mountain which the talisman cleaves open; nor need we wonder at it, if we find stories

in which the two conceptions are mingled together without regard to an incongruity which in the mind of the myth-teller no longer exists.*

In early Aryan mythology there is nothing by which the clouds are more frequently represented than by rocks or mountains. Such were the Symplegades, which, charmed by the harp of the wind-god Orpheus, parted to make way for the talking ship Argo, with its crew of solar heroes. Such, too, were the mountains Ossa and Pelion, which the giants piled up one upon another in their impious assault upon Zeus, the lord of the bright sky. As Mr. Baring-Gould observes: "The ancient Aryan had the same name for cloud and mountain. To him the piles of vapor on the horizon were so like Alpine ranges, that he had but one word whereby to designate both.† These great mountains of heaven were opened by the lightning. In the sudden flash he beheld the dazzling splendor within, but only for a moment, and then, with a crash, the celestial rocks closed again. Believing these vaporous piles to contain resplendent treasures of which partial glimpse was obtained by mortals in a momentary gleam, tales were speedily formed, relating the adventures of some who had succeeded in entering these treasure-mountains."

This sudden flash is the smiting of the cloud-rock by the arrow of Ahmed, the resistless hammer of Thor, the spear of Odin, the trident of Poseidon, or the rod of Hermes. The forked streak of light is the archetype of the divining-rod in its oldest form, — that in which it not only indicates the hidden treasures, but, like the staff of the Ilsenstein shepherd, bursts open the enchanted crypt and reveals them to the astonished wayfarer. Hence the

* The Sanskrit myth-teller indeed mixes up his materials in a way which seems ludicrous to a Western reader. He describes Indra (the sun-god) as not only cleaving the cloud-mountains with his sword, but also *cutting off their wings* and hurling them from the sky. See Burnouf, *Bhāgavata Purāna*, VI. 12, 26.

† The Sanskrit *parvata*, a bulging or inflated body, means both "cloud" and "mountain."

one thing essential to the divining-rod, from whatever tree it be chosen, is that it shall be forked.

It is not difficult to comprehend the reasons which led the ancients to speak of the lightning as a worm, serpent, trident, arrow, or forked wand; but when we inquire why it was sometimes symbolized as a flower or leaf, or when we seek to ascertain why certain trees, such as the ash, hazel, white-thorn, and mistletoe, were supposed to be in a certain sense embodiments of it, we are entering upon a subject too complicated to be satisfactorily treated within the limits of the present paper. It has been said that the point of resemblance between a cow and a comet, that both have tails, was quite enough for the primitive word-maker: it was certainly enough for the primitive myth-teller.* Sometimes the pinnate shape of a leaf, the forking of a branch, the tri-cleft corolla, or even the red color of a flower, seems to have been sufficient to determine the association of ideas. The Hindu commentators of the Veda certainly lay great stress on the fact that the palasa, one of their lightning-trees, is trident-leaved. The mistletoe branch is forked, like a wish-bone,† and so is the stem which bears the forget-me-not or wild scorpion grass. So too the leaves of the Hindu *figus religiosa* resemble long spear-heads.‡ But in

* In accordance with the mediæval "doctrine of signatures," it was maintained "that the hard, stony seeds of the Gromwell must be good for gravel, and the knotty tubers of scrophularia for scrophulous glands; while the scaly pappus of scalliosa showed it to be a specific in leprous diseases, the spotted leaves of pulmonaria that it was a sovereign remedy for tuberculous lungs, and the growth of saxifrage in the fissures of rocks that it would disintegrate stone in the bladder." Prior, *Popular Names of British Plants*, *Introd.*, p. xiv. See also Chapiel, *La Doctrine des Signatures*. Paris, 1856.

† Indeed, the wish-bone, or forked clavicle of a fowl, itself belongs to the same family of talismans as the divining-rod.

‡ The ash, on the other hand, has been from time immemorial used for spears in many parts of the Aryan domain. The word *æsc* meant, in Anglo-Saxon, indifferently "ash-tree," or "spear"; and the same is, or has been, true of the French *fresne* and the Greek *μελία*. The root of *æsc* appears in the Sanskrit *as*, "to throw" or "lance," whence *âsa*, "a bow," and *asvâ*, "an arrow." See Pictet, *Origines Indo-Européennes*, I. 222.

many cases it is impossible for us to determine with confidence the reasons which may have guided primitive men in their choice of talismanic plants. In the case of some of these stories, it would no doubt be wasting ingenuity to attempt to assign a mythical origin for each point of detail. The ointment of the dervise, for instance, in the Arabian tale, has probably no special mythical significance, but was rather suggested by the exigencies of the story, in an age when the old mythologies were so far disintegrated and mingled together that any one talisman would serve as well as another the purposes of the narrator. But the lightning-plants of Indo-European folklore cannot be thus summarily disposed of; for however difficult it may be for us to perceive any connection between them and the celestial phenomena which they represent, the myths concerning them are so numerous and explicit as to render it certain that some such connection was imagined by the myth-makers. The superstition concerning the hand of glory is not so hard to interpret. In the mythology of the Finns, the storm-cloud is a black man with a bright, copper hand; and in Hindustan, Indra Savitâr, the deity who slays the demon of the cloud, is golden-handed. The selection of the hand of a man who has been hanged is probably due to the superstition which regarded the storm-god Odin as peculiarly the lord of the gallows. The man who is raised upon the gallows is placed directly in the track of the wild huntsman, who comes with his hounds to carry off the victim; and hence the notion, which, according to Mr. Kelly, is "very common in Germany and not extinct in England," that every suicide by hanging is followed by a storm.

The paths of comparative mythology are devious, but we have now pursued them long enough, I believe, to have arrived at a tolerably clear understanding of the original nature of the divining-rod. Its power of revealing treasures has been sufficiently ex-

plained; and its affinity for water results so obviously from the character of the lightning-myth as to need no further comment. But its power of detecting criminals still remains to be accounted for.

In Greek mythology, the being which detects and punishes crime is the Erinyes, the prototype of the Latin Fury, figured by late writers as a horrible monster with serpent locks. But this is a degradation of the original conception. The name *Erinyes* did not originally mean *Fury*, and it cannot be explained from Greek sources alone. It appears in Sanskrit as *Saranyu*, a word which signifies the light of morning creeping over the sky. And thus we are led to the startling conclusion that, as the light of morning reveals the evil deeds done under the cover of night, so the lovely Dawn, or Erinyes, came to be regarded under one aspect as the terrible detector and avenger of iniquity. Yet startling as the conclusion is, it is based on established laws of phonetic change, and cannot be gainsaid.

But what has the avenging daybreak to do with the lightning and the divining-rod? To the modern mind the association is not an obvious one: in antiquity it was otherwise. Myths of the daybreak and myths of the lightning often resemble each other so closely that, except by a delicate philological analysis, it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. The reason is obvious. In each case the phenomenon to be explained is the struggle between the day-god and one of the demons of darkness. There is essentially no distinction to the mind of the primitive man between the Panis, who steal Indra's bright cows and keep them in a dark cavern all night, and the throttling snake Ahi or Echidna, who imprisons the waters in the stronghold of the thunder-cloud and covers the earth with a short-lived darkness. And so the poisoned arrows of Bellerophon, which slay the storm-dragon, differ in no essential respect from the shafts with which

Odysseus slaughters the night-demons who have for ten long hours beset his mansion. Thus the divining-rod, representing as it does the weapon of the god of day, comes legitimately enough by its function of detecting and avenging crime.

But the lightning not only reveals strange treasures and gives water to the thirsty land and makes plain what is doing under cover of darkness; it also sometimes kills, benumbs, or paralyzes. Thus the head of the Gorgon Medusa turns into stone those who look upon it. Thus the ointment of the dervise, in the tale of Baba Abdallah, not only reveals all the treasures of the earth, but instantly thereafter blinds the unhappy man who tests its powers. And thus the hand of glory, which bursts open bars and bolts, benumbs also those who happen to be near it. Indeed, few of the favored mortals who were allowed to visit the caverns opened by sesame or the luck-flower, escaped without disaster. The monkish tale of "The Clerk and the Image," in which the primeval mythical features are curiously distorted, well illustrates this point.

In the city of Rome there formerly stood an image with its right hand extended and on its forefinger the words "strike here." Many wise men puzzled in vain over the meaning of the inscription; but at last a certain priest observed that whenever the sun shone on the figure, the shadow of the finger was discernible on the ground at a little distance from the statue. Having marked the spot, he waited until midnight, and then began to dig. At last his spade struck upon something hard. It was a trap-door, below which a flight of marble steps descended into a spacious hall, where many men were sitting in solemn silence amid piles of gold and diamonds and long rows of enamelled vases. Beyond this he found another room, a *gynacium* filled with beautiful women reclining on richly embroidered sofas; yet here, too, all was profound silence. A superb banqueting-hall next met his as-



tonished gaze ; then a silent kitchen ; then granaries loaded with forage ; then a stable crowded with motionless horses. The whole place was brilliantly lighted by a carbuncle which was suspended in one corner of the reception-room ; and opposite stood an archer, with his bow and arrow raised, in the act of taking aim at the jewel. As the priest passed back through this hall, he saw a diamond-hilted knife lying on a marble table ; and wishing to carry away something wherewith to accredit his story, he reached out his hand to take it ; but no sooner had he touched it than all was dark. The archer had shot with his arrow, the bright jewel was shivered into a thousand pieces, the staircase had fled, and the priest found himself buried alive.*

Usually, however, though the lightning is wont to strike dead, with its basilisk glance, those who rashly enter its mysterious caverns, it is regarded rather as a benefactor than as a destroyer. The feelings with which the myth-making age contemplated the thunder-shower as it revived the earth paralyzed by a long drought, are shown in the myth of Oidipous. The Sphinx, whose name signifies "the one who binds," is the demon who sits on the cloud-rock and imprisons the rain, muttering dark sayings which none but the all-knowing sun may understand. The flash of solar light which causes the monster to fling herself down from the cliff with a fearful roar, restores the land to prosperity. But besides this, the association of the thunder-storm with the approach of summer has produced many myths in which the lightning is symbolized as the life-renewing wand of the victorious sun-god. Hence the use of the divining-rod in the cure of disease ; and hence the large family of schamir-myths in which the dead are restored

to life by leaves or herbs. In Grimm's tale of the Three Snake 'Leaves,' "a prince is buried alive (like Sindbad) with his dead wife, and seeing a snake approaching her body, he cuts it in three pieces. Presently another snake, crawling from the corner, saw the other lying dead, and going away soon returned with three green leaves in its mouth ; then laying the parts of the body together so as to join, it put one leaf on each wound, and the dead snake was alive again. The prince, applying the leaves to his wife's body, restores her also to life."* In the Greek story, told by Ælian and Apollodoros, Polyidos is shut up with the corpse of Glaukos, which he is ordered to restore to life. He kills a dragon which is approaching the body, but is presently astonished at seeing another dragon come with a blade of grass and place it upon its dead companion, which instantly rises from the ground. Polyidos takes the same blade of grass, and with it resuscitates Glaukos. The same incident occurs in the Hindu story of Panch Phul Ranee, and in Fouqué's "Sir Elidoc," which is founded on a Breton legend.

We need not wonder, then, at the extraordinary therapeutic properties which are in all Aryan folk-lore ascribed to the various lightning-plants. In Sweden sanitary amulets are made of mistletoe-twigs, and the plant is supposed to be a specific against epilepsy and an antidote for poisons. In Cornwall children are passed through holes in ash-trees in order to cure them of hernia. Ash rods are used in some parts of England for the cure of diseased sheep, cows, and horses ; and in particular they are supposed to neutralize the venom of serpents. The notion that snakes are afraid of an ash-tree is not extinct even in the United States. The other day I was told, not by an old granny, but by a man fairly educated and endowed with a very unusual amount of good common-sense, that a rattlesnake will sooner go through

* Compare Spenser's story of Sir Guyon, in the "Faery Queen," where, however, the knight fares better than this poor priest. Usually these lightning-caverns were like Ixion's treasure-house, into which none might look and live. This conception is the foundation of the story of Blue-Beard and of the Arabian tale of the third one-eyed Calender.

* Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, Vol. I. p. 161.

fire than creep over ash leaves or into the shadow of an ash-tree. Exactly the same statement is made by Pliny, who adds that if you draw a circle with an ash rod around the spot of ground on which a snake is lying, the animal must die of starvation, being as effectually imprisoned as Ugolino in the dungeon at Pisa. In Cornwall it is believed that a blow from an ash stick will instantly kill any serpent. The ash shares this virtue with the hazel and fern. A Swedish peasant will tell you that snakes may be deprived of their venom by a touch with a hazel wand; and when an ancient Greek had occasion to make his bed in the woods, he selected fern leaves if possible, in the belief that the smell of them would drive away poisonous animals.*

But the beneficent character of the lightning appears still more clearly in another class of myths. To the primitive man the shaft of light coming down from heaven was typical of the original descent of fire for the benefit and improvement of the human race. The Sioux Indians account for the origin of fire by a myth of unmistakable kinship; they say that "their first ancestor obtained his fire from the sparks which a friendly panther struck from the rocks as he scampered up a stony hill."† This panther is obviously the counterpart of the Aryan bird which drops schamir. But the Aryan imagination hit upon a far more remarkable conception. The ancient Hindus obtained fire by a process similar to that employed by Count Rumford in his experiments on the generation of heat by friction. They first wound a couple of cords around a pointed stick in such a way that the unwinding of the one would wind up the other, and then, placing the point of the stick against a circular disk of wood, twirled it rapidly by alternate pulls on the two strings. This instrument is called a *chark*, and is still used in South Africa,‡ in Aus-

tralia, in Sumatra, and among the Veddahs of Ceylon. The Russians found it in Kamtchatka; and it was formerly employed in America, from Labrador to the Straits of Magellan.* The Hindus churned milk by a similar process;† and in order to explain the thunder-storm, a Sanskrit poem tells how "once upon a time the Devas, or gods, and their opponents, the Asuras, made a truce, and joined together in churning the ocean to procure amrita, the drink of immortality. They took Mount Mandara for a churning-stick, and, wrapping the great serpent Sesha round it for a rope, they made the mountain spin round to and fro, the Devas pulling at the serpent's tail, and the Asuras at its head."‡ In this myth the churning-stick, with its flying serpent-cords, is the lightning, and the amrita, or drink of immortality, is simply the rain-water, which in Aryan folk-lore possesses the same healing virtues as the lightning. "In Slavonic myths it is the water of life which restores the dead earth, a water brought by a bird from the depths of a gloomy cave."§ It is the celestial soma or mead which Indra loves to drink; it is the ambrosial nectar of the Olympian gods; it is the charmed water which in the Arabian Nights restores to human shape the victims of wicked sorcerers; and it is the elixir of life which mediæval philosophers tried to discover, and in quest of which Ponce de Leon traversed the wilds of Florida.

* Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 238.

"Jacky's next proceeding was to get some dry sticks and wood, and prepare a fire, which, to George's astonishment, he lighted thus. He got a block of wood, in the middle of which he made a hole: then he cut and pointed a long stick, and inserting the point into the block, worked it round between his palms for some time and with increasing rapidity. Presently there came a smell of burning wood, and soon after it burst into a flame at the point of contact. Jacky cut slices of shark and roasted them." — Reade, *Never too Late to Mend*, Chap. XXXVIII.

† The production of fire by the drill is often called *churning*; e. g. "He took the *wats* [chark], and sat down and churned it, and kindled a fire." Callaway, *Zulu Nursery Tales*, I. 174.

‡ Kelly, *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, p. 39. Bournouf, *Bhâgavata Purâna*, VIII. 6, 32.

§ Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, p. 149

* Kelly, *Indo-European Folk-Lore*, pp. 147, 183, 186, 193.

† Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 151.

‡ Callaway, *Zulu Nursery Tales*, I. 173, Note 12.

The most interesting point in this Hindu myth is the name of the peaked mountain Mandara, or Manthara, which the gods and devils took for their churning-stick. The word means "a churning-stick," and it appears also, with a prefixed preposition, in the name of the fire-drill, *pramantha*. Now Kuhn has proved that this name, *pramantha*, is etymologically identical with Prometheus, the name of the beneficent Titan, who stole fire from heaven and bestowed it upon mankind as the richest of boons. This sublime personage was originally nothing but the celestial drill which churns fire out of the clouds; but the Greeks had so entirely forgotten his origin that they interpreted his name as meaning "the one who thinks beforehand," and accredited him with a brother, Epimetheus, or "the one who thinks too late." The Greeks had adopted another name, *trypanon*, for their fire-drill, and thus the primitive character of Prometheus became obscured.

I have said above that it was regarded as absolutely essential that the divining-rod should be forked. To this rule, however, there was one exception, and if any further evidence be needed to convince the most sceptical that the divining-rod is nothing but a symbol of the lightning, that exception will furnish such evidence. For this exceptional kind of divining-rod was made of a pointed stick rotating in a block of wood, and it was the presence of hidden water or treasure which was supposed to excite the rotatory motion.

In the myths relating to Prometheus, the lightning-god appears as the originator of civilization, sometimes as the creator of the human race, and always as its friend,* suffering in its behalf the most fearful tortures at the hands of the jealous Zeus. In one story he creates man by making a clay image and infusing into it a spark of the fire

which he had brought from heaven; in another story he is himself the first man. In the Peloponnesian myth Phoroneus, who is Prometheus under another name, is the first man, and his mother was an ash-tree. In Norse mythology, also, the gods were said to have made the first man out of the ash-tree Yggdrasil. The association of the heavenly fire with the life-giving forces of nature is very common in the myths of both hemispheres, and in view of the facts already cited it need not surprise us. Hence the Hindu Agni and the Norse Thor were patrons of marriage, and in Norway, the most lucky day on which to be married is still supposed to be Thursday, which in old times was the day of the fire-god.* Hence the lightning-plants have divers virtues in matters pertaining to marriage. The Romans made their wedding torches of whitethorn; hazel-nuts are still used all over Europe in divinations relating to the future lover or sweetheart;† and under a mistletoe bough it is allowable for a gentleman to kiss a lady. A vast number of kindred superstitions are described by Mr. Kelly, to whom I am indebted for many of these examples.

Thus we reach at last the completed conception of the divining-rod, or as it is called in this sense the wish-rod, with its kindred talismans, from Aladdin's lamp and the purse of Bedreddin Hassan, to the Sangreal, the philosopher's stone, and the goblets of Oberon and Tristram. These symbols of the reproductive energies of nature, which give to the possessor every good and perfect gift, illustrate the uncurbed belief in the power of wish which the ancient man shared with modern children. In the Norse story of Frodi's quern, the myth assumes a whimsical

* We may, perhaps, see here the reason for making the Greek fire-god Hephaistos the husband of Aphrodite.

† "Our country maidens are well aware that triple leaves plucked at hazard from the common ash are worn in the breast, for the purpose of causing prophetic dreams respecting a dilatory lover. The leaves of the yellow trefoil are supposed to possess similar virtues." — Harland and Wilkinson, Lancashire Folk-Lore, p. 20.

* In the Vedas the rain-god Soma, originally the personification of the sacrificial ambrosia, is the deity who imparts to men life, knowledge, and happiness. See Bréal, Hercule et Cacus, p. 85.

shape. The prose Edda tells of a primeval age of gold, when everybody had whatever he wanted. This was because the giant Frodi had a mill which ground out peace and plenty and abundance of gold withal, so that it lay about the roads like pebbles. Through the inexcusable avarice of Frodi, this wonderful implement was lost to the world. For he kept his maid-servants working at the mill until they got out of patience, and began to make it grind out hatred and war. Then came a mighty sea-rover by night and slew Frodi and carried away the maids and the quern. When he got well out to sea, he told them to grind out salt, and so they did with a vengeance. They ground the ship full of salt and sank it, and so the quern was lost forever, but the sea remains salt unto this day.

Mr. Kelly rightly identifies Frodi with the sun-god Fro or Freyr, and observes that the magic mill is only another form of the fire-churn, or chark. According to another version the quern is still grinding away and keeping the sea salt, and over the place where it lies there is a prodigious whirlpool or maelstrom which sucks down ships.

In its completed shape, the lightning-wand is the *caduceus*, or rod of Hermes. I observed, in the preceding paper, that in the Greek conception of Hermes there have been fused together the attributes of two deities who were originally distinct. The Hermes of the Homeric Hymn is a wind-god; but the later Hermes Agoraios, the patron of gymnasia, the mutilation of whose statues caused such terrible excitement in Athens during the Peloponnesian War, is a very different personage. He is a fire-god, invested with many solar attributes, and represents the quickening forces of nature. In this capacity the invention of fire was ascribed to him as well as to Prometheus; he was said to be the friend of mankind, and was surnamed Ploutodotes, or "the giver of wealth."

The Norse wind-god Odin has in like manner acquired several of the

attributes of Freyr and Thor. His lightning-spear, which is borrowed from Thor, appears by a comical metamorphosis as a wish-rod which will administer a sound thrashing to the enemies of its possessor. Having cut a hazel stick, you have only to lay down an old coat, name your intended victim, wish he was there, and whack away: he will howl with pain at every blow. This wonderful cudgel appears in Dase's tale of "The Lad who went to the North Wind," with which we may conclude this discussion. The story is told, with little variation, in Hindustan, Germany, and Scandinavia.

The North Wind, representing the mischievous Hermes, once blew away a poor woman's meal. So her boy went to the North Wind and demanded his rights for the meal his mother had lost. "I haven't got your meal," said the Wind, "but here's a tablecloth which will cover itself with an excellent dinner whenever you tell it to." So the lad took the cloth and started for home. At nightfall he stopped at an inn, spread his cloth on the table, and ordered it to cover itself with good things, and so it did. But the landlord, who thought it would be money in his pocket to have such a cloth, stole it after the boy had gone to bed, and substituted another just like it in appearance. Next day the boy went home in great glee to show off for his mother's astonishment what the North Wind had given him, but all the dinner he got that day was what the old woman cooked for him. In his despair he went back to the North Wind and called him a liar, and, again, demanded his rights for the meal he had lost. "I haven't got your meal," said the Wind, "but here's a ram which will drop money out of its fleece whenever you tell it to." So the lad travelled home, stopping over night at the same inn, and when he got home he found himself with a ram which did n't drop coins out its fleece. A third time he visited the North Wind, and obtained a bag with a stick in it

which, at the word of command, would jump out of the bag and lay on until told to stop. Guessing how matters stood as to his cloth and ram, he turned in at the same tavern, and going to a bench lay down as if to sleep. The landlord thought that a stick carried about in a bag must be worth something, and so he stole quietly up

to the bag, meaning to get the stick out and change it. But just as he got within whacking distance, the boy gave the word, and out jumped the stick and beat the thief until he promised to give back the ram and the tablecloth. And so the boy got his rights for the meal which the North Wind had blown away.

John Fiske.

MAY-FLOWERS

IF you catch a breath of sweetness,
And follow the odorous hint
Through woods where the dead leaves rustle,
And the golden mosses glint,

Along the spicy sea-coast,
Over the desolate down,
You will find the dainty May-flowers
When you come to Plymouth town.

Where the shy Spring tends her darlings,
And hides them away from sight,
Pull off the covering leaf-sprays,
And gather them, pink and white,

Tinted by mystical moonlight,
Freshened by frosty dew,
Till the fair, transparent blossoms
To their pure perfection grew.

Then carry them home to your lady,
For flower of the spring is she, —
Pink and white, and dainty and slight,
And lovely as lovely can be.

Shall they die because she is fair,
Or live because she is sweet?
They will know for which they were born,
But you — must wait at her feet.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

ORGANIZATION OF LABOR: ITS AGGRESSIVE PHASES.

ASSOCIATION is a distinctive principle of modern life. Out of the development of its economic uses there have come also startling phases of a contest which, under some form or another, has always agitated society. Each successive struggle has enlarged the boundaries of the agitation. But there has never been seen before any practical attempt to realize unity by organizing the greater portion of the race — those who labor — for self-protection, mutual development, and even class ascendancy. The promulgation of the idea and the experiment have been left to the present, and have resulted from resistance to a force which, however beneficent when rightfully controlled, has been made more than subservient to the selfish interests of a class and of individuals.

The contest is that between labor and capital, and the movement specially under consideration is directed by the International Workingmen's Association. Naturally enough the chief seat of the struggle and the origin of the organization are found in countries where feudalism has graven most deeply dividing lines, and where those social forces which the era of industry and commerce creates, acting only in the interests of capital, seek to maintain the old order and its class advantages, while striving at the same time to obtain fuller direction of the new. A world-wide federation of labor bears in its statement the idea of fraternity. Its roots are far down in the "earth, earthy," while its summit seeks the heavens. There may be Utopias within its shadow, but there must also be generous and genuine truth to give form and substance to a purpose so grand, a spirit so comprehensive.

In outlining this remarkable movement, which I have selected for an exposition of the aggressive side of the labor question, it is necessary to

sketch the present condition of the sturdy trades unions. Hitherto these have been chiefly protective and defensive. They now seem to be growing creative, developing sociological forces which demand the attention alike of those who investigate principles and those who administer affairs.

It is not the writer's design to attack, defend, or excuse, but to analyze and state, so that the reader may perceive with him the extent and character of a movement which promises to be fundamental, — one of those elemental efforts which impress society for centuries after their guiding impulses have passed away. Although this is a class-movement, and is therefore narrow to a certain degree, as have been all that have preceded, it should be borne in mind that the laboring class comprises seven tenths of mankind. Their efforts at unity are in many respects the healthiest of all signs. Let us know what the millions aspire to do and be. Society will be the gainer by every quickening movement. Its foundations are made more secure by discussions which are inclusive of all interests. The wider the range of open agitation, the less dangerous it becomes to order and progress. Whatever concerns each concerns all, and one may be sure that the present movement among laboring people in all civilized countries towards widely extended organization needs only to be examined impartially, to reveal correctives for errors and justice for wrongs that may exist on either side of the issues involved. There is one thing that cannot be done safely, that is, to ignore or simply denounce these organizations. They must be met and considered in a spirit of fairness. It is impossible for millions of men to combine, without having some just reasons for such action; nor can there exist a movement almost as wide and per-

vading as civilization, unless there be forces underlying it which will permanently affect the condition of man.

In the growth of this movement the idea of individual self-help, as well as of protective organization, seems to have come from the British agitators. France has given equality and enthusiasm, but always lacked individual effort and individual liberty, looking to an outside force, that of the government or community, for direction and assistance. Germany, in its discussions, has brought to the movement the aspiration for unity which is so thoroughly a part of its intellectual life, and by the broad generalizations which are characteristic thereof has given to it the cosmical aspect now being rapidly developed. Yet the British trades unions afforded the groundwork. Through their experience alone could the initiative have been formed.

Since 1849 the European democratic movement has passed into other hands. The aspects of to-day are very different from those that then controlled. It is claimed that it is no longer aristocratic privilege, but organized power, in the form of capital growing yearly more potent through economic association, with which democracy must contend, either to overthrow or control. Just now, to overthrow seems most desirable to the many; but to the wiser even if more radical minority control is possible and pre-eminently more desirable. Although such ideas as these were not prominent in dictating the efforts that followed recovery from the overwhelming defeat of Republicanism in 1849, they have in great part grown out of those efforts.

In Great Britain the working leaders turned their attention to amelioration. For fifteen years, or until our war was closing, there was little or nothing done directly for political results. Co-operation on the one side and trades-unionism on the other were the great levers which were used. The latter has proven an especially powerful agency

of the new democratic propagandism; co-operation, as developed in England, having lost much of its earlier socialistic character. But this is aside from the general scope of the present paper, which has to do with the growth of the international movement, with its far-reaching ideas and aims.

The trades unions of Great Britain, as of other countries, find their prototypes in the ancient guilds,—organizations, however, whose characteristics are much more strongly preserved in what we know of Chinese associations for similar purposes or in the Russian *arteels*, than they are in the great amalgamated trades societies like those formed by the engineers, the carpenters, the miners, or our American "Knights of St. Crispin." The invention of labor-saving machinery, and consequently the association of capital, destroyed the guilds,—leagues of master and man, working employer and employee. They also created and rendered necessary, according to the defenders of trades unions, the existence of such organizations.

It is, however, within the last two decades that trades unions have become really formidable. It is only within the last, in fact since the triumph of the American Republic over slavery has given such impetus to all radical agitation in Europe, that the movement has passed out of the mere defensive into the constructive, or, as I fear many will affirm, the destructive, phase it is now assuming. The Sheffield unions, or that of the bricklayers at Birmingham, illustrate what was too common in the earlier stages, when combination and conspiracy laws made all attempts of English workmen to unite, in order to increase their wages, criminal offences punishable with imprisonment and even transportation. The ugly shadow of those days is projected into the present, but very rarely elsewhere than in communities where workmen keep themselves aloof from the larger and better influences which have followed the efforts at unity of

action. Masses of men seldom conspire; they may revolt and do bad things in the blind fury of passion, but the plot and cabal, whose mischievous aim can be attained only by stealth, share the open discussion which must inevitably follow in the wake of widespread organization. There is no positive means of ascertaining the exact number and membership of British trades unions. There was a Trades Directory published in 1861, giving a list of four hundred and eight towns in which unions or their branches were established. In 1867 the leading unionists estimated their membership at about seven hundred thousand, and since that date the societies have grown more rapidly than at any previous period. It is believed now they do not number less than eight hundred and fifty thousand members. Even with so large a membership, they only contain a small percentage of the various trades, except perhaps where these are actually close corporations, like the thirty-three small trades of Sheffield. Still, the unions exercise a controlling influence over their trades, as much probably from the genuine spirit of comradeship which is exhibited as from the direct aid the organization affords in any emergency. The building trades, for instance, are estimated to employ about nine hundred thousand persons, more than the entire membership of all trade societies. Only about one hundred thousand persons are members of the masons', plasterers', carpenters', and other unions connected with the occupations of building. The cities contain the largest number of society-men, averaging from seventy to ninety per cent of each of the principal trades.

The most powerful union existing, though not the most numerous, is that of the "Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, and Pattern-Makers." It had in 1867 (the last year for which I have been able to find official data) a membership of thirty-four thousand, belonging to three hundred and eight branches, located in Great Britain, Ireland, France, the

United States, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the West Indies. There was a cash balance of five hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and eighty-five dollars in its treasury, and an annual income of over three hundred and eighty thousand dollars. So perfect has its organization become since 1850, that strikes are almost unknown, and this because capital has found out it pays better to arbitrate than "lock out." It is a fact worthy of note, and proves that these societies are not, as some would believe, unmixed evils; that the larger their growth and the more perfect their organization, the less inclination is there to resort to strikes, and the more ready are both sides to listen to reason. Organization among the men has made strikes too costly to themselves and the employers.

The "Amalgamated Carpenters," quoted by Professor Beasley as the best union in existence, numbers eight thousand members, has one hundred and eighty-seven branches, and a fund on hand of seventy thousand dollars. The operative masons number eighteen thousand; the bricklayers, twelve thousand; the plasterers, eight thousand; the general union of tailors, twelve thousand; ironfounders, twelve thousand; boiler-makers, nine thousand; London tailors, seven thousand; Scotch carpenters, five thousand; power-loom weavers, five thousand; locomotive engineers and firemen, fifteen thousand; with sixty-four branches and an annual income of about thirty-five thousand dollars. These societies are not federal but individual, so to speak, nor must it be supposed that the large funds they gather and disburse are used wholly in aggressive movements. By far the larger portion of their dues are applied to beneficent purposes. Up to 1866, for instance, the "Amalgamated Engineers" disbursed (a period of fifteen years being included) \$2,443,585, of which amount \$1,399,200 had been devoted to assisting men out of work, including those "on strikes." Not

more than a third of this went directly to the latter purpose, while \$1,024,385 is reported as expended directly for such objects as sickness, superannuation, accidents, funerals, etc.

But, large as are these distinct unions, the necessity of co-operation as well as the normal tendency of this movement for industrial and social reconstruction inspired active efforts for the federation of different societies. Most of these movements have been represented in trades councils, alliances, conferences, labor parliaments, and congresses. The "Miners' National Association," an affiliated group of societies, has a membership of fifty thousand. London, Manchester, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, Glasgow, Leeds, in fact, all the great manufacturing centres, have local trades councils or conferences, meeting regularly and representing from three thousand to one hundred thousand men respectively. A number of general conferences have been held, at Sheffield, Preston, Manchester, and London, in which the attending delegates have represented all the leading trades and from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand members. The annual Trades Congress for 1870 (the third I believe) met on Monday, October 24th. The following statement of the subjects for discussion, will illustrate the character and scope of these assemblies:—

1. Trades' unions and legislation.
2. Mines regulation bill; the truck system and weekly payment of wages.
3. Employment of women and children in agriculture, factories, and workshops.
4. Convict labor *versus* free labor.
5. Application of arbitration and conciliation in trade disputes.
6. Reduction of the hours of labor.
7. Co-operation and industrial partnerships.
8. Taxation, imperial and local.
9. Education, primary and technical.
10. Direct representation of labor in Parliament.
11. International fraternization of labor, war standing armies, and their injurious effect on industry.
12. Utilization of waste lands and unemployed labor.

Nor have the debates of these congresses been unworthy the themes. On the contrary, those that I have heard or read show close, concise, and logical power of statement and reasoning, clear conception of facts and their application, and a capacity for pressing points in debate, which would do credit to any legislative body in the world.

It is easy to perceive how, when the suggestion and opportunity came, the men were ready, prepared by such an agitation as this involved, to frame the international movement which has greatly exercised the governments of Europe.

One fact should not be omitted, as it illustrates forcibly the power the associative principle will possess, when once fully understood and applied by the masses for their own advancement. From a careful examination of parliamentary and other returns made in 1867, I estimate that at that date the wages class in Great Britain had accumulated funds to the amount of \$437,216,660 specie. This vast sum belonged to the various co-operative, friendly, benefit, building, loan, and other similar societies, to the trades unions, or was deposited in the various savings banks. About one half was in the latter institutions. The basis of this calculation includes only those deposits and investments belonging to persons who receive wages. If the workingmen of England and America could once be made to realize the enormous power involved in such an aggregation of their small means, it would not be long before the character of the whole contest between labor and capital would change; the former would become self-employing, and the latter would seek opportunity to invest with it at moderate interest.

No very accurate estimates can be obtained of the Continental trades

unions membership, for nearly every European government has had these organizations under open or secret surveillance. Italy has a very complete network of semi-political trades societies, of which Garibaldi is the honorary president. It numbers about four hundred and fifty branches, has a membership of about one hundred and twenty thousand, and a fund of about three hundred thousand dollars. In Italy strikes have been quite frequent during the last five years, as also in France, Belgium, and Austria; in each of which countries the combination laws have been greatly modified. But this aggressive activity has been promoted by the growth of the international movement and the energy of its propaganda. In Spain four thousand workingmen's societies are reported. They form the principal sources of the republican agitation there. In Denmark and Sweden the agitation is just beginning to make itself perceptible, and but recently, even in Asiatic Turkey, I read of a formidable strike occurring among persons employed on some public works. The Khedive of Egypt will probably find himself surprised some day by disturbances among the populations he has so skilfully made subservient to the aggrandizement of his own wealth, without the slightest regard to their condition or welfare.

The International Workingmen's Association, which at the present time assumes great political importance and is likely still more to disturb the victorious equanimity of the Prussian king and his great Minister, as it previously had the repose of their now captive rival, Napoleon III., is an organization whose animating impulse was at first so to instruct and unite the workingmen of Continental Europe, that, when strikes or other struggles occurred in Great Britain between employer and employed, the former should not be able to defeat the latter by sending to France, Belgium, Germany, or Switzerland, and, under the inducement of better wages, fill the recusants' places

in England with this foreign labor. Such was the practical point achieved by the association, but very much more than this is involved and has already resulted from its organization and efforts.

The name of George Odger has become familiar to the readers of the Atlantic through Justin McCarthy's attractive paper, "Some English Workingmen," as well as to the general reader, from the frequency with which during the last few years it has appeared in all English political movements. It is a name that should be honored by loyal Americans, for this country has had no truer and few more useful friends in Great Britain than the London shoemaker. Associated with a chosen few of his own order,—as Thomas Mottershead, silk-weaver; George Howell, bricklayer, since secretary of the Reform League; William Cramer and Robert Applegarth, carpenters; John G. Eccarius, tailor; and a few others,—Mr. Odger by his tireless efforts and devotion kept alive an agitation for the Union cause against all the efforts of Southern agents to induce the London workingmen especially to lead in a demand on the British government for a forcible raising of the Southern blockade in order to procure cotton. Few persons on this side of the Atlantic know how near those agents came to being successful, though all can realize what would have been the disastrous results to us of such action by the British government. Mr. Odger was the representative man among the English leaders of the efforts which organized the International Association. The first meeting was held at St. Martin's Hall, London, September 28, 1864. The membership was composed of such English trades societies as adhered to the idea, under the influence of the men I have named and of others, of different nationalities, resident for the most part in London. The organization was formed by chairman, treasurer, general secretary, general executive council, corresponding secreta-

ries for different countries named and their affiliated sections therein.

At the present time the latter officers are sometimes residents of the countries they represent, though in most cases they live in London or Switzerland; both localities being tolerably safe for men of marked radicalism, — a statement hardly true of any other portion of Europe. The general council is chosen at each annual congress, and always with reference to the fact that the members reside in London, the head-quarters of the movement. So a majority of them are English; Robert Applegarth, secretary of the Amalgamated Carpenters' Union, and one of the very best specimens of the workmen so favorably described by Mr. McCarthy, is the chairman. There are twenty-one members, among them being several whose names I have already given. Cowell Stepney, one of the council, is a gentleman in the extreme conventional sense, being a brother-in-law, I believe, of the Tory Earl of Carnarvon, and himself a person of means and high culture. He has long been a student of socialistic efforts, and is known in England as an advanced radical of the philosophic school. The chairman, William Townshend, is an active and influential man among his class. The treasurer, John Weston, is known as a writer on class issues; while the general secretary, J. George Eccarius (who is also corresponding secretary for the United States), is a man of far more than ordinary power as thinker and writer. He is a Swiss by birth, resident in London since 1849. Speaking German and French as well as English, he is a very useful man apart from his intellectual value. He is the author of a vigorous work entitled "Refutation of the Economical Doctrines of John Stuart Mill," which was reviewed at length by leading English journals. He is a practised journalist, being now employed as a London correspondent by one of the leading New York dailies, and doing considerable special work for the London Times and Daily

News. France is represented by Eugene Dupon Karl Marx, who is also secretary for Germany and Russia; he is one of the ablest writers on socialism in Europe, and author of an important work in German entitled *Das Kapital*, which is deemed the gospel of the new movement. There are likewise secretaries for Belgium, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Hungary, Italy, Poland, and Denmark. These officers conduct the correspondence with the various sections and countries which they represent. Among those affiliated with the movement in Germany and elsewhere in Europe are such men as Dr. Jacobi, the turner Bebel of Leipsic, a leading member of the North German Parliament; Diezzen of Elberfeld, a tanner, and author of an able review of the various metaphysical systems; Liebknecht, and the other leaders of the Lasalle or Socialist-Democratic party of Germany. In Spain, France, and Italy the movement has a strong hold. Henri Rochefort may be at present considered the political leader of the labor movement in France, though there are a number of able workmen who are more directly its representatives. As to membership, about one third of the English trades unions have connected themselves more or less directly with the International Association. In France, 433,785 unionists are co-operating; in Switzerland, 42,326; in Germany, 150,000; in Spain, about 20,000; in Austria and Hungary, 100,000; Belgium has an affiliated membership of about 20,000; Italy, one of at least 100,000; while in Holland, Denmark, and even Russia, there are sections organizing. The American National Labor Union, with its membership of over 200,000, is in full sympathy. A great deal of sympathetic affiliation exists in Poland, Russia, and other countries, which has found expression at the different congresses only through independent delegates, who are able to defy the government opposition. A number of newspapers sustain the international movement; some only

generally, like the Paris "Marseilles" and the London "Beehive" (trades union organ), but most of them accept its programme and are its declared organs. There are two German weeklies and one French published at Geneva and Zurich; three in French and one in Flemish, published in Liege and other Belgian towns; one in Spanish at Barcelona; while in Germany the Berlin daily "Zukunft," Dr. Jacobi's organ, advocates this movement, as also do weeklies published at Vienna and Leipsic. Besides, there are papers published in Bohemia, Hungary, and Italy which sustain the general policy of the International Association.

Since the organization of the association, in 1864, four annual congresses have assembled. The first was held in September, 1866, at Geneva; the second met at Lausanne, the third at Brussels, and the fourth at Basle. The fifth was called at Mayence, but its assembling was rendered impossible by the Franco-Prussian war, to the policy of which, on either side, its membership is strongly opposed. At the Geneva congress about forty delegates were present. There were a few delegates from Paris, Lyons, and Brussels, but the majority were either English, or refugees resident in Great Britain or Switzerland. Fifty-five delegates were present at Lausanne. Sixteen were French, twenty-nine Swiss, six English, three German, and one Italian. The English delegates were the ablest and most influential. The Brussels congress attracted general attention, owing to the fact that the Belgian ministry had given indications of a determination not to permit its assembling. Very serious disturbances had occurred previously at Verviers, resulting in the calling out of troops and firing on the people, causing the death of a leading member of the Belgian section. The Basle congress was marked by a considerable accession of German influence, several of the great democratic associations having sent delegates. For the first time the United States were represented, the

National Labor Union having at its Philadelphia congress elected a prominent member to attend the International Congress. The Socialistic-Democratic party of North Germany is a movement of those who hold that changes in the political situation is the first thing to be desired and worked for. Among these they advocate state aid rather than that self-help policy which is the aim of the economic reform, under whose impetus the co-operative and credit bank system of Germany has been built up; this party has given in its adhesion to the international programme. An industrial congress which met at Nuremberg (the fifth held by the same party) in 1868 made the following declarations, which form so concise a statement of the general aim of their movement that I give a translation entire:—

"1. The emancipation of the working classes must be achieved by the working classes themselves. The struggle for their emancipation is not a struggle for class privileges or monopolies, but for equality of rights and duties, and for the abolition of the privileges of every class.

"2. The economical dependence of the workman on the man who has monopolized the instruments of labor is the principle of slavery, whatever form it may assume, of social misery, of intellectual inferiority, and of political subjection.

"3. The political movement is the indispensable means of effecting the economical enfranchisement of the working class. The social question is therefore inseparable from the political question; the solution of the first depends on the solution of the second, and is only possible under a democratic government.

"Considering, also, that the efforts hitherto made for economical emancipation have heretofore failed from want of union between the different branches of labor in each country and the non-existence of fraternal ties between the working classes of different countries; that the emancipation of labor is not

a local problem nor a national problem, but a social problem coextensive with modern society, the solution of which depends on the theoretical and practical co-operation of the most advanced nations; the fifth congress of German workmen resolve that they will unite their efforts with those of the International Workmen's Association."

The adoption of this platform created a schism, the delegates of sixty-one associations adhering, while those of thirty-two withdrew. It is charged now that that astute politician, Count Bismarck, has since made adroit use of this division still further to hinder the movements of the more radical majority. Bebel and Liebknecht are among the prominent leaders of the latter, whose views are also sustained by Dr. Jacobi. This party grows in numbers and influence, and has already been a source of trouble to the Prussian government by its undisguised opposition to the continuance of the war against the French Republic, and more especially to the policy of territorial acquisition favored by so many Germans.

Having stated the general purposes, aims, and strength claimed by this new and imposing politico-socialist movement, it is proper to give closer details and explanations, in order that we may comprehend its intentions more clearly. At the organization the following declaration was made:—

"The central council shall form an international agency between the different co-operating associations, so that the workingmen in one country be constantly informed of the movements of their class in every other country; that an inquiry into the social state of the different countries of Europe be made simultaneously, and under a common direction; that the questions of general interest mooted in one society be ventilated by all; and that when immediate practical steps should be needed, as, for instance, in case of international quarrels, the action of the associated societies be simultaneous and uniform. Whenever it seems opportune, the central council shall take the initiative

of proposals to be laid before the different national or local societies."

The governing idea of this movement is that society is entering upon one of its great constructive epochs. The danger which the leading workmen foresee and are combating is, that it threatens to become feudal or oligarchic, only shifting the governing force from an aristocracy of class and caste to a plutocracy of money and commerce. According to this view, it is capital which is revolutionizing society through the economic advantages and necessities of association. The rise of the manufacturing system, as well as the rapid growth of that of exchange or banking, with the facilities afforded by the enormous progress of the great cities and the convergence and radiation to and from them of the scientific highways and messengers,—railways, steamboats, and telegraphs,—have given to capital, as such, an enormous and controlling influence. The factory system, with its costly machinery continually improved by scientific discovery, is converting workmen into a mere proletarian class, dependent upon associated or aggregated wealth for the means of obtaining a livelihood. According to the statement of an American writer who is connected with the international movement, "it is the evident tendency of the times to change all production into capitalist production, and to divide society into two classes,—capitalists, who own everything, and hands, who own nothing, but depend for their livelihood entirely on the capitalist class. At least, it is inevitable that production on a large scale, being cheaper, more scientific and thorough, and economizing time, force, and capital, should finally do entirely away with production on a small scale. When at last the soil is bought up by a few, when all the branches of labor are carried on exclusively, or almost exclusively, by machines, when all the capital of a country is in the possession of a moneyed aristocracy, who, consequently, will also frame all the laws, where shall the enormous

majority of poor men go to find some more profitable employment, to make themselves independent, or to enter by co-operation into competition with the large capitalist producer?"

The same writer has stated in a strong and succinct manner the general objects aimed at by the International Association and discussed in the four congresses already referred to.

"It is useless for the working people of one nation to attempt to remodel society; there must be a combination of all the nations, and, meantime, attempts at a forcible revolution ought to be discouraged. The new society ought to be founded on *universal education*. Every individual ought to be developed, by all educational means at the disposal of science and art, into a truly humane being. . . . A society thus prepared for its great task will best know how to legislate for a new order of things. One thing, however, is clear, to wit, that such a future legislation will have to accommodate itself to the economical laws of the age. It will have to render production scientific, and to establish it on the largest possible scale. All new inventions and discoveries, instead of redounding, as now, to the benefit of the few and to the enslaving of the many, must be converted into means of reducing the toils of all, of beautifying life, and ennobling humanity. All the great indispensable means of existence, as lands, mines, machines, and means of communication, must be the *common property of all*, and must be made so gradually. Nothing can reasonably be private property, but the product of labor, *one's own labor*."

At Geneva and Lausanne especially considerable discussion was given to the question of education. All united in demanding that it should be general and thorough, but as to how and by whom it should be provided, there was some difference of opinion. Great reluctance is expressed by the French and some German delegates at intrusting the state with the control of education. At Brussels especially, where French influences prevailed, state edu-

cation was regarded with hostility by a majority. The term was considered equivalent to enforcing a political system of training such as it was affirmed Prussia had established. To make good subjects and soldiers, rather than good citizens and men, was the present purpose of European state education. Such a view was opposed to that set forth in the discussions referred to. The common schools of this country were cited as an example of a general system, sustained by taxation, which did not train the children for the support of any special political form. Taking the average of the educational debates the necessity for making compulsory attendance a leading feature of any common-school system was generally acknowledged.

Opposition to standing armies has been a leading topic for debate. In the Lausanne and Brussels congresses, proposals for a general strike among the workmen as a means of resisting the inauguration of any wars but those for defence or resistance to tyranny, were debated at length. The following resolutions were adopted at Brussels:—

"The International Association calls upon workingmen to pronounce against war, to oppose it by all the means in their power, to refuse to countenance assassination, and to organize a propaganda for the education of the poor.

"The International Workmen's Congress recommends workingmen to abstain from all work in the event of war breaking out in their respective countries. The Congress reckons upon the solidarity of workingmen of all countries for this strike of the people against war."

Co-operation has of course been a fruitful source of discussion. There are diverse views on the advantages accruing to the working classes, as such, of enterprises like the Rochdale Equitable Pioneer's Stores or the Schultze-Delitzsch's Credit Banks. The French delegates, as well as some of the Germans at Brussels, declared that their effect was not to ameliorate the condi-

tion of the laboring class, but only to lift up a comparatively limited number of individuals into the ranks of the middle class, and that thereby their chief tendency would be to make a fourth and more degraded class out of the great body of those laborers whose limited means, intelligence, and opportunities were such as rendered it impossible for them to unite successfully in movements like those named. The opposition to isolated co-operative efforts grows out of devotion to a larger ideal, and aims, whether wisely or not, to obtain first the right political conditions, and then by combined effort, with favorable legislation, seek the elevation of all through the operation of some understood laws which would result in an equitable, not equal, distribution of the earnings of labor. But the general tendency favors co-operative enterprises. At the Lausanne congress the following declarations were made on motion of Alfred A. Walton, an English delegate, who has written with considerable power against the British land system : —

“1. The congress urges upon the members of the International Workmen's Association in the various countries the necessity of using their influence to induce trades societies to apply a portion of their reserve funds to the establishment of co-operative productive concerns as the best means of utilizing the credit which they now give to the middle classes and governments for the purposes of their own emancipation.

“2. Those societies who do not deem it expedient to embark in co-operative production of their own, ought, by means of their funds, to facilitate the establishment and carrying on of such concerns, and use efforts to establish a system of credits based upon the securities and means of those who invoke its aid, and to found a system of co-operative banking which would enable them to issue promissory notes irrespective of metallic reserves.”

Opposition to the present system of banking is a leading feature of all

these assemblies. It is a noticeable fact that among the working class in all countries, where these agitations have found their way, there is a widespread conviction that banking, as now conducted, is a fruitful source of the inequality of conditions. Trading and speculative capital is believed to find in it a potent instrument for making “the rich richer and the poor poorer.” This antagonism should be borne in mind. All the congresses have declared that banks of credit and issue should be controlled only by the state, which should advance money to the producer and merchant on proper security. The principle underlying the German credit banks received indorsement, and larger applications of the idea of associated guaranties were recommended by suggesting that trades unions and similar societies could safely bank on their united credits, loaning money and receiving deposits. A declaration of principles, submitted at the last congress, is now pending for the consideration of the next body, and as it expresses the views embraced in this agitation, it is here given : —

“1. That interest upon capital, under whatever form, is a tax levied upon the labor of to-day for the benefit of those who have already been enriched by the labor of yesterday ; and that if these persons have a right to accumulate, they have not a right to do it at the expense of others.

“2. That in consequence, interest upon capital is a permanent source of injustice and inequality, and that all co-operative associations who persevere in the system transfer the principles of egotism from the individual to the collectivity.

“3. That political and economical creations, such as loan associations and the privileges accorded, whether to financial societies, railway companies, assurance companies, etc., increase to a frightful extent the spoliative power of interest upon capital, and solidarize the interests of governments and those of capitalists.

“4. That the interest taken by dis-

count companies carries the action of interest upon capital to its utmost excess of immorality.

"5. That the application of the principle of solidarity by workingmen on a large scale is the sole practical means at their disposal to struggle against the feudality of capital. The committee propose the foundation of an international organization, a workingmen's bank, to make credit democratic and equal; and to simplify the intercourse between producers and consumers; that is to say, to relieve labor from the predominance of capital, and transform capital into the servant of labor."

The debates on the duties of trades unions were quite remarkable. In the Brussels congress especially their relations to the general effort at industrial reconstruction were the subject of spirited discussion.

Capital, the speakers urged, is concentrated social force, while labor was only working force. Trades unions were concentrating this into power, and a readjustment of economic relations would give the classes they organize social as well as mere industrial vigor. From this stand-point the duty of trades unions, it was argued, was to concentrate on the wages system, denounced as slavery and destined to be overthrown. The unions must, therefore, become centres of social and political activity, as well as instruments of direct warfare on, or resistance to, capital. Strikes were declared to be but clumsy if necessary machinery, and it was urged that information be obtained and discussion had as to the most advisable means of making the producing classes their own employers and factors. A wide distinction was apparent between these theorists and the general management of the co-operative supply system, especially as manifested in the English co-operative stores. The congress urged its various sections to consider co-operative production as the one thing essential, and especially to eschew the mere joint-stock company plan, which was denounced bitterly as tending only to

make the workmen capitalists in a small way.

There is another duty the international movement imposes upon its sections, which if properly carried out would be of very great service. It is to institute inquiries into the general condition of labor. The following schedule was adopted at Brussels, to be modified, of course, by local necessities:—

1. Name of industry.
2. Age and sex of those employed.
3. Number employed.
4. Wages or salaries: (a) apprentices; (b) wages by day or piece work; (c) scale paid by middle men; weekly and yearly average.
5. (a) Hours of work in factories; (b) with small employers or at home; (c) night-work or day-work, time employed.
6. Meal-times and treatment.
7. Workshops and their conditions; over-crowding, ventilation, gas-light, cleanliness, etc.
8. Nature of occupation and effect upon physical condition.
9. Moral condition. Education, facilities for.
10. State of trade; whether uniform, by the year or season, or fluctuating, exposed to foreign competition, excess of labor, etc.

Also as to emigration, the distribution of labor, and the means of, or necessity for, a more thorough organization.

The circumstances governing different nations cause diversity as to methods among the delegates and sections of the international movement, but as to the principles that should govern their efforts there is a general harmony. All agree that it is essential to the rightful position of labor, that the form of society for which they strive shall be so far communistic in character as to require that the land, mines, water-courses, forests, all means of intercommunication, whether of travel or intelligence, banks, and the costly machinery needed for manufacturing and other purposes of scientific production, shall

be the property of the community, used only for the common benefit. In the most moderate statement that can be made of their views, these instrumentalities of civilization and production are considered as public trusts charged with private remuneration. The debates at Brussels and Basle on the communal ownership of land and machinery were quite spirited. I condense the best statement of the opinions expressed, as well as define the positions occupied by delegates of the several nationalities.

The English members were self-announced as communists. Their interpretation of the term is much more limited than that usually given it. Webster defines communism as specially meaning "the doctrine of a community of property." This doctrine has found no direct supporters in either of the four congresses whose discussions are under review; especially is it rejected by the English delegates, who are strenuous supporters of the individual's right to the control of all he earns by his own labor and skill. Herein lies an important difference between the socialism under discussion and the communism which has formed the basis alike of Fourier's, Owen's, Cabot's, Baleuf's, St. Simon's, and other similar speculations. The common interest or control is to extend only to natural elements for the sustaining of life or the leading artificial agencies which so greatly enhance its comforts, the possession of which by classes or individuals as property must, according to the view under consideration, in the end make them the masters of all social and political forms.

The German delegates agreed in the main with the English. A majority of the French and Belgian delegates also concurred, though their mode of stating these views was more impassioned.

The British agitators propose to make land the chief or only source of state revenue. Such a change in its tenure would as a practical question go a long way towards relieving that people of the burden imposed by the

national debt. So eminent an economist as John Stuart Mill indorses a principle of similar character. The Land-Tenure Reform League, of which he is president, announces as one of its cardinal principles the right of the state to tax the unearned or artificial increase of value of land. I quote from memory and may not give their statement of this principle *verbatim*, though I am confident of its essential correctness. The "unearned increase" refers to that constant rise in artificial value, especially in and around cities and towns, which is so fruitful a cause of speculation. The English and German delegates alike demand scientific cultivation of the land, are opposed to the minute subdivisions which are characteristic of France and Belgium, and see clearly that farm-life must be made attractive through associative economies and co-operative labor, or become so repugnant a business as to be abandoned to the landed capitalists and his proletarian help.

Most of the French and Belgian delegates announced themselves as "mutualists." They declare that as a counterpoise to the communal control over the soil, by the railroads and telegraphs as well as banking, in order to maintain individual liberty, it is necessary to give the soil or its use to the person actually cultivating the same. They supported a freehold tenure, by which a state tax should be substituted for the land-owner's rental. The laborer should own his tools. The tiller of the soil should therefore control it. Such views as these, less communistic in character, so far as land is concerned, than the positions assumed by either the English or Germans, were set forth by the most ultra of the Parisian delegates. Their enunciation shows the changes made in the minds of the socialistic *ouvriers* of that metropolis, by the progress of economic science. They used the same argument in demanding that machinery—the tools of labor—should be controlled by the laborer. One Frenchman, Tollien of Paris, offered a reso-

lution declaring it to be the duty of the International Association to advise resistance to the introduction of new machinery, calculated to displace labor, until guaranties were first obtained that such introduction should not be a source of injury to the workmen. The resolution was not acted upon and is not likely to be adopted. From the same point of view they demand the organization of banking or credit as a "public function" and for the common benefit. The term "mutualists," or its equivalent noun, was thus defined by a Belgian: "Mutualism desires that all commodities or services be exchanged for their equivalents. It desires that the workingman become the owner of the whole of what he produces. But the soil is not a product of man's labor, and consequently is not a fit subject of exchange. What is produced from it, and the increase of value use and cultivation gives, not the soil itself, is all the agriculturist is entitled to enjoy. The soil is the prime origin of all capital, therefore it must be deemed inalienable in the collective humanity. Mutualism desires the reciprocity of guaranties, therefore society has need of such from those to whom it intrusts the cultivation of the land. Collective ownership is that guaranty. Protection in the results of labor and the enjoyment thereof, is the community's guaranty to the individual."

A programme so antagonistic to the old order, so revolutionary in its aim, as well as so extensive in its operation, has naturally aroused the active hostility of European governments. There was in the very constitution of this movement something different from all that preceded it, in that it necessarily eschewed secrecy, and aimed to obtain its objects by peaceful revolution. Its violence, if it could be so called, would be of a negative character, as action upon the suggestion that in order to resist the inauguration of unjust war there should be a general strike among the workmen of any one country, they to be sustained by the

pecuniary and moral aid of their fellows elsewhere. It is not to be wondered at that the International Association and its various sections should be made victims of government persecution. In France for the last two years before the war with Prussia the secret police of Napoleon had been occupying itself chiefly in planning bogus conspiracies for the assassination of their master, and then charging them upon the leaders of the Paris section of this movement. Twenty-eight members were condemned to various terms of imprisonment under this persecution. At Vienna nine members have been sentenced, to and are now serving terms of, imprisonment for six years and lesser terms. There have been armed attacks, provoked, as members of the association declare, by the fears of the governments and not the actions of the assailed sections: in Belgium, at Charleroi, Verviers, L'Epine, and Seraing; in France, at Aubin, Ricarmie, and Creuzot; in Spain, at Barcelona; and in Austria, at Olmütz, Rechenberg, and Turnau. In Russia one member has been sentenced to death and numbers have been sent to Siberia. Trials have occurred at all the chief towns of France, and at several points in North Germany. All these facts testify to the fears aroused by this agitation, the methods of which are in striking contrast with previous revolutionary programmes in Europe. The general secretary, Eccarius, stated the essential distinction when, in a letter written before the present war, rebutting the charge of regicide conspiracy made against Tollien and other Paris internationals, he said: "The people never conspire, and this is the movement of the peoples."

In bringing this article to a close, it is proper and essential to state the condition and character of the related movement in the United States. Political action is here always the earliest thing aimed at. The freedom of the ballot naturally leads men to organize for success through that potent in-

strumentality. Hence the first formidable manifestation made of a labor-reform issue comes before us in the form of a political party. It is of course true that the social and economic issues involved have modified to some extent the political aspects. But it has now fairly assumed the distinctive American character. In Europe all such movements are perforce revolutionary; in the United States they are reformatory. In the one instance it is necessary to overthrow; in the other the means are available to reform and modify existing laws and to change customs and tendencies by means of free and open agitation.

The "National Labor Union," a loose sort of federative association, grew out of the trades union, but has nearly lost its direct relations therewith, being now in the main representative of a number of political clubs and leagues, known as "labor unions," which are the chief representatives of the political labor movement in America. It owes its existence remotely, of course, to the fear of the adverse influences of capital, which it has been shown pervades so many active minds among the producing classes, but more directly to the collisions that are constantly occurring and to the discontent produced by the heavy but necessary taxation resulting from the war. The "National Labor Union" was organized at Baltimore in 1866, by the second of a series of annual Labor Congresses, the first of which met at Louisville, in 1865, and the last in August, 1870, at Cincinnati. Until 1869 the National Union did not announce the formation of a distinct political party, though there had been a number of local and sporadic efforts, chiefly in Massachusetts. At the last elections this movement placed tickets in nomination in three several States, besides making nominations for Congress in about one third of the districts.

The annual sessions of the Labor Congress have been held in Louisville, Baltimore, Chicago, New York, Phila-

delphia, and Cincinnati. There have been notable features in these gatherings, prominent among which have been the acceptance on equal terms as members of female and colored delegates. In the official constitution of the National Union a lady has been elected, and is now serving as second vice-president; while a colored man represents one of the great Central States in the executive board or council.

It is claimed that there have been represented at the annual congresses from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand affiliated members. The loss of the distinctive trades or class character, through the direct assumption of a political object, owing to the fact that many unions have a prohibition of political action as organizations, will, it should seem, greatly reduce the direct membership, though labor on the stump may swell their vote to more than the proportions claimed. The platform is simple enough, and not nearly as radical as that put forward by their European *confrères*. However, the germ is the same and the end will be also. The National Labor Union denounces private banking and the national banks, and demands the issue by the government of "Paper Tokens," to be stamped and accepted as money, inter-convertible into a three per cent interest-bearing bond; the public debt as now existing being funded into this new form, and the same made to represent all national values. The first difficulty, of course, with this panacea is that it aims to pay a debt in a medium never dreamed of when the debt was contracted. It makes that medium, having no intrinsic value, nor extrinsic either, except so far as the nation choose to give it such by accepting it as currency, take the place of specie or other medium of exchange, and then it makes a perpetual debt, with a fixed rate of interest, the measure of its value.

This is the chief feature of their programme. On the land policy, which is fundamental with the European agitators, the American movement contents

itself with demanding that all public lands shall hereafter be reserved to homestead uses, thus opposing the granting of any more of its area in aid of railroads or other internal improvements. It supports eight hours as the legal measure of a working day. On the introduction of Chinese labor, it takes ground in support of voluntary emigration, but bitterly denounces the contract system, demands the abrogation of the Burlingame treaty, and declares that all contract labor must be prohibited under heavy penalties. Our Mongolian "man and brother" receives but little countenance or sympathy from the labor reformers. It is, however, only just to say that, with the majority of such delegates as were at Philadelphia and Cincinnati, both of which assemblages the writer attended as a journalist, the motive was not one of race hostility or of feeling against the Chinaman as such, but a lively dread that his condition makes him a convenient instrument in the hands of oligarchic capital wherewith to destroy aspiring and ambitious labor. According to them the cry for cheapening production by lessening the price of labor, through the introduction of the Chinese, is only a cloak to cover the increase of gain by the speculative and employing capitalists. The major portion of the Chinese labor which will be imported for some time to come will be used in enterprises and employments from the reduced cost of construction or of production in which the general public will derive no benefit whatever. Certainly the annual tens of thousands saved on the employment of Chinese by a railroad company will not increase the value of the road to the public or decrease the cost of their use of it one mill on all the thousands saved by the contractors in wages paid.

The American Union urges co-operation as a means of amelioration. It demands that the pecuniary cost of wars shall be directly borne by the wealth of the land, as the physical cost is borne by the people. These are the main features of their platform.

American trades unions are just beginning to assume a formidable national aspect. Locally they have long been vigorous, and certain trades have been and are as well organized as their English brethren. In one trade the American has gone beyond his elder and forerunner. I refer to the "Knights of St. Crispin," the largest trades union in the world. Its membership is variously estimated at from sixty to eighty thousand; in the State of Massachusetts at nearly thirty thousand. Its future progress will be regarded with more than ordinary interest, because there is now being organized within it one of the most extensive schemes of co-operation ever projected. The details of this, as far as the writer has been able to obtain them, must be deferred to a second paper, in which co-operative enterprises as illustrating the ameliorative tendencies of the labor movement will be treated.

At the present time there are in the United States thirteen national and international trades unions, having nine hundred and ninety-two branches, and a membership of about three hundred thousand persons. The "Knights of St. Crispin" report three hundred branches. The "Iron Moulders' Union" has two hundred and four branches, and seventeen thousand members. The "Typographical Union" has one hundred and twelve branches, and six thousand members. The bricklayers have a membership of fifteen thousand. In the cities of New York and Brooklyn there are about one hundred unions, with a membership of seventy thousand, and funds to the amount of sixty thousand dollars. In the State of New York the membership of different unions is set down at about twenty-five thousand. The anthracite miners in Pennsylvania are reported at thirty thousand enrolled in two organizations. One of these, like the Crispins, is stated to be engaged in perfecting a combined scheme of co-operative labor. It is an encouraging sign of the American labor movement

and societies, that they show a strong desire to enter as organized bodies into production and self-employment, using their funds in that direction rather than in wasteful and imbittering strikes. It is but a tendency as yet, though the ability of some recognized leaders and the plans now being perfected, as well as the existence of several successful co-operative foundries and shoe shops in various places, indicate both intention and aptitude.

I have endeavored in this paper to

give certain aspects of the movement under consideration in a clear, friendly, and unprejudiced spirit, seeking to impress upon the reader the full force of the aims of the agitation, because it seems necessary that efforts so important should be fully comprehended. In another paper it is my purpose to present in the same form of summary and generalization the character and result of the principal efforts at co-operation both in Europe and this country.

Richard F. Hinton.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."

THE words of this old war-song of the clan Campbell seem almost prophetic of the proud career of its representative family, that of Argyle, which is one of the oldest of the great governing houses of Great Britain. Whether the family and clan Campbell can be traced in descent to the ancient kings of Scotland or not, they are of Gaelic origin, as are the other Highland tribes, and they occupy an honorable and elevated position among their peers. The tie that unites the clans at present is but a nominal one, far different from that of past centuries, but each member feels the ancient pride and interest in every great event or exploit of any of the clan, be it the ducal head or the humblest of its number. What that strong feudal and patriarchal government was that the chief of a Highland sept exercised and the clansmen obeyed is an interesting question; and, well as Sir Walter Scott and other writers have delineated the customs and habits of these sturdy mountaineers, it may not be uninteresting here to notice some of their peculiarities, and the relation in which they stood to the rest of their countrymen.

The Highlanders were far different from their Lowland neighbors, and

must not be confounded with them, for, though both were Scotch, the clans were composed of half-savage mountaineers who viewed with contempt the peaceful and quiet lives of the farmers of the Lowlands; they, in turn, dreaded the half-naked, lawless thieves, — for many of them were nothing better, — who lived by levying black-mail on them, and stealing their cattle when their fierce demands were not complied with. At the first signal of war between the clans, the agricultural population, which by tribute of cattle was under the protection of either of the clans engaged in the conflict, was visited by all the horrors of the strife; houses were razed, families slain or captured, flocks driven off, and farms laid waste. Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, one of the staunch supporters of Charles I., was received by James II. at Whitehall, and knighted by his hand, but he paid him a very unflattering compliment, saying to his courtiers as he appeared, "Take care of your pockets, my lords, here comes the king of thieves." That remark was almost as appropriate to any of the Highland chiefs, for if they did not approve of the mode taken by their followers for support in peace or revenge in war, they certainly did not discourage it.

Till the rebellion of 1745 thoroughly roused and enraged England, there was a most profound ignorance, contempt, and loathing for the Highlands of Scotland and their inhabitants. The English who were inquisitive enough about the manners and customs of the savages of North America and Africa, Asia and South America, were strangely misinformed as to the wild population of the Scotch mountains, and had no desire to add to their knowledge. Goldsmith was one of the few Englishmen who early ventured to explore the wild beauties of the Highlands; he certainly was not wanting in taste or sensibility for the grand and picturesque scenes of other countries; he pronounced the landscape of Holland, trim and level, infinitely more agreeable to him, saying of Scotland: "There hills and rocks intercept every prospect." An earlier writer in 1730 says: "It is a part of the creation left undressed; rubbish thrown aside when the magnificent fabric of the world was created; as void of form as the natives are indigent of morals and good manners." It was almost as unknown land as the centre of Africa now is to the modern traveller; the savage manners, the dirt and laziness of the Highlanders, were disagreeable and alarming, and formed an effectual bar to any study of their virtues, such as they were, with the traveller who had to encounter so many dangers and discomforts in his observations.

They had intermingled the good and bad qualities of all uncivilized people, and their code of honor and morality was very different from that which is common in peaceful and prosperous communities. Robbery was a calling not merely innocent among them, but honorable, and they scorned any kind of labor, preferring a life of wild depredation. A Lowland Scot, Colonel Cleland, about 1685, describes the Highlander: "For a disobliging word, she'll dirk her neighbor o'er the board. If any ask her of her drift, forsooth her nainself lives by theft." And the writers of the period agree quite unani-

mously in this rhyming account of them. Scott puts into the mouth of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, in *Rob Roy*, the following words, "Now, sir, it's a sad and awful truth, that there is neither work, nor the very fashion nor appearance of work, for the tae half of these puir creatures"; that is to say, that the agriculture, the pasturage, the fisheries, and every species of honest industry about the country, cannot employ the one moiety of the population, let them work as lazily as they like, — and they *do* work as if a plough or a spade burnt their fingers; and "ye hae still mony thousands and thousands o' lazy lang-legged Hieland gillies that will neither work nor want, and maun gang thigging and sorning about on their acquaintance, or live by doing the laird's bidding be 't right or be 't wrong, living by stealing, reiving, or lifting cows, and the like depredations. A thing deplorable in ony Christian country, and the lairds are as bad as the loons."

Like all barbarous people, their ideas of truth and right were very limited, and law and order had no force among them. They were hospitable to strangers, but would hardly have protected the claim of an alien against their own clan, so strongly were they imbued with attachment and respect for their chief and clan. Mrs. Grant, in her interesting book on the Highlanders, says: "If twenty persons saw a trespass committed, no one durst, or indeed would be inclined, to witness in favor of a stranger against their own clan. They might have reversed the boast of the philosopher, and said, they loved truth well, but Plato and Socrates (i. e. Donald and Malcolm) better." They were very superstitious and full of imagination and poetry. Each chief had a bard or minstrel, who in glowing strains sung the clan's great deeds and feats of daring in war or the chase, and would attempt to propitiate by laudatory verse the spirits which they believed inhabited the mountain streams and passes; these minstrels were also seers, and foretold coming

events. We read of their gift of second sight, and the manner in which, wrapped in bull's hides, they awaited the inspiration which was to reveal the future. The religion of a great part of the Highlands was a mixture of popery and almost pagan superstition, but among those who professed the Covenanters' faith were the Campbells.

The chief retained the old sway till near the middle of the last century, and joined to that an almost patriarchal relation to his people. "He was taught from the cradle to consider the meanest individual of his clan as his kinsman and his friend, whom he was born to protect and bound to regard. He was taught, too, to venerate old age, to respect genius, and to place an almost implicit dependence on the counsels of the elders of his clan. There is no instance of a chieftain's taking any step of importance without the consent of the elders of his tribe." "Each chief then was the centre and head of a miniature court, attended by guards, armor-bearers, musicians, an hereditary orator, an hereditary poet-laureate, and he kept a rude state, dispensed rude justice, waged wars, and concluded treaties." Many writers have presented with brilliant touch paintings of the old Highland life; whatever was repulsive was thrown into the background, all that was graceful and noble was brought forward, and the old Gaelic manners and customs have never been displayed in the simple light of truth. Up to the middle of the last century they were despised and scorned; then, when the old barriers of clan and feudal government were swept away, their claymores and scythes taken from them, and the use of the national garb interdicted, thus destroying forever the original of the picture; romance must needs invest their barbarous though picturesque life with its bright fascination. Macaulay, in his brilliant history, gives an excellent sketch of them, though he says: "All that is possible is to produce an imperfect likeness by the help of two portraits, of which one is a coarse caricature and the other a masterpiece of flattery."

capture and the other a masterpiece of flattery."

The Highland mode of fighting, even as late as 1745, under the standard of Charles Edward, was simply rushing at the enemy, claymore and dirk in hand; those who had muskets threw them away after once firing them. By the impetuous fury of their onset they even turned the flank of the charge of cavalry. Before the English had learned their mode of warfare, it inspired great terror and made the Highlanders victorious; for with a single stroke of their powerful weapons they would sever a man's head from his body. Their savage conduct made even Dundee, cruel as he was, revolt at it, and he said in wrath at the sight of blazing buildings on one occasion, "I would rather carry a musket in a respectable regiment than be the captain of such a gang of thieves." The first sight and sound of cannon, which they called *musket's mother*, so alarmed them that, in the reign of James VI., the Earls of Huntley and Erol gained a great victory over a numerous Highland army, commanded by the Earl of Argyle, at Glenlivet. And the old ballad of "Bonnie George Campbell," who

"Rade out on a day, —
Saddled and bridled and gallant rode he,
Home came his gude horse,
But never came he,"

gave no unfaithful picture of the destruction in the ranks of Argyle that day. In another ballad on the battle of the Bridge of Dee these lines occur:

"The Hielandmen are pretty men
For target and claymore,
But yet they are but naked men
To face the cannon's roar."

At the battle of Preston Pans, in the rebellion of 1745, one witness said the rebels "advanced *with a swiftness* not to be conceived"; and Sir John Cope said their motion "*was so very* rapid that the whole line was broken in a few minutes." Lord Loudon, in his account, confirmed by every eye-witness, says, "As soon as the Highlanders approached on foot, immediately a panic struck them." The Regulars

were horror-struck at the very appearance of those wild fighters and fled before them several times; but in the end discipline had its effect, and the want of order and the ungovernable temper and punctiliousness of the clansmen lost the last battle for the Stuarts, for Mr. Home says that the defection of the Macdonalds at the battle of Culloden was owing to their rage at being stationed on the *left* of the army instead of the right. In consequence of this they retreated, "*without having attempted to attack, sword in hand.*" No entreaties would prevail on them to forego their ancient right, as they felt it to be.

Macaulay says, "The clan Campbell, the children of Diarmid, had become in the Highlands what the Bourbons had become in Europe. A peculiar dexterity, a peculiar plausibility of address, a peculiar contempt for all the obligations of good faith, was ascribed, with or without reason, to the dreaded race. 'Fair and false as a Campbell,' became a proverb. It was said that MacCallum More after MacCallum More, with unwearied, unscrupulous, and unrelenting ambition, annexed mountain after mountain and island after island to the original domains of his house. Some tribes had been expelled from their territory, some compelled to pay tribute, some incorporated with the conquerors. At length the number of fighting men who bore the name of Campbell was sufficient to meet in the field of battle the combined forces of all the other western clans. It was during those civic troubles which commenced in 1638 that the power of this aspiring family reached the zenith. The Marquis of Argyle was the head of a party as well as the head of a tribe. The knowledge that he could bring into the field the claymores of five thousand half-heathen mountaineers added to his influence among the austere Presbyterians who filled the Privy Council and the General Assembly at Edinburgh. His influence at Edinburgh added to the terror which he inspired among the mountains." And his influence, as well

as that of his descendants at the head of the clan, was felt even in the heart of London long after, till "that terrible cornet of horse," Pitt, on his entrance into power in the councils of the nation, either originated or first adopted the plan of turning an immense evil — the military spirit and training of the Scottish clans — to account in a most powerful and efficient branch of the English Army. Since that time the bonnet and plaid of the Highlanders have mingled with the more civilized uniform of the English soldier in many a hard-fought field, but never have they met as foes on British ground.

"My name is Argyle; you may think it strange,
To live at the court and never to change."

That almost sacred book, the "Peerage," so dear to the hearts of the English, which Thackeray so enjoyed a slap at, tells us that eight centuries ago Gillespie Campbell acquired by his marriage with an heiress the lordship of Lochow, and from him are descended all the Campbells. Sir Colin Campbell first received the surname of More, or Great, and the chief of the house still is called in Gaelic MacCallum More, the Great Campbell. They gradually rose in importance and eminence, and at length received the highest title accorded a subject in the kingdom, that of Duke, in 1701. At that time the ducal rank was very charily bestowed, and one might count the dukes on one's fingers. That rank and honor which had become extinct in the reign of Elizabeth was before that reserved for princes of the blood; even Warwick, the "king-maker," was but an earl; the title was revived by James, and the monarchs of the house of Stuart, noted for their lavish gifts of rank, still limited its bestowal to princes of the blood, favorites, great generals, and the unacknowledged offspring of kings. During the reign of Charles I., Archibald Campbell, Lord Lorn, was the representative of the great Argyle family, and later the holder of its titles and estates, as his father was incapacitated as a Catholic from holding his honors. Archibald Earl of Argyle and first Mar-

quis, — for he was raised to that dignity by Charles in 1641, — was early an influential member of the Privy Council of Scotland, and the great supporter of the interests of the Covenanters. Later he became the avowed leader of that party against the attempts of Charles to force on them a regular church government, and extirpate what remained of the spirit of stanch old John Knox. The king and Archbishop Laud wished to substitute Laud's favorite observances of form and ceremonial for what one writer has called "its meagre, uncomely, beggarly worship"; and that its forms satisfied the possessors of its belief mattered not to these zealous opponents of the kirk. Masson says of Laud's fitness for understanding the Presbyterian spirit in Scotland, "Far away on the banks of the Thames sits Laud, as ignorant of Scotland as Kamtchatka, but trying to govern it through the sixpenny post." The service-book which was forced on the kirk was received on a memorable Sunday in 1637 with great dislike. "In St. Giles Cathedral, in the midst of prelates, lords, and magistrates, Jenny Geddes hurls her stool at the bishop's head, and, backed by the wilder element in the congregation, breaks up the service in uproar and riven benches. In the other kirks there is as little success; the whole city is in riot." Premeditated or not, the riot in Edinburgh was understood by the whole Scottish nation. Repeated attempts to use the service-book were failures, and a great part of the nation united in the signing of the Covenant, whole congregations standing up, men, women, and children, and swearing in affirmation to it, *en masse*.

The Earl of Argyle was the master-spirit of the Covenanters, whose deep convictions and rather harsh views of religion Charles had outraged by his attempts to introduce Anglican forms of worship. He was adored by his own clan, whose interests he had studied, even to the injury of other Highland septs; he placed the welfare of the sons of Diarmid, and that of the signers of

the Covenant, before his adherence and loyalty to Charles. In that, however, he was among a great and never-to-be-forgotten company of men, who, stern in their belief of justice and right, opposed the arbitrary and unconstitutional measures of the king, — measures which caused, after long years of struggle, the final discomfiture of the Stuart family. Those were the times that brought forward men like Milton, Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, and Eliot, and made Milton the calm and dignified defender of the people of England against the *Defensio Regio* of Salmasius, who addresses them as, "Englishmen! who toss the heads of kings as so many tennis-balls; who play with crowns as if they were bowls; who look upon sceptres as so many crooks." It was no play that cost Charles his head, but the deep and earnest protest of injured men against a long course of unwise, unjust, and oppressive government, and one of the events in the long struggle of the English people to free themselves from the tyranny which they were suffering. "The Marquis was perhaps more of a politician than a statesman, more of a party leader than a warrior," says Scott, and he also gives us a picture of the Covenanter: "His dark complexion, furrowed forehead, and downcast look gave him the appearance of one frequently engaged in the consideration of important affairs, and who had acquired by long habit an air of gravity and mystery, which he cannot shake off even when there is nothing to conceal. He had a cast in his eyes which had procured him in the Highlands the nickname of Gillespie Grumach (or the grim). Something there was cold in his address and sinister in his look."

To him was opposed the Marquis of Montrose, and the war-cry of "Argyle and the Covenant!" was the signal for some disastrous defeats of the Campbells, who were routed on several occasions by Montrose. He wasted the whole country of Argyle, and wrote to Charles after his exploits in burning

and slaughtering: "My march was through almost inaccessible mountains, where I could have no guide but cowherds; the difficultest march of all was over the Lochaber Mountains, which we at last surmounted, and came on the back of the enemy when they least suspected us." He declared that a few victories in Scotland would reinstate the king, with uncontrolled power, on the throne of Great Britain.

Argyle was conspicuous among the opponents of Charles, and by his submission to Cromwell was preparing the way for his own ruin; the return of Charles II. "to enjoy his own again," was the commencement of bloody reprisals against the Presbyterians and Puritans, who had fought against the first Charles, and Argyle was among the victims. "The excellent art of forgetfulness," commended by Clarendon, was not practised; and, not content with wreaking vengeance on the living, the dead were not suffered to rest in their graves. Pepys, in his Diary, says, "There hath lately been a great clapping up of some old statesmen." And Evelyn chronicles the disgusting spectacle of hanging at Tyburn the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton as among "the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!" The Marquis had hastened to London to offer his homage to the king, who, if Burnet is to be believed, — and the report seems to be corroborated by the events that followed, — allowed Argyle, by a verbal equivocation in answer to his son on the receipt of the letter of the Marquis, to suppose that he would be safe in personally paying his respects to Charles. He was, however, at once seized and sent back to Scotland to be tried, and was beheaded in 1661. His son and successor, Archibald, had been a warm adherent of Charles I., and during his detention in Scotland was one of those who tried to soften the rigor of his confinement. "He brought," says Burnet, "all persons that the king had a mind to speak with, at all hours, to him, and was in all respects not only faithful but zealous." A bitter quarrel

ensued between the Marquis and his son, who soon was openly fighting at the head of a regiment for Charles, at the disastrous battles of Dunbar and Worcester. He was exempted from Cromwell's act of grace of 1654, but submitted himself soon after with the king's permission, and was compelled to give large security for his peaceable conduct; he continued an object of suspicion, and suffered frequent imprisonment till the restoration of Charles, when he was graciously received by that monarch. He endangered his own life in attempting to save his father from his unhappy fate; for his strenuous efforts to avert his death brought upon him the enmity of those in power in Scotland, and he was condemned to death, but was pardoned by Charles, and later restored to his hereditary rank, offices, and estates. For many years his life of tranquillity amid Highland magnificence was undisturbed, and he enjoyed the confidence of the king.

The Test Act, the apparent object of which was to provide for the security of the Protestant belief, was then laid before the Scottish Parliament. It in reality was found to consist of an affirmation of the king's supremacy, and of passive obedience; of an abjuration of the Covenant, and other like measures; and the clause for the reformed religion was at length introduced as an amendment, through the vigilance of the party opposed to the court. It was then proposed that princes of the blood should be exempted from the oath; Argyle, true to his convictions formerly expressed, strongly opposed this, but after long debate the mass of contradiction and obscurity which resulted from these articles was passed. On taking the oath which was tendered to the members of the Privy Council, Argyle prefaced the ceremony by a verbal declaration that he took the test-oath as far "as it is consistent with itself and the Protestant religion." That greatly offended James, and he was almost immediately after dismissed from his place in the Privy Coun-

cil. Certainly, as Bishop Burnet, in speaking of his former persecution, exclaims with emphatic simplicity, "Argyle was born to be the signallest instance in an age of rigor, or rather of the mockery of justice." He was soon arrested and committed to the castle of Edinburgh on the charges of high treason, leasing making, and perjury; and as the judges before whom he was brought were equally divided in their opinion, one old judge, superannuated and worn out with fatigue, was dragged from his bed to give the casting vote against the prisoner. Convicted of these crimes, he was sentenced to death again, but was respited by Charles. Fearing the mercy and justice of the king who so meanly rewarded his old friends, he managed to escape from prison disguised as a page holding up the train of his sister-in-law, Lady Sophia Lindsay. It is said that his place of concealment in London was made known to the king, who replied when it was proposed to seize him, "For shame! What, hunt a hunted partridge!" The remark seems not unlike the inconsistency of Charles.

The Marquis finally succeeded in escaping to Holland, and remained there for nearly three years; then James II. ascended the throne, and a spirit of vengeance instantly filled the mind of Argyle. The idea of an invasion of Scotland inspired him, and without the means and almost without a plan he determined on the rash enterprise. He communicated his design to Monmouth, but the latter refused then to co-operate with him. Having received aid from some friends in Amsterdam, with a few of his companions in exile he set sail for his own country of Lorn. He met with an overwhelming opposition, and was completely defeated. He fled, as Lord Fountainhall quaintly describes it, "on a little pony," and was overtaken by two "men of Sir John Shaw's, who would have had his pony to carry their baggage." He fired his pistol at them, "and thereafter took the water Inchinan. But a webster, dwelling there, hearing the noise, came with

a broadsword." The webster would not quit Argyle, though the other two men would have let him go for gold; and finally "the webster gave him a great pelt over the head with his sword, that he damped him so that he fell into the river, and in the fall cried, 'Ah, the unfortunate Argyle!'" He was captured and carried to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded at the Market Cross in a few days, 1685, under the unjust sentence passed on him in 1682. He showed wonderful calmness and dignity. He had written his epitaph on the day before his execution; "and the heroic satisfaction of conscience expressed in it," to use the words of Lord Oxford, give it a title to notice which its poetic merits might claim in vain; we extract a few lines from it: —

"No stain of error, no black vice's brand,
Was that which chased me from my native land:
Love to my country (sentenced twice to die)
Constrained my hands forgotten arms to try."

Charles II. had predicted to the Prince of Orange, in 1681, that "he was confident, whenever the Duke (James II.) should come to reign, he would be so restless and violent that he could not hold it four years to an end," says Burnet; and any one who knew his views and temper might with reason have made the same prediction, so soon to be verified; for he commenced his reign in 1685 and fled in 1689. James complacently records of his Scottish administration, that he "stifled at its birth a commotion of the fanatical party which then happened to break out"; and he wonders how men could apprehend danger from Popery, "while they overlooked the imminent danger of being swallowed up by Presbytery and fanaticism." Evelyn, whose spirit of loyalty must have been sorely shaken by various acts of both Charles and James, records his amazement at the consecration of a Romish bishop at Whitehall: "I could not have believed I should ever have seen such things in the king of England's palace." Colley Cibber, in his life, describes this period and adds: "Yet, in the height of our secure and wanton defiance of

him, we of the vulgar had no further notion of any remedy for this evil than a satisfied presumption that our numbers were too great to be mastered by his mere will and pleasure; that, though he might be too hard for our laws, he would never be able to get the better of our nature; and that to drive us all into Popery and slavery, he would find, would be teaching an old lion to dance." James tried all that persuasion, force, and tyranny would do to obstruct the progress of the seventeenth century, but he might have held the royal power to his death, had not the fears of the people been increased by the birth of a prince. Evelyn notes in his *Diary*: "A young prince born, which will cause disputes." And for long years the throne of Great Britain was rendered an uneasy seat for its occupant by that event. The birth of an heir to the throne, born of a Catholic mother and destined to follow in the bigoted steps of his father, precipitated the Revolution.

When William of Orange landed in England, it is said that a noble lord who was not alarmed at the report of an army of thirty thousand men, hearing that it was only twenty thousand, began to be afraid; being told the Prince had with him but fourteen thousand soldiers, he cried, "We are undone." When he was asked the reason "why he was afraid of so small a number, when he seemed no way afraid of thirty thousand," he answered: "An army of thirty thousand could not conquer England; but no man could come here with an army of fourteen thousand, if he was not sure of finding a great many traitors among us." There were, besides many disaffected in England, great numbers of noblemen and gentlemen who had fled to Holland for protection. William was kept well informed of the state of feeling in England. He was aware of the unhappy rule of James, who had become the tyrant of his people, and the abject slave and pensioner of the great enemy of William and Protestantism, the king of France.

Among the noblemen who had found refuge at the court of William was the Marquis of Argyle, whose father had been executed in 1685. One writer says he was not "so distinguished by an excess of the gloomy fury of Puritanism, and of the republican taint which is inseparable from it, as his ancestors; the caution probably inspired by the sanguinary visitations of vengeance which of late had fallen on his family had rendered him more moderate." He was well received by William, and rendered himself very serviceable to him through his intimate knowledge of Scottish affairs. He accompanied the Prince on his bloodless invasion of England, and his titles and estates were soon restored to him. He has been suspected of treating with the agents of James. Burnet, without giving us any hint of his previous connection with them, says: "The Earl of Argyle withdrew himself from them." James makes a slight allusion to the Earl in his *Memoirs*, but, as if to complete the confusion which those hints cause, we find he was most influential in Scotland; and William declared on a certain occasion, that he "got more truth from Argyle than from all the rest of his countrymen, for that he had the courage to speak out what others durst not even hint at." That seems rather direct testimony in his favor; one writer interprets it by supposing "that he had secretly betrayed the design to the king, and was rewarded accordingly." The greatest known stain on his character is that of his tacit approval of the massacre of Glencoe, in which part of his own regiment was the agent employed. That cruel extermination of a thievish tribe was highly resented in the Highlands, and it was found necessary to direct a commission of inquiry into it to several persons of rank.

Macaulay mentions him in a very unflattering manner. He says: "Argyle was, in personal qualities, one of the most insignificant of the long line of nobles who have borne that great name. He was the descendant of emi-

ment men and the parent of eminent men. He was the grandson of one of the ablest of Scottish politicians, the son of one of the bravest and most true-hearted of Scottish patriots, the father of one MacCallum More, renowned as a warrior and as an orator, as the model of every courtly grace, and as the judicious patron of arts and letters, and of another MacCallum More, distinguished by talents for business and command, and by skill in the exact sciences. Both of such an ancestry and of such a progeny Argyle was unworthy. He had been guilty of the crime, common enough among Scottish politicians, but in him disgraceful, of tampering with the agents of James, while professing loyalty to William. Still, Argyle had the importance inseparable from high rank, vast domains, extensive feudal rights, and almost boundless patriarchal authority." Though the burden of Scottish affairs, especially in Parliament, and of responsibility for the counsels by which they were directed, rested for many years chiefly on himself, he seems to have sought no reward except increase of dignity, for which he solicited William, who long hesitated to grant his request. Writing to his friend Cartaret, Argyle says, "I must think it strange if the king scruple me my title, after all that is past." It was, however, delayed till 1701, when he was created Duke of Argyle, with the addition of the numerous titles, some of them formerly in the family of the Marquis of Lorn and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount of Lochoy and Glenila, Baron Inverary, Mull, Morvern, and Tiry.

John, the great Duke of Argyle, his son, was born in 1678, and throughout a long career was a worthy representative of the name he bore. We have several sketches of him left by his contemporaries, and it is easy to observe that the usual fate of high position, talents, and success in life was his; for all these concomitants of fortune raised for him many enemies. His greatness excited the envy and ill-will of many, as much as his haughty and

rather overbearing manners. Among the many sharp remarks that fell from his lips was a retort on one occasion, at a meeting, to an opponent, "that a grain of honesty was worth a cart-load of gold," and he had a blunt and sometimes uncourtly honesty and plainness of speech. He distinguished himself as a brave and prudent commander, and showed undaunted courage and brilliant daring in action. He served on the Continent, and was in many battles, — at Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, at the sieges of Ostend, Lille, Ghent, and Tournay and Mons; at the latter place he joined an attacking corps at the moment it was shrinking from the onset, and rushing, open-breasted, among the men, exclaimed, "You see, brothers, I have no concealed armor; I am equally exposed with you. I require none to go where I shall refuse to venture." His spirited appeal so roused the men that the assault was successful. The Duke used his powerful influence at a critical moment for the fortunes of the house of Hanover, that of the death of Queen Anne; and by his prompt and sudden appearance before the Privy Council with the Duke of Somerset added great strength to the cause of the Protestant succession. He was prominently engaged in the field in suppressing the rebellion of 1715. For his powerful support of the house of Hanover he was well rewarded by his elevation in the English peerage, to which he had been raised by Anne as Earl of Greenwich and Baron Chatham. He was created Duke of Greenwich by George I., and held many high offices of state, among others that of hereditary Lord Steward of the Household and Field Marshal of all the forces.

The Duke united many great qualities with some small ones; and great as was his birth and ancestry, and nobly as his talents, loyalty, and services to Queen Anne and the house of Hanover were requited by both sovereigns, still he was ambitious of office and desirous of power. He has been accused

of many interested motives ; but all that can with justice be alleged against him is more than counterbalanced by his virtues. The great Duke of Marlborough, noted for his beauty, avarice, and generalship, had some difficulty with the Duke of Argyle, and wrote to his vixen wife : " I cannot have a worse opinion of anybody than I have of the Duke of Argyle." Another enemy left a character of him : " He was extremely forward in effecting what he aimed at and designed, which he owned and promoted aboveboard, being altogether free of the least share of dissimulation, and his word so sacred that one might assuredly depend upon it. His head ran more upon the camp than the court ; and it appears that nature dressed him up accordingly, being altogether incapable of the servile dependency and flattering insinuations requisite in the last, and endued with that cheerful, lively temper and personal valor esteemed and necessary in the other." Lord Hervey, himself the object of abuse and satire from Pulteney and Pope, has left, among other sharp and severe word-portraits of his contemporaries, male and female, those of John, Duke of Argyle, and his brother Lord Isla, later the third Duke of Argyle. It is difficult for his caustic pen, which does not spare royalty itself, to refrain from abuse of these two men, who were so unfortunate as to differ from him in their views. The Duke was much of the time in opposition to the court party, not being withheld from expressing his dislike of any measures or persons. Hervey says of him : " As he was an ambitious man, he envied Sir Robert Walpole ; as he was a military man, he disliked him ; as a Scotchman, he hated him. His pride made him detest the possessor of any power superior to his own ; and as the opinion of his own height and merit, joined to an insatiable avarice, made him think he never could have his due in honorary employments or enough in lucrative ones, so he was always asking and always receiving, yet never obliged and never contented.

His Grace commanded a great many followers in the House of Commons ; and by being often hungry and often fed, was often in and often out of humor with the administration. He was haughty, passionate, and peremptory, gallant, and a good officer, with very good parts, and much more reading and knowledge than generally falls to the share of a man educated a soldier, and born to so great title and fortune."

Sir Walter Scott has left us a more agreeable sketch of the Duke's character, which gives one an idea of the regard in which his contemporaries held him, for he was extremely popular among them. " Few names," he says, " deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland during this period than that of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His talents as a statesman and a soldier were generally admitted ; he was not without ambition, but ' without the illness that attends it,' — without that irregularity of thought and aim, which often excites great men in his peculiar situation (for it was a very peculiar one) to grasp the means of raising themselves to power at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confusion. He was alike free from the ordinary vices of statesmen, namely, falsehood and dissimulation ; and from those of warriors, — inordinate and violent thirst after self-aggrandizement. His popularity with a discontented and warlike people was supposed to be a subject of jealousy at court, where the power to become dangerous is sometimes of itself obnoxious, though the inclination is not united with it." The unhappy and divided condition of Scotland after the rebellion of 1715 caused much disaffection to the government, and the factious and discontented would gladly have claimed the great MacCallum More as their leader ; but he chose a course more safe and honorable. Argyle, in a spirited speech on the Porteous Bill, stated his own position towards the nation and the court as well as any of his biographers. " I appeal," said he, " to the House, to the nation, if I can be justly branded

with the infamy of being a jobber of votes, a buyer of boroughs, the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party! Consider my life; examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot that can attach to my honor. I have shown myself the friend of my country, the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am prepared with indifference for either." Pope has distinguished him as

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

And Thomson characterized his oratory as combining the charm of youth and the force of manhood with the depth of age.

The Duke dying without male heirs, his brother Archibald, Earl of Isla, succeeded him in his Scottish titles, but his English honors became extinct. Macaulay's character of Lord Isla we already have had in connection with that of his brother, but we learn more of him from other sources. In the singular interview of Lord Stair with Queen Caroline, when he attempted, for himself and others, to prejudice her against Sir Robert Walpole's measures, the man whom she disliked and coarsely jeered at as "that poor man, *avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre,*" the minister whose power she respected and valued, he said to her: "No greater proof can be given of the infinite sway this man has usurped over you, madam, than in the very instance I have given of his first personal injury to me, which is the preference he has given Lord Isla to me on every occasion, both here and in Scotland; for what cannot that man persuade you to, who can make *you*, madam, love a Campbell?" There were reasons for her Majesty's dislike of the Duke and his brother, and it was a strong proof of Walpole's power that his sense of Lord Isla's usefulness did always prevail over the private dislike of the

Queen. Hervey says of Walpole: "No man ever was blessed with a clearer head, a truer or quicker judgment, or a deeper insight into mankind; he continued in power longer than any first minister in this country, since Lord Burleigh, ever did. Every project was of his forming, conducting, and executing; as he had infinite application and long experience, so he had great method and a prodigious memory, with a mind and spirit that were indefatigable." After that eulogium of Walpole, Hervey bears strong testimony to Lord Isla's ability, for he writes of him: "He was the man on whom Sir Robert Walpole depended entirely for the management of all Scotch affairs. A man of parts, quickness, knowledge, temper, dexterity, and judgment," but, "a man of little truth, little honor, little principle, and no attachment but to his interest." He left no heirs and was followed by his cousin, John Campbell, who had been a groom of the bedchamber to George II. when Prince of Wales. He was colonel of the Campbell regiment, and served in Scotland in 1745. He married the beautiful Miss Bellenden, celebrated by Pope and Gay, Hervey and Walpole. The last wrote: "She was incontestably the most agreeable, most insinuating, and the most likable woman of her time; made up of every ingredient likely to engage or attach a lover." She rejected the royal but not very delicate advances of the Prince, and married Colonel Campbell; from them the present Duke is lineally descended. One of their sons married a daughter of Ralph Izard of South Carolina.

John, the fourth Duke, was followed by his son in 1770. He had married the widow of James, Duke of Hamilton, Elizabeth, the youngest Miss Gunning, one of the three sisters so celebrated in their day for their wit and beauty. She had been married clandestinely to the Duke of Hamilton at Keith's Chapel, May fair at half an hour after midnight with the ring of a bed-curtain, says Horace Walpole. The Duke of Argyle was followed by

his son George William in 1806, and he was succeeded by John, the seventh Duke, his brother, who died in 1847, and was the father of George Douglas Campbell, the present Duke, whose descent can be traced through eight centuries, from the first Campbell who was Lord of Lochow. He unites in his person the titles and honors of that long line of ancestry. He is Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Argyle, K. T. P. C. Marquis of Lorn and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount Lochow and Glenila, Lord of Inverary, Mull, Morvern, and Tiry, in the peerage of Scotland; Baron Sundridge and Hamilton in the peerage of England. His offices are those of hereditary Master of the Queen's Household, and Keeper of the great seal of Scotland, Admiral of the Western Isles, Keeper of Dunoon Castle, of Dunstaffnage, and Carrick; one of her Majesty's counsellors for Scotland, Lord-Lieutenant and hereditary sheriff of Argyle. He has been twice Lord Privy Seal, for a time Postmaster-General, and now holds the office of Secretary of State for India under the Gladstone administration. He sits in the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge, and his son John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, by courtesy the Marquis of Lorn, is a member of the House of Commons for Argyleshire.

The marriage of the Marquis with the Princess Louise, sentimentally heralded to the public at Oxford by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, as "a matter so interesting, both in its political and its historic importance, one which will secure the hearty sympathy and approval of the English people," has excited much comment and wonder; but Mrs. Grundy, at first disposed to grumble that the Princess preferred a true-born Briton to some petty potentate or adventurous poverty-stricken foreign Prince, now feels that it is well that the nineteenth century should show a more just appreciation of the sacredness of marriage, and not subordinate the feelings of the individual to the possible advantage of the nation.

Thackeray, in 1849, contributed to the columns of *Punch* some imaginary extracts from newspapers of 1869, in which he, in his inimitable style and with almost prophetic foresight, assumes to give from the *Snobsever* an item on royal marriages. In it he says "are the nobles of our country, who have been free for hundreds of years, who have shown in every clime the genius, the honor, the splendor of Britain,—are these, we ask, in any way inferior to a Prince (however venerable) of Sachs-Schlippen-schloppen, or a Grand Duke of Pigwitz Gruntenstein? Why, we ask, shall not Anglo-Saxon princes or princesses wed with free Anglo-Saxon nobles, themselves the descendants, if not the inheritors, of kings?" And he adds that a "little bird" has whispered that an alliance will shortly be formed between a member of the royal family and one whose "distinguished parents are 'fræe the North,' whose name is known and beloved throughout the wide dominions of Britain's sway in India, at the admiralty, at the home and colonial offices, in both Houses of Parliament, and who are allied with that great and illustrious family, who have rendered such priceless services to the country in the maintenance of *that* cause for which Hampden bled on the field, while they paid their part on the scaffold." An amusing caricature of the court circular style of newspaper writers, and verified in a wonderful degree!

The Thunderer has assured the nation mysteriously that her Majesty had a great problem to solve and has solved it satisfactorily; which we translate, that gossip says the attachment of the Marquis to the Princess is not a new one, but her mother favored the suit of the heir to the throne of Holland, William of Orange, till finding that, in the words of the old nursery rhyme, her daughter was "the maiden all for Lorn," she gave her consent to the marriage. The Marquis has greatly changed since his mother-in-law wrote in her "Journal of our Life in the High-

lands" of him as a "dear, white, fat, fair little fellow," and so immortalized his appearance at that early age. What new honors he may add to those already in the possession of his ancient house cannot be foretold, but he must claim high culture, ability, and brilliant qualities to have won the heart of the fair and accomplished Louise, the flower of English princesses of the house of Hanover. Dryden says, "None but the brave deserves the fair," and the amount of moral courage shown by the Marquis in braving destiny in the form of a princess of the blood royal, gives him no common claim to our admiration. The first occasion on which a princess of England married a subject was when Mary, the daughter of Henry VII., the young widow of Louis XII. of France, ran away with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; there have been marriages solemnized between other members of the royal family and subjects, but we believe the last acknowledged marriage with a prince or princess was when James II., then Duke of York, married Anne Hyde, in 1661. She died before he ascended the throne, but left two daughters, Mary and Anne, who were both queens of England.

We have spoken especially of the Campbells of the house of Argyle, but within the last century have lived three men who bore that name, and are connected with the fortunes of the clan; three men of mark, the first in literature, the second noted for "extraordinary industry" and legal ability, the last a brilliant warrior and undaunted soldier in an epoch celebrated for its men of thought and action, — Thomas Campbell the poet, John Lord Campbell, and Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

After that of the poet Campbell, the name of "Plain John Campbell," the skilful and successful lawyer, arrests attention. Miss Martineau, in her graphic sketch for the London Daily News, says that he delighted in calling himself so, "while all his hearers knew all the while that there was not such a man for getting on in the

three kingdoms." He said less in later years about "his plainness and humility, and the paternal manse, but he had exhibited these things so often in his electioneering speeches and official addresses that he was best known as plain John Campbell to the last." He was born in Fifeshire in 1781. He was wonderfully industrious, and worked at the study of law with the added labor of parliamentary reporter and theatrical critic of the Morning Chronicle, a London paper. It is needless to detail the drudgery and application which gained him professional success and fame. He held various law offices of the Crown, that of Attorney-General and Chancellor of Ireland. The latter place he, with a kind regard for his friend Lord Plunket's age and infirmity and his own ends, caused him to be asked to resign that he might enjoy its advantages. That office he held but for a single day, and then became the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. About that time he began to write his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," of which work one writer says, "The style is entertaining, the facts anything he chose to make them, and the spirit depreciatory to the last degree." Sir Charles Wetherell, at a dinner in London, addressed Lord Campbell thus: "Then there is my noble and biographical friend who has added a new terror to death." Lord St. Leonards, in his little book on the Misrepresentations in the Lives, adds, "I have lived to find that he has left behind him a new terror to life," referring of course to the lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham. He was made Chief Justice in 1850, and attained the highest honor of his profession in the Lord Chancellorship in 1859. He died in 1861. Miss Martineau says: "Heartfelt respect and intimate friendship were not necessary to him; and he would probably have been quite content with the knowledge that, after his death, he would be held up as an example of the social success obtainable in our fortunate land by energy and assiduity, steadily reaching forward to the prizes of ambition."

The life of Lord Clyde embraces some of the most daring and brilliant achievements of this century. He was born in Glasgow in 1792, and entered the army in 1802; he served in the Peninsula until 1814. In 1842 he became colonel, and served against the Chinese. He distinguished himself as general of brigade in India, and commanded the Highland Brigade in the Crimean War, contributing to the victories of Alma and Balaklava. He was made Major-general in 1854, and the next year received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. In 1857 Sir Colin was appointed Commander in Chief of the Army of India, and departed to suppress the Sepoy mutiny. His relief of Lucknow is one of the memorable and thrilling events of his time and a bright spot amid the horrors of that terrible mutiny. Later he defeated the Sepoys at Cawnpore and crushed the rebellion. He was raised to the peerage in 1858 as Lord Clyde, and died in 1863. The writer has seen at Wilton House, the ancient seat of the Earls of Pembroke, where Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia,"—which alone would give an added charm to that classic and beautiful spot, the abode of so much genius and

talent in times past,—a quaint bronze cannon sent by Lord Clyde from India to his noble friend Lord Herbert of Lea, and regarded by the family as one of their most valued possessions. So highly is it esteemed for the giver's sake, that it is accorded a conspicuous place in one of the finest collections of ancient Greek and Roman art, and mediæval painting, sculpture, and architecture. So long-gone centuries are united to modern times in our mind as we think of that peerless Englishman the noble Sidney, and feel that as yet the time lamented by Burke as "that of sophisters, economists, and calculators," is not come, great and noble men yet live, and the age of chivalry is *not* gone. True chivalry was never more triumphant than in this era of the world's history, though under the same form as of old, and near the garb of ancient and heroic daring. Courage and heroism are alike, whether shown on that old battle-field of the world, Europe, in the arena of politics or literature, in the field against well-trained armies, and polished commanders, or under the burning sun of India, with its fell diseases, battling against maddened and infuriated savages.

G. A. E.

VOX POPULI.

WHEN Mazárvan the Magician
Journeyed westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended
When he came to Khaledan;
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets;
Every province hath its own;
Camaralzaman is famous,
Where Badoura is unknown!

Henry W. Longfellow.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XV.

IN the battle of life the new generation is always beating the old, outwitting it, outfighting it, outnumbering it, and driving it off the field.

But we will not enlarge upon this huge reflection; it would carry us far beyond the limits of our story. We will simply say, before dismounting from its elephantine back, that because Kate Beaumont was a child, she was too much for a father. When her bristly, grisly genitor, one of the most combative and domineering of men, propounded to her his notion of sending her on a visit to her sister, she at once dissipated it by saying that she would rather not go.

"Don't want to make Nellie a visit!" replied Peyton Beaumont, believing that he ought to insist, and doubting whether he could.

"Why, papa!" said Kate, in a tone of good-natured wonder and reproof. "Have you forgotten?"

"Forgotten what?"

"Don't you really know what I mean?" persisted the girl, a little chagrined.

"Pon my honor, I don't."

"O papa! My birthday! Nineteen next Tuesday."

"Bless my body!" exclaimed Beaumont, looking uncommonly ashamed of himself. "Bless my body, how could I forget it! Well, of course I knew it all the while. It had only slipped my mind for a—" Here he recollected his conspiracy with Mrs. Chester, and fell suddenly dumb, querying whether his mind were not beginning to fail him.

"Of course I want to keep it here," said Kate.

"Of course you do," assented Beaumont, ready to knock down anybody who objected to it.

"Why should n't Nellie come to us?" asked Kate.

"She shall," declared Beaumont. "Write her a letter and ask her to come. Give her my best love, and tell her I insist upon it."

It was in vain that Mrs. Chester made assault upon this new disposition of events as soon as she heard of it.

"No danger, I tell you," interrupted Beaumont, his temper rising at her opposition, as a wave breaks into roar and foam over a reef. "I tell you there's no danger whatever. Kate is not only a devilish brilliant girl,—yes, devilish brilliant, by heavens, if I do say it,—but she's a girl of extraordinary common sense. If I should hint to her the trouble which might come from her marrying a McAlister; if I should once say to her, 'Now, Kate, you see it might separate us,' she never would think of it. I tell you, I trust to her common sense. And by heavens," he added, his eyebrows beginning to bristle, "I want you to trust to it."

As Mrs. Chester had no efficient quantity of the grace in question, she did not believe in it as a motive of action with other people.

"Well, good by to the Kershaw estate," she replied, trying to bring the financial point of view to bear upon her brother.

"Good by to it and welcome!" roared Beaumont, indignant at this thrusting of filthy lucre under his honorable nose. "What the deuce do I care for the Kershaw estate? I am a Beaumont, and the descendant of Beaumonts. Who the deuce are you? I thought we looked only to honor, in our family. Money! You can't turn my head by talking money. I know the value of the thing. But, by heavens, I would n't swerve a hair for the sake of it. I'd blow my brains out first. And as for Kate's marrying against my wishes, you know she won't do it and

I know it. There's no use in talking about it."

"No, there's no use in talking about it," replied Mrs. Chester, with what might be called a snapping-turtle irony.

Stung by her brother's charge that she was no true Beaumont, angered by his inconvenient obstinacy, and still more by his loud, overbearing voice, she suddenly and petulantly gave up her hopeless contest (as a child drops a hammer which has cracked its fingers), and marched off with short, spunky stampings, reminding one of that famous step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Her hips had become of late years an inch or so too wide to permit her to locomote thus with grace or dignity. They gave her skirts a quick, jerking swing, which, as seen from behind, was more farcical than majestic. The fat washerwoman or chambermaid of low comedy walks by preference in this manner. As Peyton Beaumont looked after her, he grinned with a kind of amused rage, and muttered, "My God, what a goose Marian can make of herself!"

But after Mrs. Chester had got to her room, and had, so to speak, stuck out her lips behind the door for half an hour, she discovered some consolation and hope in the fact that Nellie Armitage was coming. She remembered Nellie as a "true Beaumont," full of the family pride and passion and spirit, the fieriest perhaps of Peyton's children. Was it not likely that such a woman would retain much of the feeling of the ancient family feud? Was it not almost certain that she would violently oppose a match between her only sister and a McAlister? Poor, bewitched, unreasonable, almost irrational Mrs. Chester plucked up her spirit a little as she looked forward to Nellie's arrival.

At last Mrs. Armitage came, bringing her two children with her, but not her husband. This young woman (then only twenty-four years old) bore a certain resemblance to her father. She was of a medium height, with a

figure more compact than is usual in American women, her chest being uncommonly full, her shoulders superbly plump, and her arms solid. Her complexion was a clear brunette, without color; her hair a very dark chestnut and slightly wavy; her eyes brown, steady, and searching. Barring that the cheekbones were a trifle too broad and the lower jaw a trifle too strong, her face was a handsome one, the front view being fairly oval and the profile full of spirit. There was something singular in her expression; it was a beseeching air, alternating with an air of resistance; she seemed in one moment to implore favor, and in the next to stand at bay. To all appearance it was the face of a woman who had had a stirring and trying heart-history. You could not study it long without wishing to know what had happened to her.

She greeted her relatives with the quick, effervescent excitability of her Huguenot race. A minute or two later she was absorbed, indifferent, almost stony. It seemed as if something must have partly paralyzed the woman's affections, rendering their action intermittent.

"Kate has grown up very handsome," she quietly and thoughtfully remarked to her father, when she was alone with him.

"By Jove!" trumpeted Peyton Beaumont, unable to brag sufficiently of his favorite child, and falling into eloquent silence before the great subject, like a heathen prostrating himself to his idol.

"I hope she will have a happy life of it," added Nellie, with the air of one within prison-gates who wishes well to those without.

"Why should n't she?" demanded the father, lifting his stormy eyebrows as an excited eagle ruffles his feathers. "She has everything she can want, and we are all devoted to her. The baby, you know!" he explained, as if apologizing to his eldest daughter for so loving the youngest.

"It is all well enough now. But she may get married by and by."

"Ah!" growled Beaumont, glancing

at her with an air of comprehension, half pitiful and half angry.

Mrs. Armitage revealed no more ; if she was not happy in her own marriage, she was not disposed to say so ; either she had been born with more discretion than was usual with Beaumonts, or she had acquired it.

"So the feud is ended," was her next observation.

"Well, yes ; that is, you know — well, we get along," said the father. "We are giving those fellows a chance to behave themselves."

He felt obliged to apologize to a Beaumont for having given up one of the antiquities and glories of the family.

"Of course you know best," replied Nellie, with that indifferent air which she had at times, and which made her appear so unlike her race.

"You see this young McAlister had the luck to place us under immense obligations to him," continued the old fighting-cock. "And devilish lucky it was for that blockhead his brother. Vincent would have shot him as sure as Christmas is coming."

"And how about Kate ? Is she likely to marry this Frank McAlister ?"

"Likely to marry the Old Harry !" snorted Beaumont, indignant at being spurred up to this ugly subject again. "Who the deuce told you that nonsense ?"

"Aunt Marian wrote to me about it."

"Aunt Marian is a babbling busy-body," returned Beaumont, thrusting his hands fiercely into his pockets, as if feeling for a brace of derringers.

"She told me not to tell you of her letter, and so I thought it best to tell you," added Nellie.

"By Jove ! you know her," replied Marian's brother, bursting into a laugh. "By Jove, it's amazing how she lacks common sense," he added, as if his breed were famous for it. "In a general way, — I'm fairly obliged to own it, — whatever Marian wants done had better not be done. It's astonishing !"

"If there is any such courtship going on, I want it stopped," continued Nellie, somewhat of the family excitability beginning to sparkle in her eyes.

Peyton Beaumont, vain and self-opinionated and pugnacious as he was, would always listen to those privileged, those almost sacred creatures, his children.

"Look here, Nellie, I'm glad you came down," he said. "I want to talk to you about this very thing. Not that there is any danger, — O no !" he explained, motioning away the supposition with his thick, hairy hand. "But then, if things should go on, there might be trouble. That is, you understand, the thing is just possible, — I don't say probable, mind, I say possible."

"It must not be possible," declared Nellie.

"You think so ?" stared Beaumont, a little bothered. Considering his own weakness in the presence of Kate, was he absolutely sure that he could put the match outside of the possibilities, in case she should prefer to bring it inside ?

"Certainly I think so," affirmed Mrs. Armitage, firing up in a way which left no doubt as to her being a true Beaumont. "See here, I want at least one woman in the world to succeed ; I want Kate to have a happy married life. If she marries a McAlister, what are the chances for it ? You know that family, and you know our own. How long will the two travel together ? You know as well as I do that the old quarrel is pretty sure to come up again. Then where will Kate be ? A woman who is forced to fight her own flesh and blood, God help her !"

She said much more to this effect ; perhaps she repeated herself a little, as emotional people are apt to do ; she was very much in earnest, and hardly knew how to stop.

"Well, of course !" neighed Beaumont, quite roused by her excitement, as one horse rears because another plunges. "The thing cannot, must not, and shall not be allowed. I'll see to it."

"You'll see to it!" repeated Nellie, amused in spite of her anxiety, and good-naturedly laughing him to scorn.

"What d'ye mean?" queried the father, trying to raise his bristles.

"You'll just see that every one of your idiots of children does exactly what he or she pleases," explained Nellie.

"Nonsense!" growled Beaumont, marching off with all his peacock plumage spread. To prove to himself that he possessed paternal austerity, he took advantage of the first opportunity to fall afoul of Tom, giving him a lively blowing up for birching a negro. Only, the lecture being concluded, he drew his cigar-case and presented the youngster with one of his costliest Havanas, the two thereupon smoking what might pass for the calumet of peace.

The case of Frank and Kate soon came up between Mrs. Armitage and Mrs. Chester.

"Of course not," haughtily affirmed Nellie, when her aunt had declared that the McAlister match would never do. "I have discussed the matter with papa. We will attend to it."

This was saying that the affair was none of Mrs. Chester's business; and that lady so understood the remark, and trembled with wrath accordingly. The two were treading on the verge of an old battle-ground which had been many times fought over between them. Mrs. Chester, an advisory and meddlesome creature, felt in all her veins and nerves that she was a Beaumont, and that whatever concerned any of that race concerned her. This pretension, so far at least as it extended to the children of Peyton Beaumont, Nellie had always violently combated, even from infancy. One of her earliest recollections was of scratching Aunt Marian for trying to slap Tom. The fight had been renewed many times, the niece gaining more and more victories as she grew older, for she was a cleverer woman than Mrs. Chester, and also a braver. It need not be said that, while there was no outrageous

and disreputable quarrel, there was no fervent love lost between them. But although Aunt Marian did not adore Nellie, and was at the moment considerably irritated against her, she did not, under present circumstances, care to fight her.

"Of course you and your father will do what is proper," she said, putting on that air of sulphuric-acid sweetness which so many tartaric people have at command, and which profits them so little. "You two are Kate's natural guardians," she further conceded. "Certainly!"

She waited to hear something more about the match, but Nellie had no communications to volunteer, and there ensued a brief silence, insupportable to Mrs. Chester.

"Of course you never could give your approval," she ventured to resume, smoothing her niece's hair.

"No!" sharply replied Nellie, who would have answered more graciously if Mrs. Chester had kept her hot hands to herself.

Unamiably as this response was enunciated, the elder lady was so delighted with it that she lost her self-possession, and let out a gush of confidence which was imprudent.

"Kate will have plenty of offers. I know one fine young man who is desperately in love with her. I am sure that your husband's brother—"

Nellie turned upon her with sparkling eyes and quivering nostrils.

"Bent Armitage?" she demanded. "Is *he* courting her?"

"O no," responded Mrs. Chester, discovering her error and at once trying to fib out of it. "I was about to say that Bent, as you call him, told me that Pickens Pendleton was cracked about her."

Which was true enough as regarded Pickens Pendleton, only the tale of it had not come from Bent Armitage.

Well, each of the ladies had made a discovery. Nellie had learned, in spite of her aunt's prompt dodging, that Bent Armitage was wooing Kate; and Mrs. Chester had perceived without

the slightest difficulty that such a match would be sternly disfavored by Nellie. Both being thus provided with matter for grave meditation, they found conversing a weary business, and soon separated.

The next important dialogue of this straightforward and earnest Mrs. Armitage was with her sister.

"How you have grown, Kate!" she laughed, turning her about and standing up to her back to back. "Pshaw! you are taller than I am. You ought to know more. I wonder if you do. What did you study abroad?"

"O, everything that is useful," smiled Kate. "Only I don't find that I use it. I think a good cookery-book ought to be the main class-book of every girls' school. I wish I knew a hundred receipts by heart."

"Well, send for a cookery-book, and go to getting them by heart."

"I have," said Kate.

"Pudding-making and love-making are woman's chief business," observed Nellie, shaping her course toward the subject which she had on her mind. "They are both important, but I think the last is the most so. Which do you like best of all the men who come here?"

"I don't like any of them," said Kate, for once driven to fib by an awful heart-breaking, and blushing profoundly over her — was it her guilt?

"O, what a monstrous lie!" laughed Mrs. Armitage.

"Then what do you ask such questions for?" retorted Kate, becoming honest again.

"Because I want to know," said Nellie, looking her earnestly in the face.

"When the young man speaks, I will come and tell you," was the evasive answer.

"But then it will be too late to tell me. Your mind will be already made up, and you will accept him or refuse him, and then advice will be useless."

"O, that is the way it goes?"

"That is the way it went with me."

"Well, you have never repented it,"

VOL. XXVII. — NO. 163.

said Kate, who knew nothing of her sister's sorrows, if sorrows there were.

"Let me tell you one thing," answered Nellie, roused to fresh resolution by this remark. "Let me tell you whom not to marry. Neither Frank McAlister nor Bent Armitage. If you take the first, you will make trouble for yourself; and if you take the second, he will make trouble for you."

Kate struggled to retain her self-possession, but she was not a little disturbed, and her sister perceived it.

"You don't care for either of them?" demanded Nellie, imploringly. "I don't want it. Papa does n't want it."

"I *won't* care for either of them," was the promise which dropped from Kate's lips before she realized its gravity. There was conscience and discipline in the girl; she instinctively and by habit respected and obeyed her elders; she did it naturally and could not help it. But the moment she had given her pledge she grew pale and tried to turn away from her sister.

"Look here, Kate, this costs you a struggle," said Nellie, slipping her arm around the child's waist and kissing her. "Which one is it?"

Kate made no answer, for she had as much as she could do to catch her breath, and she was for the moment beyond speaking.

"Not Bent Armitage?" begged Nellie.

Kate shook her head.

"The other?"

Kate began to cry.

"O Katie!" said Nellie, and began to cry a little herself, being womanish and Beaumontish to that extent that she could not easily resist the contagion of emotion.

After a moment Kate made a desperate struggle for some small bit of a voice, and broke out, "But I don't care so much about him. Only you surprised me so. You worried me. You —"

"I know, Katie," whispered Nellie, all tenderness now. "I did put things at you too hard. Don't be vexed with

me. I do love you. That is the reason. Well, you can't talk of it now. We won't say a word more now."

"Yes, I can talk of it," declared Kate, collecting her soul bravely. "What is the whole of it? What is it?"

"Suppose there should be another long quarrel with the McAlisters?" began Nellie.

"I know. I have thought of that. I will think of it."

"O, you are pretty sensible, Kate. Well, as for Bent Armitage —"

"You need n't tell me about *him*. It is of no consequence."

"I hope not," said Nellie, too anxious to be quite sure. "Well?"

"You have my promise," declared Kate, firmly.

"Yes," answered Nellie, meditative-ly.

"Do you suppose I won't keep it?"

"I was n't thinking of that," replied Nellie, who, now that she had gained her point, had a sudden, natural irrational reaction of feeling, and did not find herself positive that the promise ought to be kept. "I was thinking — but never mind now, dear. Another time."

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. ARMITAGE went through a variety of spiritual exercises with regard to this possible match between her sister and Frank McAlister.

At first she had been sternly opposed to it; then the contagion of Kate's emotion caused her to relent somewhat; next she reflected upon the matter by herself, and hardened her heart once more; at last she met the young man, and in consequence experienced a further change.

Although she was prepared to find him agreeable and handsome, she was rather surprised by his grand figure, his fine face, and pleasant address. His lofty stature did not seem to her objectionable or even very odd, for in the midland and back country of South Carolina, where she had passed her

life, the human plant grows luxuriantly, six feet being a common height and six feet four not unique. Moreover, there are probably few women who do not find a certain massive charm in large men. "No wonder," thought Nellie, "that Kate likes this fellow, especially since he saved her life." Nevertheless, she would study him; she would see whether he were half as good as he looked; she would see whether he were good enough to make up for being a McAlister.

There was not much in their interview of the wandering small-talk which is apt to follow introductions; for both Mrs. Armitage and Frank were of that earnest class of souls who usually mean something and say it. The lady, too, had a fervent purpose at heart, and none too much time in which to carry it out.

"Are you going to live at home, Mr. McAlister?" she very soon inquired.

Frank colored; it seemed as if she were asking him whether he meant to live on his father, like so many other sons of well-to-do planters; and he remembered that he had been in Hartland several weeks without doing anything chemical or metallurgical.

"I have n't yet decided where I shall be," he replied. "But I hope before long to find some place where I can earn my own living."

Mrs. Armitage stared; a young gentleman of expectations who wanted to earn his own living was a novelty to her; she was so puzzled that she smiled in a rather blank fashion.

"And how do people earn their own living?" she demanded.

"I want to earn mine by making other people rich."

"I don't understand," said Nellie, more perplexed than ever, and beginning to query whether this McAlister were not jesting with her.

So Frank explained that he had studied metallurgy and commercial chemistry; that he proposed to test mines and phosphate beds, and decide whether they could be worked profitably; and that for such services he

should expect a reasonable compensation.

"But will that get a living?" inquired Mrs. Armitage. Another reflection, which, however, she kept to herself, was, "Is that work for a gentleman?"

"It may not for a time," laughed Frank. "Our people don't care much as yet for their underground wealth. Their eyes are bandaged with cotton. But I have an ambition, Mrs. Armitage. I want to open people's eyes. I want to develop the natural wealth of my State. I want to be a benefactor to South Carolina."

"O, that is right," admitted Nellie, thinking the while that, if he became famous as a benefactor, he might run for Congress.

"Yes, there would be little to do for a time," continued Frank. "So the other part of my plan is to obtain a professorship in some college."

Nellie frowned frankly; he seemed too grand a fellow to be a mere professor; she was already interested in him, and wished him well.

"If you really want a professorship, I should think you might easily get one," she said. "Your father has a great deal of political influence."

The serious young man was tempted to smile in the face of the serious young woman. Of course, scientific enthusiast as he was, he scorned the idea of getting a professorship through his father's wire-pullings, and trusted to earn one by making himself famous, desirable and necessary as a chemist and metallurgist. But it was not worth while, nor perhaps in good taste, to try to render these matters clear to Mrs. Armitage.

"Well, you will not starve; your father will see to that," was her next remark, good-naturedly and smilingly uttered but surely very discouraging.

His father again! It was almost provoking to have his high and mighty and respected parent flung at his head in this persistent manner. So far was Frank from looking to the paternal statesmanship, influence, and acres for

his bread and butter, that he at heart expected to gain pelf as well as honor by his sciences, developing untold wealth and sharing in the profits.

"Do you expect to find gold-mines in Hartland District?" was Nellie's next speech.

"No," patiently responded our scientist, not even marvelling at the depths of her ignorance, though he knew that auriferous ore out of Hartland was less possible than sunbeams out of a cucumber. "I shall have to run about after my work," he added.

He feared that he was damaging his chances as a suitor for Kate; but he was too honorable to tell anything less than the truth.

"Run about," repeated Nellie, quite decided for the moment that he should not have her sister; "I should think it would be pleasanter to stay at home."

Frank was discouraged; nobody hereabout sympathized with his tenderness for chemistry and his passion for metallurgy; sometimes he thought he should have to drop his sciences and go to sleep upon cotton, like the rest of South Carolina.

"You must excuse my frankness," said Mrs. Armitage, who perceived that she had dashed him a little. "It is so strange that I should be talking to you at all! It seems as if I were at liberty to say everything."

"There has been a prodigious breaking of the ice between our families."

"Yes; and you broke it. It was a great thing to do, and you found a grand way to do it."

"It was accident," said Frank, coloring under this praise from Kate's sister.

"I can't thank you enough for saving her," continued Nellie, a little moved. "It is useless to try to do it."

There was a short silence. The young man's spirit was beginning to burgeon and bloom all over with hope. The lady was meditating how she could tear up his hopes, without seeming to him and to herself outrageously ungrateful and hard-hearted.

"Yes, you did a noble thing," she resumed. "I hope you will never have occasion to regret it."

"How!" he exclaimed, in a sudden burst of earnest bass, at the same time starting up and pacing the room. "I beg your pardon," he almost immediately added, and sat down again.

"He is very much in love with her," thought Nellie. "What a dreadful business it is! What shall I say to him?"

She steeled herself with a remembrance of her duty to her sister, and added: "It might have been better if some one else had saved her."

The Chinese wall was broken down; the great subject of Kate Beaumont lay open before them for discussion; and the only question was, whether Frank McAlister could summon breath to enter upon it. For a moment he was like a climber of mountains who should discover a barely traversable path leading to the longed-for summit, and should just then find himself turning dizzy. He absolutely had to make another excursion to the window and back before he was able to say, "Do you think I would take improper advantage of my slight, very slight claim to gratitude?"

"No, I do not," replied the impulsive Nellie, unable to help admiring him for his honesty, his goodness, and his beauty. "I am sure, Mr. McAlister, that you are a gentleman. But have you thought, have you considered? O, how hard it is to say some things! Well, I must speak it out. Here is my young sister under great obligations to you. And you are a McAlister. I know that there is peace now between our families. But how long will it last? Suppose it should not last? Would you like to have your name stand between your wife and her own father and brothers?"

Suddenly remembering that she had assumed that he cared to marry her sister, when he had not yet told her so, Nellie stopped in confusion. It was so like her to spring forward in that instinctive way; it was so like the emo-

tional, headlong race to which she belonged.

"I hope it would never be as you say," groaned the young man, frankly acknowledging the purpose which had been imputed to him.

"Ah — yes," replied Nellie, with a sigh of sympathy. Her opposition was weakening; she found it very hard to withstand this good and handsome lover to his face; she was mightily tempted to get done with him by giving him her sister. Discovering her weakness, and deciding that it was her duty not to yield to it, she hastened to speak her mind while she had one.

"See here, Mr. McAlister. I ask you one thing. I ask it of you as a gentleman; yes, and as a friend. I beg of you that, if ever you should wish to say a word of love to Kate, you will not say it without the full permission of her father."

He came up to her with a bright smile, seized her hand, pressed it, and in his thankfulness kissed it.

Nellie's resolution was almost upset; she came very near saying, "Take her."

"I worship her," he whispered. "But before I say one word, you shall permit it. You and your father shall both permit it."

"O, it all amounts to nothing," returned Nellie, shaking her head with a slightly hysterical laugh. "Such things are said without saying them. If you love her, she will find it out, though you should never speak again."

"But you won't send me away?" begged Frank, his smile suddenly fading and his eyes turning anxious.

"No," said Nellie. "Every woman is a big fool on these subjects. I can't send you away."

And so ended Mrs. Armitage's first attempt to prevent a match between her sister and Frank McAlister. It had been so far from a triumph that she had given the young man a tacit permission to continue some silent sort of courtship, and had at the bottom of her heart become little less than his partisan. She did not deceive herself

as to the result of the onslaught ; she admitted that one more such victory would beat her completely ; and her sagacious decision was, " I won't say another word about it." It was a resolution, as certain metaphysicians inform us, easier for a woman to make than to keep.

In fact, Nellie was rather an aid than a bar to Frank in his researches after happiness at the Beaumont mansion, inasmuch as she kept Mrs. Chester from balking and worrying him with her venerable assiduities. It must be understood that the cracked old flirt had got over her wrath at the youngster for playing his brother upon her while he himself had walks and talks with her niece. She observed that in these days he never saw Kate alone ; and, not knowing the true reason, she guessed that he had tired of her. Consequently she once more had hopes of — the gracious knows what ; and with the return of hope came a resurrection of fondness for her Titan.

Now Nellie did not mean to smoothe the course of Frank's love ; impulsive as he might be, she was no such weathercock as that. But she had grown up in the habit of fighting Aunt Marian ; and, moreover, she could not bear to see the old girl make a fool of herself ; for did not her absurdities more or less disgrace the family ? As soon, therefore, as she perceived that Mrs. Chester was indulging in her time-worn vice of flirting with a man ever so much her junior, she prepared to open fire upon her. The two ladies were sewing by themselves in the breezy veranda, when Mrs. Armitage commenced her bombardment with " What a handsome fellow Frank McAlister is ! "

How easily the slyest of us are humbugged when people talk to us about those whom we love ! It was of no use to Mrs. Chester that she was a woman, that she was a veteran worldling, that she was an old coquette. The doors of her heart flew open at the sound of the name which was her open sesame ; and with a throb of pleasure, with the sincere countenance of a

gratified child she replied " Yes, indeed ! "

" He is trying to catch Kate, and I fear he will do it," added the cruel Nellie, sending a straight thrust at the unguarded bosom.

" It would be a most outrageous match," burst out the surprised and tortured Mrs. Chester.

" It would make more than one of us miserable," continued Nellie, turning the blade in the wound ; and at the same time she gave her discovered, unhappy, ridiculous, irrational relative a glance of angry scorn. A woman who " loves not wisely " gets little pity from other women ; they regard her as men regard a brother-man who loses his estate in silly speculations ; perhaps, also, they look upon her as one who cheapens and discredits her sex.

All at once Mrs. Chester understood that Nellie had found her out and was openly flouting her. Exposure and a consciousness of " scorn's unmoving finger " are great helps to beclouded intelligences. Although this widow bewitched was half crazy about Frank McAlister, she could see somewhat of the ridiculousness of her position when another plainly pointed it out to her. She shook with shame and rage ; her pale brunette cheek turned ashy ; after a little her black eyes sparkled vindictively. But she had enough of self-control to go on with her cuttings and bastings, and to merely mutter, " Yes, the match would make plenty of trouble."

" He is enough to fascinate any woman, young or old," added Nellie, by way of completing her massacre of this mature innocent.

Wonders were accomplished by this short dialogue. Henceforward, so long as Mrs. Armitage remained at the plantation, Aunt Marian ceased making eyes at Frank McAlister, or trying to entrap him into moonlight strolls, or doing anything else that was lovelorn, — at least before witnesses. Her reformation was, however, only external ; she was in reality fully possessed by that mighty demon, a heart-affair of

middle life; she was reaping the reward of having passed thirty years in no other habit of mind than that of love-making. She was so far bewitched with Frank McAlister that she would have rushed into the madness of marrying him, had he proposed it. The case may seem incredible to those who have not witnessed something similar. While we all know that elderly men sometimes fall desperately in love with girls, we are not accustomed to see elderly women get into hallucinations over — youngsters. But the marvel sometimes happens; and it happened to poor Mrs. Chester.

In these days she passed much time in her room; sometimes lost in reveries which were alternately sweet and bitter; sometimes trying on dress after dress and ornament after ornament, not to mention perlatinas, etc.; sometimes studying herself in the glass and trying to think herself youthful, or at least not old. Like Southerners in general, she found no embarrassment in the presence of a negro; and so her ancient maid, Miriam, had plenty of opportunity to observe these prinkings and prankings.

"Laws me!" muttered the indignant mawma. "Ef Miss Marian don't oughter have the biggest kind of a spankin'."

There was no reason why Miriam should not guess accurately what was the matter with her mistress. Mrs. Chester was one of those people who must have sympathy; she had always been accustomed to receive it from her faithful chattel; and she demanded it now with a curious frankness.

"I don't see why Mr. McAlister should avoid me," she would say plaintively. Then she would burst out with sudden vexation: "But in these days no woman can get any attention who is over twenty."

"Don't see nuffin perticular 'bout Mars Frank," muttered Miriam, lying a little for her owner's good.

"O, he is so tall!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, in naïve ecstasy. So tall! Perhaps that was the key to her pos-

session. The jaded flirt, famished after sensations, had been captivated by a physical novelty. Her next passion might be for a dwarf, or for one of the Siamese Twins.

"No woman over twenty has any chance of being noticed here in the country," she presently added, laying on the word *country* an accent of scorn and spite.

"Miss Marian, you's a big piece beyond twenty," exploded Miriam, losing all patience. "You's a young lookin' lady for your age. I allows it. But for all that, you ain't what they calls young no longer. I don' keer, Miss Marian, ef you doos git angry. I'se talkin' for your good, an' I'se gwine to talk a heap, an' I'se gwine to talk it out. You's jess altogeder too old to be friskin' roun' a young feller like Mars Frank McAlister. He ain't a gwine to wanter frisk back, an' you can't make him. Now you jess let him alone. He'll think mo' of you ef you doos; he'll think a heap mo'. An' so'll everybody. Thar! that's what I'se got to say; an' I've said it, thank the Lord; an' I'll say it ag'in."

Mrs. Chester's first impulse, under this benevolently cruel lecture, was to fly at Miriam and kill her; her next and victorious impulse was to cover her face with her hands and shed tears of humiliation and grief.

"Thar now, honey, don't," implored the suddenly softened Miriam. "Don't cry that way. I'se been mighty hash, I knows. The Lord forgive me for hurtin' your feelin's."

And then followed a strange, an almost pathetic scene of weeping on one side and coddling on the other, which only ended when the sorrowful Marian had taken a dose of chloroform and got to sleep. Coming out of her nap refreshed, she wandered through a thorny meditation concerning Frank, and struggled up to the top of an emotional Mount Pisgah whence she looked upon him with her mind's eye, giving up hope of possession. But this resolve left her in an angry state of mind towards him and his family, so that

when she next met her bland and sympathetic friend, Major Lawson, she launched into an invective against the whole race of McAlisters.

"Dear me! Bless my soul!" said the Major, in his most soothing whisper. "I am excessively grieved that your feelings should have been hurt by — by circumstances unknown to me. What have those truly unfortunate people been doing? I trust nothing that an apology will not atone for. Do, my dear old friend, — may I not venture to call you so? — do confide in me. I will see them about it," he declared, grandly assuming an air of sternness, as Hector might have put on his helmet. "I will insist upon an explanation. By heavens I will, my dear friend."

"O, it is nothing of that sort!" returned Mrs. Chester. "There is nothing to have a quarrel about, I suppose. But —" and here she burst out passionately — "they are so — so ungrateful!"

"Un-grate-ful!" gasped the Major, seemingly horror-stricken, — "un-grate-ful!" he chanted, running his voice through four or five flats, sharps, and naturals. "You — you confound me, — you positively do, Mrs. Chester. Wh-at a charge! And they were supposed to be gentlemen. Claim to be such. Pass for such. Ah! — Well?"

And here he looked at her for further explanations, his hands wide-spread with mock sympathy, and his eyes full of real eagerness. In truth, the Major was very anxious, for he did not know but that some serious matter of offence had arisen between the families, and he trembled for his Romeo and Juliet romance.

"I have been as civil as I could be to Mr. Frank McAlister," began Mrs. Chester in a low tone, which was, perhaps, a little tremulous.

The Major's eyes brightened; so that was all the trouble; old flirt jealous about attentions.

"I have certainly shown him all the consideration that a lady can properly show to a gentleman," she continued,

her voice gaining strength, if her reason did not. "I have done it in kindness. His position here was peculiar. So lately introduced among us, and under such trying circumstances! I thought that he needed encouragement, and that some one was bound to give it to him. I have given it. And the result is" — here there was almost a choking in her utterance — "that he avoids me."

"Dear me! But no. It can't be possible. It is n't true," brazenly asserted the Major, alarmed by her evident emotion and fearing the worst results for Romeo and Juliet. "My dear old friend," getting hold of her hand and squeezing it tenderly, "you *must* be mistaken. Forgive me. I am in earnest. I am excited. This is enough to throw any man off his balance. Excuse me for speaking plainly; pardon me for contradicting you. But you *must* be mistaken. Why, it was only yesterday that I was talking with him, and the conversation fell upon yourself, my dear Mrs. Chester, and he was enthusiastic about you. Absolutely enthusiastic," repeated the Major as glibly as if he were telling the truth. "Nothing less than enthusiastic. Why, my dear friend, if he seems to avoid you, it must be attributed to modesty. He is afraid of wearying you, — afraid of wearying you," he reiterated, falling back and gazing at her respectfully, as if she were a wonder of intellect. "Afraid of wearying you," he added, reinforcing his air of deference with a tender smile. "Nothing else. Modest young man. Mod-est! Appreciative, too. Knows your value. Highly appreciative. I happen to know that he appreciates you. Why I happen to know it, — I am his confidant. His confidant," insisted the Major, looking whole volumes of adoration, as if translating them from McAlister.

But we can give no idea of the mellifluousness, the sugar, and sirup, and molasses, of this wondrous flatterer. To appreciate his speeches it was necessary to hear them and to watch him as he exuded them. The petting, the

coaxing, the adulation that there was in his voice and address beggared description. He was a band of music; he played successively on the harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, flute, violin, and bassoon; he flew from bass to falsetto and back again with the agility of a squirrel scampering up and down a hickory. The repetitions in which he delighted were invariably distinguished by variations of pitch and manner. He said his impressive thing in baritone, and then he said it in tenor, and then he said it in soprano. He enforced it the first time with a stare, the second time with an arching of the eyebrows, the third time with a long-drawn smile. Nor did he weaken his effects by hasty or indistinct utterance; he was as deliberate and perspicuous as an experienced judge delivering a charge to an obviously stupid jury; he made a pause after each important statement, to give you time to swallow and digest it; and meanwhile he watched you steadily to see how you bore his dosing.

To some straightforward, hard-headed people the flattering, pottering Major was very tiresome. They saw him depart from their presence with the same joy with which you behold a flea hop out of your sleeve where he has been carrying on his inflammatory familiarities. But to Mrs. Chester and other souls, who could endure much complimentary serenading, he was more delightful than nightingales.

Well, he talked an hour, and he soothed his auditor. By dint of playing interminably on the same key, he produced in her what is known to lawyers who have to cajole jurymen as a "favorable state of mind." He made his female Balaam forget that she had come out to curse the McAlisters, and brought her to end the conversation by uttering their praises.

But in doing thus much good he unwittingly did some mischief, for he reawakened Mrs. Chester's foolish hopes with regard to her giant, and thus opened the way to further complications and furies.

CHAPTER XVII.

So thoroughly deceived was Mrs. Chester by Major Lawson's inventions, that she resolved to come to an explanation with Frank McAlister, and give him to understand that his fears of wearying her with his society were groundless.

We will not detail the conversation that resulted; we will draw a partial veil over this awkward exposure of an unbalanced mind; we will skip at once to the finale of the discordant duo. Imagine the confusion and distress of our modest and kind-hearted Titan when Mrs. Chester, after many insinuating preambles, took his hand, pressed it tenderly, and said, "Let us be friends. Will you always be my friend? My best friend?"

What made his situation more pitiable was that her agitation (a mixture of anxiety, of womanly shame, and of affection) was so great as to be unconcealable.

"I have no intention of being other than your friend, madam," replied the unfortunately honest youth.

This answer, and especially this "madam," stunned her. She inferred that he would be no more than a friend, and that he looked upon her as an elderly lady. Had he slapped her in the face, he could hardly have stung her more keenly or repulsed her more completely than he did by that title of respect, "madam." Dropping his hand as if it were a hot iron, she recoiled from him a little and walked on in silence, her breast heaving and her lips very near to quivering.

"I hope certainly that we shall always be friends," hastily added Frank, perceiving that he had pained her, and deeply regretting it.

"Certainly," mechanically responded Mrs. Chester, for the moment pathetic and almost tragic. In the next breath she grew angry and continued, with a touch of hysterical irony, "O, certainly, sir! We understand each other, I believe! Well, I must go in! I am afraid of this damp air. Excuse me, sir."

And before Frank could say anything to the purpose, she had forced herself from him and was in the house.

"Upon my honor I don't understand it," muttered the stupefied chemist and mineralogist. "Is it possible that she *really* wants me to *really* flirt with her?"

Such a respect had he for woman-kind that he impatiently dismissed this supposition, as he had often dismissed it before. Because of his born chivalrousness, and still more because of his worship of Kate, he canonized the whole sex.

He was surprised out of his reflections by the apparition of Nellie Armitage from a small, thickly trellised grape-arbor close at his elbow. It was like the dash of a partridge from a thicket at one's feet; or rather it was more like the spring of a tiger from a jungle; at all events, she startled him roundly. He suspected at once that she had overheard his final words with Mrs. Chester, and he grew almost certain of it when he came to notice her manner. Nodding without speaking, she took his arm and walked on rapidly, her nostrils dilated and her quick breath audible. It was evident that she was in a good old-fashioned Beaumont fit of anger.

"Mrs. Armitage," he said, thinking it best to be at least partially frank, "I fear that I have vexed your aunt by an awkward speech of mine."

"I wish you had boxed her ears," broke out Nellie. "I wanted to."

He was enlightened: so Mrs. Chester was really making love to him; at least Mrs. Armitage believed it. He did not know what more to say, and the awkward promenade continued speechlessly.

"I was not in ambush," the lady at last observed. "I was dozing there — no sleep last night — hateful letters. Your talking waked me, and I heard — Well, let us say no more about it. It is abominable. It is disgraceful. So ridiculous! Oh!!"

"I beg your pardon?" queried the anxious Frank. "I must ask one word more. You are not blaming me?"

"You are only too patient, Mr. McAlister. You are a gentleman. Let us say no more about it."

Emerging presently from an alley lined with neglected shrubbery so overgrown that a camel would have been troubled to look over it, they came upon a little stretch of flower-beds and discovered Kate gathering materials for her mantel bouquets, while Bent Armitage stood at her elbow with a basket. Of the four persons who thus met, every one colored more or less with disagreeable surprise.

"I took the liberty of forcing my guardianship on Miss Beaumont," said Bent, looking apologetically at his sister-in-law. "The roses might have wanted to keep her, you know."

Mrs. Armitage gave Frank a glance which said as plainly as eyes could speak, "I confide in your promise."

Then, turning to Bent, she ordained: "You must leave your basket to Mr. McAlister. I want to see you about things at home."

Surrendering his pleasant charge to his rival, the young man followed Nellie, his lamed foot slapping the ground in its usual nonchalant style, and his singular, mechanical smile curling up into his dark red cheek, but his heart very ill at ease.

"Bent," commenced Nellie when they were alone, "I have nothing to say to you about your brother. There is enough to tell, but it is the same old story, and there is no use in telling it. The home that I want to talk to you about is my home here. What business have you strolling off alone with my sister? I told you not to do it."

"A fellow does n't want to have the air of a boor," he muttered sullenly. "Just look at it now. A lady goes by with a basket to pick flowers. Can't a man offer to hold her basket? Isn't he obliged to do it? Would you have him tilt back his chair and go on smoking?"

"O, it's easy explaining," returned Nellie. "But I am not to be trifled with, Bent. You sha'n't court her. If you do, I'll tell my whole story to my

father and brothers. Then we'll see if ever an Armitage enters this house again."

Bent was cowed at once and completely; the threat was clearly a terrible one to him.

"Before God, I don't take Randolph's part," he said. "I know you have cause of complaint enough. I wish to God he was —"

He stopped with a groan. His brother, as he comprehended the matter now in hand, was his evil genius, standing between him and Kate Beaumont. In his grief and anger he had come very near to wishing that that brother was dead.

"I don't sustain him," he resumed. "Besides, Randolph is not a bad fellow at heart. He is naturally a good fellow. You know what it is that makes him raise the devil."

"You are taking the same road," was Nellie's judgment. "You will be just like him."

"Never!" declared Bent. "You shall see."

She marched on with an unbelieving, unpying face, and he followed her with the air of a criminal who asks for a remission of sentence, and believes that he asks in vain.

"Well, I must go, I suppose," he said, turning towards his horse as they neared the house. "If you see old Miriam, tell her to pray for me," he added with a smile of bitter humor. "What I want most is to break my neck."

"I am sorry, Bent," replied Nellie, just a little softened. "But depend upon it that I am doing what is best. Just look at it yourself. What sort of a state were you in yesterday? You were —"

She was interrupted by Mrs. Chester calling from her window to Armitage that she wanted to see Mrs. Devine, and would ride home with him.

"Delighted," grinned Bent. "I shall have somebody to cheer me. Misery loves company."

Just as Kate and Frank returned chattering and laughing to the house, the two people who adored them can-

tered hastily away, not sending a look backward.

Whether we want to or not, and whether we find it pleasant or not, we must go back to Mrs. Chester's heart-affairs, trusting soon to come to an end of them. We will not, however, try to analyze her present feelings; the matter is altogether too complicated and indiscriminate. As we value a clear head we must confine ourselves to her intentions, which were lucidly spiteful, mischievous, and full of the devil. It was not Mrs. Devine whom she wanted to see, but that lady's dangerous flirt of a daughter, Jenny; and before the day was out the old coquette and the young one were closeted in camarilla over Kate Beaumont's matrimonial chances.

"You ought to help your cousin," was Mrs. Chester's adroit recommendation.

"Can't he do his own courtship?" sneered Jenny. "You'll be asking me next to fight his duels for him."

"I want him to get her," pursued Mrs. Chester, too much engaged in her own train of thought to notice the sarcasm on her *protégé*. "It would be very pleasant for us all to have her married in the family, as it were. We should n't lose the dear child, you see."

Jenny stared and nearly laughed, for this phrase, "the dear child," struck her as both surprising and humorous, as she knew that Aunt Marian was not given to the family affections, nor even to counterfeiting them.

"Besides, it is so desirable to keep the Kershaw estate in the relationship," continued the eager and absorbed Mrs. Chester. "I must say that I wish poor Bent may succeed."

"And you want me to try to run off with Frank McAlister," laughed Jenny. "That's what you want, is it?"

The elder lady's eyes flashed; she was far enough from wanting *that*.

"I won't do it," added Jenny. "I believe Kate likes him."

"She does n't," affirmed Mrs. Chester.

"Oh!" scoffed Jenny, incredulously.

"I tell you she does n't. Besides, she ought not to. It would be the worst thing in the world for her."

And here came a long argument against a match with a McAlister, going to show that it would surely end in severing Kate from her family, that it would make her miserable for life, etc.

"There is something in that," admitted Jenny. "Yes, you are right; no doubt about it. Well, take me over there and give me a chance. I don't mind trying to help Bent a little."

"O, do say a word or two for the poor fellow. As for Mr. McAlister, you need n't mind him much. Just talk to him now and then a moment, to keep him from getting in Bent's way. Not that he means to get in his way."

"Yes," answered Jenny, absently. She was in a reverie about this Mr. McAlister. Suppose he should fall in love with her? Suppose she should fall in love with him? Would it be very bad? Would it be very nice? O dear!

The hospitality of the Beaumont house was illimitable, and nobody was put out when Mrs. Chester brought Jenny Devine to stay a fortnight. On the contrary, the little jilt was heartily welcomed, for she was a favorite with the young men of the family, while Peyton Beaumont still retained his arch-patriarchal fancy for pretty women. As, moreover, Wallace McAlister soon discovered her whereabouts, and two or three other stricken deer came daily to have their wounds enlarged, Jenny had more than beaux enough. But busy as she was with her own affairs, she found time to keep her promise to Mrs. Chester, and even to outrun it. On the very evening of her arrival she held a prolonged bedchamber conference about love matters with Kate Beaumont.

"And so there is going to be no wedding right away?" said Jenny, after some preliminary catechizing.

"No, indeed," replied Kate, with an ostentation of calmness.

"I think he is splendid," continued Jenny, trusting that her friend would

be thrown off her guard and answer, "Is n't he!"

Getting no response, she added, pettingly, "So tall! Such a beautiful complexion! Come now, don't you like him? Don't you like him just a little teeny-taunty bit?"

"I like everybody as much as that," answered Kate, hurrying to a closet on pretence of hanging up a dress.

"Here, come to the light where I can see you," said Jenny, seizing her friend's bare arms and drawing her towards the kerosene lamp which was the Beaumont substitute for gas. "O, how you blush!"

"Anybody would blush, pulled about and catechized in this way," protested Kate. "How awfully strong you are! and impudent! Real impudent!"

"O, tell me a little bit about it," persevered Jenny. "Could you refuse him? If he should come and get on his knees, and make himself only five feet high, and say his little pitty-patty prayer to you, could you refuse him?"

"Yes, I could," declared Kate, amused and perplexed and annoyed all at once.

"O, yes. But would you?"

"I *would*," was the answer, uttered in a changed tone, somewhat solemnizing.

Jenny let go of Kate's hands, studied her suddenly sobered face for an instant, and believed her.

"Well, Kitty, it's awful," she said at last, with a mock-serious twist of her pretty mouth. "Somebody must console the poor man. I'll do it."

After a minute of meditation she added, "And there's my poor cousin cracked after you. Will you take *him*?"

Kate, who at the moment was ready to cry under such teasing, found a relief in answering this question with something like temper, "No!"

Jenny was so amused by this explosion from her usually quiet friend, that she burst into a shriek of laughter.

"Poor Bent!" she gasped. "Coffin number two. Will they drown themselves, I wonder, or take a cup

of cold pizen together? Pizen, I guess. Mr. McAlister could n't drown himself without going to the seaside. Just imagine them sitting down to arsenic tea and quarrelling for the first drawing."

"Jenny, what does all this mean?" demanded Kate, seriously. "Have you been sent here to pump me?"

"No, no, no, no, no!" chattered Jenny. "Why, what an idea!"

"Excuse me," said Kate. "I must go now. Good night."

And, with an exchange of kisses which strikes us as sweetness wasted, the two girls parted and went to bed, the one to laugh herself to sleep over the interview, and the other to — well, she did not laugh.

The next day, believing that Kate cared little or nothing for Frank McAlister, and believing also that it would be well if she should never learn to care for him, Jenny watched eagerly for the appearance of that giant gentleman, and when he came set her nets for him. She was fearfully and wonderfully successful; she got him away from her friend and got him away from Mrs. Chester; she made him take her to walk and made him take her to ride. She played backgammon with him, and euchre and high-low-jack, crowing over him defiantly when she beat him, and making pretty mouths at him when he beat her. It seemed for two or three days as if she only stayed at the Beaumonts to receive his visits, and as if he only came there to see her. Something of a romp and a good deal of a chatterer, she had a thousand tricks for occupying and amusing men, and killed time for them without their being aware of it. The field was the more easily her own for two reasons: first, because Kate, mindful of her promise to her sister, had lately taken to holding the McAlister at a distance; and, second, because that young chieftain, discouraged at being treated with reserve and continually hampered by either Mrs. Armitage or Mrs. Chester, had come to a stand in his courtship.

The result of this seeming flirtation between the bothered Frank and the

feather-headed Jenny was a sentimental muddle. Although Kate kept up a smiling face, she did not at heart like the way things were going, and she grew more reserved than ever towards her admirer. Mrs. Chester very rapidly became as jealous of Miss Devine as she had been of Miss Beaumont. Wallace detected the girl whom he loved best in making eyes at his handsome brother, and fell into a state of mind which was likely to rob him of what hair he had left. Nellie Armitage, now that she saw a chance of losing Frank as a brother-in-law, inclined to think that her sister might go farther and fare worse. From all that she could learn of him, she had come to admit that he was morally one of the finest young fellows in the district. He scarcely drank at all; he had never been known to gamble; he had never been engaged in a squabble. There were others, to be sure, as worthy as he; there were Pickens Pendleton and the Rev. Arthur Gilyard and Dr. Mattieson; but Kate could not be got to care about any of them. What if the child should throw Frank McAlister away, only to pick up Bent Armitage? In short, Nellie began to lose distinct recollection of the feud with the McAlisters, and to feel a little anxious, if not a little pettish, over this flirtation of Jenny Devine.

An explosion came, but of course it was neither Kate nor Nellie who brought it about; and equally, of course, it was Mrs. Chester. That sensitive young thing (only forty-five summers, please to remember) let her heart go fully back to Frank as soon as she saw him entangled with Jenny, and lived a year or so of torture in three or four days. It is perhaps impossible to write into credibility the almost insane jealousy with which she watched this girl of nineteen coquetting with this youth of twenty-four. But if you could have seen the spasm which pinched her lips and the snaky sparkle which shot from her eyes when she saw them together, you would have believed in the reality of her passion.

Her emotions were so strong that her reasoning powers, never of any great value, were not worth a straw to her. She forgot that she had done much to start Jenny on her present adventure, and thought of her as an unbidden intruder, impudent, cunning, false, and selfish. She secretly gnashed her teeth at her, and lay in wait to expel her. After a sufficiency of this firing up, she all at once broke through the crust and uttered herself like a volcano.

"I don't know what your mother would say to all this," she began abruptly. Not that she meant to be abrupt; in her excitement it seemed to her that much had been said already; that Jenny and everybody else must know what was upon her mind.

"All what?" demanded the young lady, her eyes opening wide at this sound of coming tempest. She knew, like all Hartland, that Mrs. Chester was a tartar; but she was, nevertheless, surprised by the lunge now made at her; in fact, Mrs. Chester was capable of surprising anybody.

"O, of course," sneered the old coquette, not to be foiled by the supposed arts of a young coquette.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Chester," declared Jenny, drawing herself up with the hauteur of self-respect, and looking her assailant firmly in the face.

"Then it's my duty to make you understand," was the reply of a woman whose reason was dragging at the heels of her emotion. "I think that, considering you are not at home, you are flirting pretty smartly."

"You must be joking!" said the astounded girl. "Why, you brought me here to — what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," returned Mrs. Chester, perfectly ready to quarrel and fit to go to a *maison de santé*. "You are flirting scandalously."

"Why, you old wretch!" exclaimed Jenny, suddenly and furiously indignant.

"Old! — wretch!" gasped Mrs. Chester, looking as if a strait-jacket would be a blessing to her.

"Where is Mr. Beaumont?" de-

manded Jenny, quite as angry and not a bit intimidated. "I want to see Mr. Beaumont."

Mrs. Chester quailed as a lunatic might who should hear his keeper called for.

"He is not at home," she asserted, which happened to be the case, although she did not know it.

Jenny marched away with the swing of an insulted hoyden; called for her dressing-maid and had her trunks packed; evaded Kate's questions as to the cause of her departure; begged the loan of the Beaumont coach, and drove home. On the way she cried a little, and clenched her small fist a number of times, and laughed hysterically more than once.

Thus ended Jenny's visit to the Beaumonts; but short as it was, it had brought about one important result; it had led Kate's sister to see the value of Kate's lover. That very afternoon, even while Jenny Devine was having her wickedness borne in upon her by Mrs. Chester, Nellie had said to the young man, in her characteristically frank way, "How much have you changed in the last week?"

"Not one bit," was the earnest and honest reply.

"Then I withdraw my opposition," declared Nellie. "You may succeed, if you can."

"I shall speak to her now," returned Frank, his heart throbbing as if it were of volcanic nature and communicated with the internal earthquake forces.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Armitage, quailing a little under the suddenness of the thing, and wishing, as all women do, to prolong a spectacle of courtship. "O, so quick? But you must see my father first," she added, recollecting that obstacle, likely, as she knew, to be no obstacle at all. "You surely will see him first?" she begged, feeling that she had no right to command a man who was invested with the great authority of love. "And he is not at home."

"I shall wait for his return," was the decision of a true lover.

J. W. DeForest.

BUBBLES FROM AN ANCIENT PIPE.

I.

HIRAM HAYS IN STRATFORD.

ONCE I journeyed while the mavis
 O'er the English meadows sang;
 It was bounteous summer weather, —
 All the roads with music rang.

Hiram Hays was my companion, —
 Straight from Boston he had come, —
 Purse as long as John J. Astor's,
 Head as hollow as a drum.

Toward the leafy lanes of Warwick
 Merrily the stage-coach flew, —
 How I clapped my hands and shouted,
 "Soon in *Stratford* we'll be due!"

"What of that?" asked weary Hiram.
 "Shakespeare's county! glorious Will!
 We shall see the spire of Avon
 When we mount up yonder hill!

"There his home was; there his grave is;
 There his fancies grew sublime;
 There he plumed his mighty pinions,
 Built his fame up for all time."

"Drive on faster! I sha'n't stop *there!*"
 Muttered Mr. Hiram Hays;
 "Shakespeare never would be thought of,
If he had n't writ them plays!"

II.

RIENZI BROWN IN ROME.

"LUPERCAL. The feast of Pan in ancient Rome." — WORCESTER'S *Dictionary*.

RIENZI BROWN, from Cambridge, went with us down to Rome;
 Rienzi was a classic, and felt there "quite at home."

He talked of Julius Cæsar and other ancient "Deads"
 In such a strain we hid away our own untutored heads.

One night, — I can't forget it, — Rienzi entered late
 The tavern of Costanza, quite blown, and cursing fate.

"What ails thee, poor Rienzi," we ventured to inquire,
 "That thus thou art so 'out of sorts' and red with savage ire?"

Then thus replied Rienzi: "All day, by your advice,
 I've spent to find the Lupercal, where the crown was 'offered thrice';

"To find the *hill* I've mounted the top of every dome."
 And then we laughed; and on the morn Rienzi fled from Rome.

III.

FAME.

"COLORED son of Carolina,
 John G. Whittier was thy friend;
 In thy darkest days of danger
 He stood by thee to defend.

"To thy cause he gave his genius,
 And the influence of his fame;
 Speak, and tell me, dusky brother,
 Hast thou ever heard his name?"

Spake the son of Carolina,
 With an elbow on each knee:
 "Nebber heered the name o' Whityar,—
 T'ink I heered, tho', o' *John G.*"

CASTILIAN DAYS.

IV.

THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE OF CERVANTES.

IN Rembrandt Peale's raw picture of the Court of Death a cadaverous shape lies for judgment at the foot of the throne, touching at either extremity the waters of Lethe. There is something similar in the history of the greatest of Spanish writers. No man knew, for more than a century after the death of Cervantes, the place of his birth and burial. About a hundred years ago the investigations of Rios and Pellicer established the claim of Alcalá de Henares to be his native city; and last year the researches of the Spanish

Academy have proven conclusively that he is buried in the Convent of the Trinitarians in Madrid. But the precise spot where he was born is only indicated by vague tradition; and the shadowy conjecture that has so long hallowed the chapel and cloisters of the Calle Cantarranas has never settled upon any one slab of their pavement.

It is, however, only the beginning and the end of this most chivalrous and genial apparition of the sixteenth century that is concealed from our

view. We know where he was christened and where he died. So that there are sufficiently authentic shrines in Alcalá and Madrid to satisfy the most sceptical pilgrims.

I went to Alcalá one summer day, when the bare fields were brown and dry in their after-harvest nudity, and the hills that bordered the winding Henares were drab in the light and purple in the shadow. From a distance the town is one of the most imposing in Castile. It lies in the midst of a vast plain by the green water-side, and the land approach is fortified by a most impressive wall emphasized by sturdy square towers and flanking bastions. But as you come nearer you see this wall is a tradition. It is almost in ruins. The crenellated towers are good for nothing but to sketch. A short walk from the station brings you to the gate, which is well defended by a gang of picturesque beggars, who are old enough to have sat for Murillo, and revoltingly pitiable enough to be millionnaires by this time, if Castilians had the cowardly habit of sponging out disagreeable impressions with pennies. At the first charge we rushed in panic into a tobacco-shop and filled our pockets with maravedis, and thereafter faced the ragged battalion with calm.

It is a fine, handsome, and terribly lonesome town. Its streets are wide, well built, and silent as avenues in a graveyard. On every hand there are tall and stately churches, a few palaces, and some two dozen great monasteries turning their long walls, pierced with jealous grated windows, to the grass-grown streets. In many quarters there is no sign of life, no human habitations among these morose and now empty barracks of a monkish army. Some of them have been turned into military casernes, and the bright red and blue uniforms of the Spanish officers and troopers now brighten the cloisters that used to see nothing gayer than the gowns of cord-girdled friars. A large garrison is always kept here. The convents are convenient for lodging men and horses. The fields in the

vicinity produce great store of grain and *alfalfa*, — food for beast and rider. It is near enough to the capital to use the garrison on any sudden emergency, such as frequently happens in Peninsular politics.

The railroad that runs by Alcalá has not brought with it any taint of the nineteenth century. The army is a corrupting influence, but not modern. The vice that follows the trail of armies, or sprouts, fungus-like, about the walls of barracks, is as old as war, and links the present, with its struggle for a better life, to the old mediæval world of wrong. These trim fellows in loose trousers and embroidered jackets are the same race that fought and drank and made prompt love in Italy and Flanders and butchered the Aztecs in the name of religion three hundred years ago. They have laid off their helms and hauberks, and use the Berdan rifle instead of the Roman spear. But they are the same careless, idle, dissolute bread-wasters now as then.

The town has not changed in the least. It has only shrunk a little. You think sometimes it must be a vacation, and that you will come again when people return. The little you see of the people is very attractive. Passing along the desolate streets, you glance in at an open door and see a most delightful cabinet picture of domestic life. All the doors in the house are open. You can see through the entry, the front room, into the cool court beyond, gay with oleanders and vines, where a group of women half dressed are sewing and spinning and cheering their souls with gossip. If you enter under pretence of asking a question, you will be received with grave courtesy, your doubts solved, and they will bid you go with God, with the quaint frankness of patriarchal times.

They do not seem to have been spoiled by overmuch travel. Such impressive and Oriental courtesy could not have survived the trampling feet of the great army of tourists. On our pilgrim-way to the cradle of Cervantes we came suddenly upon the superb

façade of the University. This is one of the most exquisite compositions of plateresque in existence. The entire front of the central body of the building is covered with rich and tasteful ornamentation. Over the great door is an enormous escutcheon of the arms of Austria, supported by two finely carved statues,—on the one side a nearly nude warrior, on the other the New World as a feather-clad Indian-woman. Still above this a fine, bold group of statuary, representing, with that reverent *naïveté* of early art, God the Father in the work of creation. Surrounding the whole front as with a frame, and reaching to the ground on either side, is carved the knotted cord of the Franciscan monks. No description can convey the charming impression given by the harmony of proportion and the loving finish of detail everywhere seen in this beautifully preserved façade. While we were admiring it an officer came out of the adjoining *cuartel* and walked by us with jingling spurs. I asked him if one could go inside. He shrugged his shoulders with a *Quien sabe?* indicating a doubt as profound as if I had asked him whether chignons were worn in the moon. He had never thought of anything inside. There was no wine nor pretty girls there. Why should one want to go in? We entered the cool vestibule, and were ascending the stairs to the first court, when a porter came out of his lodge and inquired our errand. We were wandering barbarians with an eye to the picturesque, and would fain see the University, if it were not unlawful. He replied, in a hushed and scholastic tone of voice, and with a succession of confidential winks that would have inspired confidence in the heart of a Talleyrand, that if our lordships would give him our cards he had no doubt he could obtain the required permission from the rector. He showed us into a dim, ascetic-looking anteroom in which, as I was told by my friend, who trifles in lost moments with the Integral Calculus, there were seventy-two chairs and one

microscopic table. The wall was decked with portraits of the youth of the college, all from the same artist, who probably went mad from the attempt to make fifty beardless faces look unlike each other. We sat for some time mourning over his failure, until the door opened, and not the porter, but the rector himself, a most courteous and polished gentleman in the black robe and three-cornered hat of his order, came in and graciously placed himself and the University at our disposition. We had reason to congratulate ourselves upon this good fortune. He showed us every nook and corner of the vast edifice, where the present and the past elbowed each other at every turn: here the boys' gymnasium, there the tomb of Valles; here the new patent cocks of the water-pipes, and there the tri-lingual patio where Alonso Sanchez lectured in Arabic, Greek, and Chaldean, doubtless making a choice hash of the three; the airy and graceful *paraninfo*, or hall of degrees, a masterpiece of Moresque architecture, with a gorgeous panelled roof, a rich profusion of plaster arabesques and, *horresco referens*, the walls covered with a bright French paper. Our good rector groaned at this abomination, but said the Gauls had torn away the glorious carved panelling for firewood in the war of 1808, and the college was too poor to restore it. His righteous indignation waxed hot again when we came to the beautiful sculptured pulpit of the chapel, where all the delicate details are degraded by a thick coating of whitewash, which in some places has fallen away and shows the gilding of the time of the Catholic kings.

There is in this chapel a picture of the Virgin appearing to the great cardinal whom we call Ximenez and the Spaniards Cisneros, which is precious for two reasons. The portrait of Ximenez was painted from life by the nameless artist, who, it is said, came from France for the purpose, and the face of the Virgin is a portrait of Isabella the Catholic. It is a good wholesome

face, such as you would expect. But the thin, powerful profile of Ximenes is very striking, with his red hair and florid tint, his curved beak and long, nervous lips. He looks not unlike that superb portrait Raphael has left of Cardinal Medici.

This University is fragrant with the good fame of Ximenez. In the principal court there is a fine medallion of the illustrious founder and protector, as he delighted to be drawn, with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other, — twin brother in genius and fortune of the soldier priest of France, the Cardinal-Duke Richelieu. On his gorgeous sarcophagus you read the arrogant epitaph with which he revenged himself for the littleness of kings and courtiers : —

"Prætextam junxi sacco, galeamque galero,
Frater, dux, præsul, cardineusque pater.
Quin, virtute mea junctum est diadema cucullo,
Dum mihi regnanti patuit Gesperia."

By a happy chance our visit was made in a holiday time, and the students were all away. It was better that there should be perfect solitude and silence as we walked through the noble system of buildings and strove to re-create the student world of Cervantes' time. The chronicle which mentions the visit of Francis I. to Alcalá, when a prisoner in Spain, says he was received by eleven thousand students. This was only twenty years before the birth of Cervantes. The world will never see again so brilliant a throng of ingenuous youth as gathered together in the great university towns in those years of vivid and impassioned greed for letters that followed the revival of learning. The romance of Oxford or Heidelberg or Harvard is tame compared with that electric life of a new-born world that wrought and flourished in Padua, Paris, and Alcalá. Walking with my long-robed, scholarly guide through the still, shadowy courts, under renaissance arches and Moorish roofs, hearing him talking with enthusiasm of the glories of the past and never a word of the events of the present, in his pure, strong, guttural Castilian, no living

thing in view but an occasional Franciscan gliding under the graceful arcades, it was not difficult to imagine the scenes of the intense young life which filled these noble halls in that fresh day of aspiration and hope, when this Spanish sunlight fell on the marble and the granite bright and sharp from the chisel of the builder, and the great Ximenez looked proudly on his perfect work and saw that it was good.

The twilight of superstition still hung heavily over Europe. But this was nevertheless the breaking of dawn, the herald of the fuller day of investigation and inquiry.

It was into this rosy morning of the modern world that Cervantes was ushered in the season of the falling leaves of 1547. He was born to a life of poverty and struggle and an immortality of fame. His own city did not know him while he lived, and now is only known through him. Pilgrims often come from over distant seas to breathe for one day the air that filled his baby lungs, and to muse among the scenes that shaped his earliest thoughts.

We strolled away from the University through the still lanes and squares to the Calle Mayor, the only thoroughfare of the town that yet retains some vestige of traffic. It is a fine, long street bordered by stone arcades, within which are the shops, and without which in the pleasant afternoon are the rosy and contemplative shopkeepers. It would seem a pity to disturb their dreamy repose by offering to trade; and in justice to Castilian taste and feeling I must say that nobody does it. Half-way down the street a side alley runs to the right, called Calle de Cervantes, and into this we turned to find the birthplace of the romancer. On one side was a line of squalid, quaint, gabled houses, on the other a long garden wall. We walked under the shadow of the latter and stared at the house-fronts, looking for an inscription we had heard of. We saw in sunny doorways mothers oiling into obedience the stiff horse-tail hair of their daughters. By the grated windows we caught

glimpses of the black eyes and nut-brown cheeks of maidens at their needles. But we saw nothing to show which of these mansions had been honored by tradition as the residence of Roderick Cervantes.

A brisk and practical-looking man went past us. I asked him where was the house of the poet. He smiled in a superior sort of way, and pointed to the wall above my head: "There is no such house. Some people think it once stood here, and they have placed that stone in the garden-wall to mark the spot. I believe what I see. It is all child's play anyhow, whether true or false. There is better work to be done now than to honor Cervantes. He fought for a bigot king, and died in a monk's hood."

"You think lightly of a glory of Castile."

"If we could forget all the glories of Castile it would be better for us."

"*Puede ser,*" I assented. "Many thanks. May your Grace go with God!"

"Health and fraternity!" he answered, and moved away with a step full of energy and dissent. He entered a door under an inscription, "Federal Republican Club."

Go your ways, I thought, radical brother. You are not so courteous nor so learned as the rector. But this Peninsula has need of men like you. The ages of belief have done their work for good and ill. Let us have some years of the spirit that denies, and asks for proofs. The power of the monk is broken, but the work is not yet done. The convents have been turned into barracks, which is no improvement. The ringing of spurs in the streets of Alcalá is no better than the rustling of the sandalled friars. If this Republican party of yours cannot do something to free Spain from the triple curse of crown, crozier, and sabre, then Spain is in doleful case. They are at last divided, and the first two have been sorely weakened in detail. The last should be the easiest work.

The scorn of my radical friend did

not prevent my copying the modest tablet on the wall:—

"Here was born Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, author of *Don Quixote*. By his fame and his genius he belongs to the civilized world; by his cradle to Alcalá de Henares."

There is no doubt of the truth of the latter part of this inscription. Eight Spanish towns have claimed to have given birth to Cervantes, thus beating the blind Scian by one town; every one that can show on its church records the baptism of a child so called has made its claim. Yet Alcalá, who spells his name wrong, calling him Carvantes, is certainly in the right, as the names of his father, mother, brother, and sisters are also given, and all doubt is now removed from the matter by the discovery of Cervantes' manuscript statement of his captivity in Algiers and his petition for employment in America, in both of which he styles himself "Natural de Alcalá de Henares."

Having examined the evidence, we considered ourselves justly entitled to all the usual emotions in visiting the church of the parish, Santa María la Mayor. It was evening, and from a dozen belfries in the neighborhood came the soft dreamy chime of silver-throated bells. In the little square in front of the church a few families sat in silence on the massive stone benches. A few beggars hurried by, too intent upon getting home to supper to beg. A rural and a twilight repose lay on everything. Only in the air, rosy with the level light, flew out and greeted each other those musical voices of the bells rich with the memories of all the days of Alcalá. The church was not open, but we followed a sacristan in, and he seemed too feeble-minded to forbid. It is a pretty church, not large nor imposing, just the thing to baptize a nice baby in. Through the darkness the high altar loomed before us, dimly lighted by a few candles where the sacristans were setting up the properties for the grand mass of the morrow,—Our Lady of the Snows.

There was much talk and hot discussion as to the placing of the boards and the draperies, and the image of Our Lady seemed unmoved by words unsuited to her presence. We know that every vibration of air makes its own impression on the world of matter. So that the curses of the sacristans at their work, the prayers of penitents at the altar, the wailing of breaking hearts bowed on the pavement through many years, are all recorded mysteriously, in these rocky walls. This church is the illegible history of the parish. But of all its ringing of bells, and swinging of censers, and droning of psalms, and putting on and off of goodly raiment, the only show that consecrates it for the world's pilgrimage is that humble procession that came on the 9th day of October, in the year of Grace 1547, to baptize Roderick Cervantes' youngest child. There could not be an humbler christening. Juan Pardo — John Gray — was the sponsor, and the witnesses were "Baltazar Vazquez, the sacristan, and I who baptized him and signed with my name," says Mr. Bachelor Serrano, who never dreamed he was stumbling into fame when he touched that pink face with the holy water and called the child Miguel. It is my profound impression that Juan Pardo brought the baby himself to the church and took it home again, screaming wrathfully; Neighbor Pardo feeling a little sheepish and mentally resolving never to do another good-natured action as long as he lived.

As for the neophyte, he could not be blamed for screaming and kicking against the new existence he was entering, if the instinct of genius gave him any hint of it. Between the font of St. Mary's and the bier at St. Ildefonso's there was scarcely an hour of joy waiting him in his long life, except that which comes from noble and earnest work.

His youth was passed in the shabby privation of a poor gentleman's house; his early talents attracted the attention of my Lord Aquaviva, the papal Legate, who took him back to Rome in his

service; but the high-spirited youth soon left the inglorious ease of the Cardinal's house to enlist as a private soldier in the sea-war against the Turk. He fought bravely at Lepanto, where he was three times wounded and his left hand crippled. Going home for promotion, loaded with praise and kind letters from the generous bastard, Don Juan of Austria, the true son of the Emperor Charles and pretty Barbara Blumberg, he was captured with his brother by the Moors, and passed five miserable years in slavery, never for one instant submitting to his lot, but wearying his hostile fate with constant struggles. He headed a dozen attempts at flight or insurrection, and yet his thrifty owners would not kill him. They thought a man who bore letters from a prince, and who continued cock of his walk through years of servitude, would one day bring a round ransom. At last the tardy day of his redemption came, but not from the cold-hearted tyrant he had so nobly served. The matter was presented to him by Cervantes' comrades, but he would do nothing. So that Don Roderick sold his estate and his sisters sacrificed their dowry to buy the freedom of the captive brothers.

They came back to Spain still young enough to be fond of glory, and simple-hearted enough to believe in the justice of the great. They immediately joined the army and served in the war with Portugal. The elder brother made his way and got some little promotion, but Miguel got married and discharged, and wrote verses and plays, and took a small office in Seville, and moved with the Court to Valladolid; and kept his accounts badly, and was too honest to steal, and so got into jail, and grew every year poorer and wittier and better; he was a public amanuensis, a business agent, a sub-tax gatherer, — anything to keep his lean larder garnished with scant ammunition against the wolf hunger. In these few lines you have the pitiful story of the life of the greatest of Spaniards, up to his re-

turn to Madrid in 1606, when he was nearly sixty years old.

From this point his history becomes clearer and more connected up to the day of his death. He lived in the new-built suburb, erected on the site of the gardens of the Duke of Lerma, first minister and favorite of Philip III. It was a quarter much affected by artists and men of letters, and equally so by ecclesiastics. The names of the streets indicate the traditions of piety and art that still hallow the neighborhood. Jesus Street leads you into the street of Lope de Vega. Quevedo and Saint Augustine run side by side. In the same neighborhood are the streets called Cervantes, Saint Mary, and Saint Joseph, and just round the corner are the Magdalen and the Love-of-God. The actors and artists of that age were pious and devout madcaps. They did not abound in morality, but they had of religion enough and to spare. Many of them were members of religious orders, and it is this fact which has procured us such accurate records of their history. All the events in the daily life of the religious establishments were carefully recorded, and the manuscript archives of the convents and brotherhoods of that period are rich in materials for the biographer.

There was a special reason for the sudden rise of religious brotherhoods among the laity. The great schism of England had been fully completed under Elizabeth. The devout heart of Spain was bursting under this wrong, and they could think of no way to avenge it. They would fain have roasted the whole heretical island, but the memory of the Armada was fresh in men's minds, and the great Philip was dead. There were not enough heretics in Spain to make it worth while to waste time in hunting them. Philip could say as Narvaez, on his death-bed, said to his confessor who urged him to forgive his enemies, "Bless your heart, I have none. I have killed them all." To ease their pious hearts, they formed confraternities all over Spain, for the worship of the Host. They called

themselves "Unworthy Slaves of the Most Holy Sacrament." These grew at once very popular in all classes. Artisans rushed in, and wasted half their working days in processions and meetings. The severe Suarez de Figueroa speaks savagely of the crowd of Narcissuses and *petits maitres* (a word which is delicious in its Spanish dress of *petimetres*) who entered the congregations simply to flutter about the processions in brave raiment, to be admired of the multitude. But there were other more serious members, — the politicians who joined to stand well with the bigot court, and the devout believers who found comfort and edification in worship. Of this latter class was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, who joined the Brotherhood in the street of the Olivar in 1609. He was now sixty-two, and somewhat infirm, — a time, as he said, when a man's salvation is no joke. From this period to the day of his death he seemed to be laboring, after the fashion of the age, to fortify his standing in the other world. He adopted the habit of the Franciscans in Alcalá in 1613, and formally professed in the Third Order in 1616, three weeks before his death.

There are those who find the mirth and fun of his later works so inconsistent with these ascetic professions, that they have been led to believe Cervantes a bit of a hypocrite. But we cannot agree with such. Literature was at that time a diversion of the great, and the chief aim of a writer was to amuse. The best opinion of scholars now is that Rabelais, whose genius illustrated the preceding century, was a man of serious and severe life, whose gaulish crudeness of style and brilliant wit have been the cause of all the fables that distort his personal history. No one can read attentively even the Quixote without seeing how powerful an influence was exerted by his religion even upon the noble and kindly soul of Cervantes. He was a blind bigot and a devoted royalist, like all the rest. The mean neglect of the Court never caused his stanch loyalty to swerve.

The expulsion of the Moors, the crowning crime and madness of the reign of Philip III., found in him a hearty advocate and defender. *Non facit monachum cucullus*, — it was not his hood and girdle that made him a monk; he was thoroughly saturated with their spirit before he put them on. But he was the noblest courtier and the kindest bigot that ever flattered or persecuted.

In 1610 the Count of Lemos, who had in his grand and distant way patronized our poet, was appointed Viceroy of Naples, and took with him to his kingdom a brilliant following of Spanish wits and scholars. He refused the petition of the greatest of them all, however, and to soften the blow gave him a small pension, which he continued during the rest of Cervantes' life. It was a mere pittance, a bone thrown to an old hound, but he took it and gnawed it with a gratitude more generous than the gift. From this time forth all his works were dedicated to the Lord of Lemos, and they form a garland more brilliant and enduring than the crown of the Spains. Only kind words to disguised fairies have ever been so munificently repaid, as this young noble's pension to the old genius.

It certainly eased somewhat his declining years. Relieving him from the necessity of earning his daily crust, it gave him leisure to complete and bring out in rapid succession the works which have made him immortal. He had published the first part of *Don Quixote* in the midst of his hungry poverty at Valladolid in 1605. He was then fifty-eight, and all his works that survive are posterior to that date. He built his monument from the ground up, in his old age. The *Persiles* and *Sigismunda*, the *Exemplary Novels*, and that most masterly and perfect work, the *Second Part of Quixote*, were written by the flickering glimmer of a life burnt out.

It would be incorrect to infer that the scanty dole of his patron sustained him in comfort. Nothing more clearly proves his straitened circumstances

than his frequent change of lodgings. Old men do not move for the love of variety. We have traced him through six streets in the last four years of his life. But a touching fact is that they are all in the same quarter. It is understood that his natural daughter and only child, Isabel de Saavedra, entered the Convent of the Trinitarian nuns in the street of Cantarranas — the Singing Frogs — at some date unknown. All the shifting and changing which Cervantes made in these embarrassed years are within a small half-circle, whose centre is his grave and the cell of his child. He fluttered about that little convent like a gaunt old eagle about the cage that guards his callow young.

Like Albert Dürer, like Raphael and Vandyke, he painted his own portrait at this time with a force and vigor of touch which leaves little to the imagination. As few people ever read the *Exemplary Novels*, — more is the pity — I will translate this passage from the Prologue: —

"He whom you see there with the aquiline face, chestnut hair, a smooth and open brow, merry eyes, a nose curved but well proportioned, a beard of silver which twenty years ago was of gold, long mustaches, a small mouth, not too full of teeth, seeing he has but six, and these in bad condition, a form of middle height, a lively color, rather fair than brown, somewhat round-shouldered and not too light on his feet; this is the face of the author of *Galatea* and of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of him who made the *Voyage to Parnassus*, and other works which are straying about without the name of the owner: he is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

There were, after all, compensations in this evening of life. As long as his dropsy would let him, he climbed the hilly street of the *Olivar* to say his prayers in the little oratory. He passed many a cheerful hour of gossip with Mother Francisca Romero, the Independent Superior of the Trinitarian Convent, until the time when the Supreme Council, jealous of the free-

dom of the good lady's life, walled up the door which led from her house to her convent and cut her off from her nuns. He sometimes dropped into the studios of Carducho and Caxes, and one of them made a sketch of him one fortunate day. He was friends with many of the easy-going Bohemians who swarmed in the quarter, — Cristobal de Mesa, Quevedo, and Mendoza, whose writings, Don Miguel says, are distinguished by the absence of all that would bring a "blush to the cheek of a young person,"

"Por graves, puros, castos y excelentes."

In the same street where Cervantes lived and died the great Lope de Vega passed his edifying old age. This phenomenon of incredible fecundity is one of the mysteries of that time. Few men of letters have ever won so marvellous a success in their own lives, few have been so little read after death. The inscription on Lope's house records that he is the author of two thousand comedies and twenty-one million of verses. Making all possible deductions for Spanish exaggeration, it must still be admitted that his activity and fertility of genius was prodigious. In those days a play was rarely acted more than two or three times, and he wrote nearly all that were produced in Spain. He had driven all competitors from the scene. Cervantes, when he published his collection of plays, admitted the impossibility of getting a hearing in the theatre while this "monster of nature" existed. There was a courteous acquaintance between the two great poets. They sometimes wrote sonnets to each other, and often met in the same oratories. But a grand seigneur like Frey Lope could not afford to be intimate with a shabby genius like brother Miguel. In his inmost heart he thought Don Quixote rather low, and wondered what people could see in it. Cervantes, recognizing the great gifts of De Vega, and, generously giving him his full meed of praise, saw with clearer insight than any man of his time that this deluge of

prodigal and facile genius would desolate rather than fructify the drama of Spain. What a contrast in character and destiny between our dilapidated poet and his brilliant neighbor across the way! The one rich, magnificent, the poet of princes and a prince among poets, the "Phoenix of Spanish Genius," in whose ashes there is no flame of resurrection; the other, hounded through life by unmerciful disaster, and using the brief respite of age to achieve an enduring renown: the one, with his twenty millions of verses, has a great name in the history of literature; but the other, with his volume you can carry in your pocket, has caused the world to call the Castilian tongue the language of Cervantes. We will not decide which lot is the more enviable. But it seems a poet must choose. We have the high authority of Sancho for saying,

"Para dar y tener
Seso ha menester."

He is a bright boy who can eat his cake and have it.

In some incidents of the closing scenes of these memorable lives there is a curious parallelism. Lope de Vega and Cervantes lived and died in the same street, now called the Calle de Cervantes, and were buried in the same convent of the street now called Calle de Lope de Vega. In this convent each had placed a beloved daughter, the pledge of an early and unlawful passion. Isabel de Saavedra, the child of sin and poverty, was so ignorant she could not sign her name; while Lope's daughter, the lovely and gifted Marcela de Carpio, was rich in the genius of her father and the beauty of her mother, the high-born Maria de Lujan. Cervantes' child glided from obscurity to oblivion no one knew when, and the name she assumed with her spiritual vows is lost to tradition. But the mystic espousals of the Sister Marcela de San Felix to the eldest son of God — the audacious phrase is of the father and priest Frey Lope — were celebrated with princely pomp and luxury; grandees of Spain were her sponsors;

the streets were invaded with carriages from the palace, the verses of the dramatist were sung in the service by the Court tenor Florian, called the "Canary of Heaven"; and the event celebrated in endless rhymes by the gentle poets of the period.

Rarely has a lovelier sacrifice been offered on the altar of superstition. The father, who had been married twice before he entered the priesthood, and who had seen the folly of errant loves without number, twitters in the most innocent way about the beauty and the charm of his child, without one thought of the crime of quenching in the gloom of the cloister the light of that rich young life. After the lapse of more than two centuries we know better than he what the world lost by that life-long imprisonment. The Marquis of Molins, Director of the Spanish Academy, was shown by the ladies of the convent in this year of 1870 a volume of manuscript poems from the hand of Sor Marcela, which prove her to have been one of the vigorous and original poets of the time. They are chiefly mystical and ecstatic, and full of the refined and spiritual voluptuousness of a devout young heart whose pulsations had never learned to beat for earthly objects. M. de Molins is preparing a volume of these manuscripts; but I am glad to present one of the *seguidillas* here, as an illustration of the tender and ardent fantasies of virginal passion this Christian Sappho embroidered upon the theme of her wasted prayers:—

"Let them say to my Lover
That here I lie!
The thing of his pleasure,
His slave am I.

"Say that I seek him
Only for love,
And welcome are tortures
My passion to prove.

"Love giving gifts
Is suspicious and cold;
I have *all*, my Beloved,
When thee I hold.

"Hope and devotion
The good may gain,
I am but worthy
Of passion and pain.

"So noble a Lord
None serves in vain, —
For the pay of my love
Is my love's sweet pain.

"I love thee, to love thee
No more I desire,
By faith is nourished
My love's strong fire.

"I kiss thy hands
When I feel their blows,
In the place of caresses
Thou givest me woes.

"But in thy chastising
Is joy and peace,
O Master and Love,
Let thy blows not cease!

"Thy beauty, Beloved,
With scorn is rife!
But I know that thou lovest me
Better than life.

"And because thou lovest me,
Lover of mine,
Death can but make me
Utterly thine!

"I die with longing
Thy face to see;
Ah! sweet is the anguish
Of death to me!"

This is a long digression, but it will be forgiven by those who feel how much of beautiful and pathetic there is in the memory of this mute nightingale dying with her passionate music all unheard in the silence and shadows. It is to me the most purely poetic association that clings about the grave of Cervantes.

This vein of mysticism in religion had been made popular by the recent canonization of Saint Theresa, the ecstatic nun of Avila. In the ceremonies that celebrated this event there were three prizes awarded for odes to the new saint. Lope de Vega was chairman of the committee of award, and Cervantes was one of the competitors. The prizes it must be admitted were very tempting: first, a silver pitcher; second, eight yards of camlet; and third, a pair of silk stockings. We hope Cervantes' poem was not the best. We would rather see him carry home the stuff for a new cloak and pourpoint, or even those very attractive silk stockings for his shrunk shank, than that silver pitcher which he was too Castilian ever to turn to any sensible use.

The poems are published in a compendium of the time, without indicating the successful ones; and that of Cervantes contained these lines, which would seem hazardous in this colder age, but which then were greatly admired:—

“Breaking all bolts and bars,
Comes the Divine One, sailing from the stars,
Full in thy sight to dwell:
And those who seek him, shortening the road
Come to thy blest abode,
And find him in thy heart or in thy cell.”

The anti-climax is the poet's, and not mine.

He knew he was nearing his end, but worked desperately to retrieve the lost years of his youth, and leave the world some testimony of his powers. He was able to finish and publish the Second Part of Quixote, and to give the last touches of the file to his favorite work, the long-pondered and cherished *Persiles*. This, he assures Count Lemos, will be either the best or the worst work ever produced by mortal man, and he quickly adds that it will not be the worst. The terrible disease gains upon him, laying its cold hand on his heart. He feels the pulsations growing slower, but bates no jot of his cheerful philosophy. “With one foot in the stirrup,” he writes a last farewell of noble gratitude to the viceroy of Naples. He makes his will, commanding that his body be laid in the Convent of the Trinitarians. He had fixed his departure for Sunday, the 17th of April, but waited six days for Shakespeare, and the two greatest souls of that age went into the unknown together, on the 23d of April, 1616.

The burial of Cervantes was as humble as his christening. His bier was borne on the shoulders of four brethren of his order. The upper half of the coffin-lid was open and displayed the sharpened features to the few who cared to see them: his right hand grasped a crucifix with the grip of a soldier. Behind the grating was a sobbing nun whose name in the world was Isabel de Saavedra. But there was no scenic effort or display, such as a few

years later in that same spot witnessed the laying away of the mortal part of Vega-Carpio. This is the last of Cervantes upon earth. He had fought a good fight. A long life had been devoted to his country's service. In his youth he had poured out his blood, and dragged the chains of captivity. In his age he had accomplished a work which folds in with Spanish fame the orb of the world. But he was laid in his grave like a pauper, and the spot where he lay was quickly forgotten. At that very hour a vast multitude was assisting at what the polished academician calls a “more solemn ceremony,” the bearing of the Virgin of Atocha to the Convent of San Domingo el Real, to see if peradventure pleased by the airing, she would send rain to the parching fields.

The world speedily did justice to his name. Even before his death it had begun. The gentlemen of the French embassy who came to Madrid in 1615 to arrange the royal marriages asked the chaplain of the Archbishop of Toledo in his first visit many questions of Miguel Cervantes. The chaplain happened to be a friend of the poet, and so replied, “I know him. He is old, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor.” At which they wondered greatly. But after a while, when the whole civilized world had translated and knew the Quixote by heart, the Spaniards began to be proud of the genius they had neglected and despised. They quote with a certain fatuity the eulogy of Montesquieu, who says it is the only book they have; “a proposition” which Navarrete considers “inexact,” and we agree with Navarrete. He has written a good book himself. The Spaniards have very frankly accepted the judgment of the world, and although they do not read Cervantes much, they admire him greatly, and talk about him more than is amusing. The Spanish Academy has set up a pretty mural tablet on the façade of the convent which shelters the tired bones of the unlucky immortal, enjoying now their first and only repose. In the Plaza of

the Cortes a fine bronze statue stands facing the Prado, catching on his chiselled curls and forehead the first rays of morning that leap over the hill of the Retiro. It is a well-poised, energetic, chivalrous figure, and Mr. Germond de Lavigne has criticised it as having more of the sabreur than the savant. The objection does not seem to us well founded. It is not pleasant for the world to be continually reminded of its meannesses. We do not want to see Cervantes' days of poverty and struggle eternized in statues. We know that he always looked back with fondness on his campaigning days, and even in his decrepit age he called him-

self a soldier. If there were any period in that troubled history that could be called happy, surely it was the time when he had youth and valor and hope as the companions of his toil. It would have been a precious consolation to his cheerless age to dream that he would stand in bronze, as we hope he may stand for centuries, in the unchanging bloom of manhood, with the cloak and sword of a gentleman and soldier, bathing his Olympian brow forever in the light of all the mornings, and gazing, at evening, at the rosy reflex flushing the east, — the memory of the day and the promise of the dawn.

John Hay.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

I.

THE RANGE.

THE western margin of this continent is built of a succession of mountain chains folded in broad corrugations, like waves of stone upon whose seaward base beat the mild small breakers of the Pacific.

By far the grandest of all these ranges is the Sierra Nevada, a long and massive uplift lying between the arid deserts of the Great Basin and the Californian exuberance of grain-field and orchard; its eastern slope, a defiant wall of rock plunging abruptly down to the plain; the western, a long, grand sweep, well watered and overgrown with cool, stately forests; its crest a line of sharp, snowy peaks springing into the sky and catching the *alpenglow* long after the sun has set for all the rest of America.

The Sierras have a structure and a physical character which are individual and unique. To Professor Whitney and his corps of the Geological Survey of California is due the honor of first gaining a scientific knowledge of the

form, plan, and physical conditions of the Sierras. How many thousands of miles, how many toilsome climbs, we made, and what measure of patience came to be expended, cannot be told; but the general harvest is gathered in, and already a volume of great interest (the forerunner of others) has been published.

The ancient history of the Sierras goes back to a period when the Atlantic and Pacific were one ocean, in whose depths great accumulations of sand and powdered stone were gathering and being spread out in level strata.

It is not easy to assign the age in which these submarine strata were begun, nor exactly the boundaries of the embryo continents from whose shores the primeval breakers ground away sand and gravel enough to form such incredibly thick deposits.

It appears most likely that the Sierra region was submerged from the earliest Palæozoic, or perhaps even the Azoic, age. Slowly the deep ocean valley

filled up, until, in the late Triassic period, the uppermost tables were in water shallow enough to drift the sands and clays into wave and ripple ridges. With what immeasurable patience, what infinite deliberation, has nature amassed the materials for these mountains! Age succeeded age; form after form of animal and plant life perished in the unfolding of the great plan of development, while the suspended sands of that primeval sea sunk slowly down and were stretched in level plains upon the floor of stone.

Early in the Jurassic period an impressive and far-reaching movement of the earth's crust took place, during which the bed of the ocean rose in crumpled waves towering high in the air and forming the mountain framework of the Western United States. This system of upheavals reached as far east as Middle Wyoming and stretched from Mexico probably into Alaska. Its numerous ridges and chains, having a general northeast trend, were crowded together in one broad zone whose western and most lofty member is the Sierra Nevada. During all of the Cretaceous period, and a part of the Tertiary, the Pacific beat upon its seaward foot-hills, tearing to pieces the rocks, crumbling and grinding the shores, and, drifting the powdered stone and pebbles beneath its waves, scattered them again in layers. This submarine table-land fringed the whole base of the range and extended westward an unknown distance under the sea. To this perpetual seawearing of the Sierra Nevada base was added the detritus made by the cutting out of cañons, which in great volumes continually poured into the Pacific, and was arranged upon its bottom by currents.

In the late Tertiary period a chapter of very remarkable events occurred. For a second time the evenly laid beds of the sea-bottom were crumpled by the shrinking of the earth. The ocean flowed back into deeper and narrower limits, and, fronting the Sierra Nevada, appeared the present system of Coast

Ranges. The intermediate depression, or sea-trough as I like to call it, is the valley of California, and is therefore a more recent continental feature than the Sierra Nevada. At once then from the folded rocks of the Coast Ranges, from the Sierra summits and the inland plateaus, and from numberless vents caused by the fierce dynamical action, there poured out a general deluge of melted rock. From the bottom of the sea sprung up those fountains of lava whose cooled material forms many of the islands of the Pacific, and, all along the coast of America, like a system of answering beacons, blazed up volcanic chimneys. The rent mountains glowed with outpourings of molten stone. Sheets of lava poured down the slopes of the Sierra, covering an immense proportion of its surface, only the high granite and metamorphic peaks reaching above the deluge. Rivers and lakes floated up in a cloud of steam and were gone forever. The misty sky of these volcanic days glowed with innumerable lurid reflections, and, at intervals along the crest of the range, great cones arose, blackening the sky with their plumes of mineral smoke. At length having exhausted themselves, the volcanoes burned lower and lower, and at last, by far the greater number went out altogether. With a tendency to extremes which "development" geologists would hesitate to admit, nature passed under the dominion of ice and snow.

The vast amount of ocean water which had been vaporized floated over the land, condensed upon hill-tops, chilled the lavas, and finally buried beneath an icy covering all the higher parts of the mountain system. According to well-known laws the overburdened summits unloaded themselves by a system of glaciers. The whole Sierra crest was one pile of snow, from whose base crawled out the ice-rivers, wearing their bodies into the rock, sculpturing as they went the forms of valleys, and brightening the surface of their tracks by the friction of stones and sand which were bedded, armor-

like, in their nether surface. Having made their way down the slope of the Sierra, they met a lowland temperature of sufficient warmth to arrest and waste them. At last, from causes which are too intricate to be discussed at present, they shrank slowly back into the higher summit fastnesses, and there gradually perished, leaving only a crest of snow. The ice melted, and upon the whole plateau, little by little, a thin layer of soil accumulated, and, replacing the snow, there sprang up a forest of pines, whose shadows fall pleasantly to-day over rocks which were once torrents of lava and across the burnished pathways of ice. Rivers, pure and sparkling, thread the bottom of these gigantic glacier valleys. The volcanoes are extinct, and the whole theatre of this impressive geological drama is now the most glorious and beautiful region of America.

As the characters of the *Zauberflöte* passed safely through the trial of fire and the desperate ordeal of water, so, through the terror of volcanic fires and the chilling empire of ice, has the great Sierra come into the present age of tranquil grandeur.

Five distinct periods divide the history of the range. First, the slow gathering of marine sediment within the early ocean, during which incalculable ages were consumed.

Second, in the early Jurassic period this level sea-floor came suddenly to be lifted into the air and crumpled in folds, through whose yawning fissures and ruptured axes outpoured wide zones of granite. Third, the volcanic age of fire and steam. Fourth, the glacial period, when the Sierras were one broad field of snow, with huge dragons of ice crawling down its slopes, and wearing their armor into the rocks. Fifth, the present condition, which the following chapters will describe, albeit in a desultory and inadequate manner.

From latitude 35° to latitude 39° 30' the Sierra lifts a continuous chain, the profile culminating in several groups of peaks separated by deep depressed

curves or sharp notches, the summits varying from eight to fifteen thousand feet; seven to twelve thousand being the common range of passes. Near its southern extremity, in San Bernardino County, the range is cleft to the base with magnificent gateways opening through into the desert. From Walker's Pass for two hundred miles northward the sky line is more uniformly elevated; the passes averaging nine thousand feet high, the actual summit a chain of peaks from thirteen to fifteen thousand feet. This serrated snow and granite outline of the Sierra Nevada, projected against the cold clear blue, is the blade of white teeth which suggested its Spanish name.

Northward still the range gradually sinks; high peaks covered with perpetual snow are rarer and rarer. Its summit rolls on in broken forest-covered ridges, now and then overlooked by a solitary pile of metamorphic or irruptive rock. At length, in Northern California, where it breaks down in a compressed medley of ridges, and open, level expanses of plain, the axis is maintained by a line of extinct volcanoes standing above the lowland in isolated positions. The most lofty of these, Mount Shasta, is a cone of lava fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet high, its broad base girdled with noble forests, which give way at eight thousand feet to a cap of glaciers and snow.

Beyond this to the northward the extension of the range is quite difficult to definitely assign, for, geologically speaking, the Sierra Nevada system occupies a broad area in Oregon, consisting of several prominent mountain groups, while in a physical sense the chain ceases with Shasta; the Cascades, which are the apparent topographical continuation, being a tertiary structure formed chiefly of lavas which have been outpoured long subsequent to the main upheaval of the Sierra.

It is not easy to point out the actual southern limit either, because where the mountain mass descends into the Colorado desert it comes in contact with a number of lesser groups of hills, which

ramify in many directions, all losing themselves beneath the tertiary and quaternary beds of the desert.

For four hundred miles the Sierras are a definite ridge, broad and high, and having the form of a sea-wave. Buttresses of sombre-hued rock, jutting at intervals from a steep wall, form the abrupt eastern slopes; irregular forests, in scattered growth, huddle together near the snow. The lower declivities are barren spurs, sinking into the sterile flats of the Great Basin.

Long ridges of comparatively gentle outline characterize the western side, but this sloping table is scored from summit to base by a system of parallel transverse cañons, distant from one another often less than twenty-five miles. They are ordinarily two or three thousand feet deep, falling at times in sheer, smooth-fronted cliffs, again in sweeping curves like the hull of a ship, again in rugged V-shaped gorges, or with irregular, hilly flanks opening at last through gateways of low, rounded foot-hills out upon the horizontal plain of the San Joaquin and Sacramento.

Every cañon carries a river, derived from constant melting of the perpetual snow, which threads its way down the mountain, — a feeble type of those vast ice-streams and torrents that formerly discharged the summit accumulation of ice and snow while carving the cañons out from solid rock. Nowhere on the continent of America is there more positive evidence of the cutting power of rapid streams than in these very cañons. Although much is due to this cause, the most impressive passages of the Sierra valleys are actual ruptures of the rock; either the engulfment of masses of great size, as Professor Whitney supposes in explanation of the peculiar form of the Yosemite, or a splitting asunder in yawning cracks. From the summits down half the distance to the plains, the cañons are also carved out in broad, round curves by glacial action. The summit gorges themselves are altogether the result of frost and ice. Here, even yet, may be studied the mode of blocking out

mountain peaks; the cracks riven by unequal contraction and expansion of the rock; the slow leverage of ice, the storm, the avalanche.

The western descent, facing a moisture-laden, aerial current from the Pacific, condenses on its higher portions a great amount of water, which has piled upon the summits in the form of snow, and is absorbed upon the upper plateau by an exuberant growth of forest. This prevalent wind, which during most undisturbed periods blows continuously from the ocean, strikes first upon the western slope of the Coast Range, and there discharges, both as fog and rain, a very great sum of moisture; but, being ever reinforced, it blows over their crest, and, hurrying eastward, strikes the Sierras at about four thousand feet above sea-level. Below this line the foot-hills are oppressed by an habitual dryness, which produces a rusty olive tone throughout nearly all the large conspicuous vegetation, scorches the red soil, and, during the long summer, overlays the whole region with a cloud of dust.

Dull and monotonous in color, there are, however, certain elements of picturesqueness in this lower zone. Its oak-clad hills wander out into the great plain like coast promontories, enclosing yellow, or in spring-time green, bays of prairie. The hill forms are rounded, or stretch in long longitudinal ridges, broken across by the river cañons. Above this zone of red earth, softly modelled undulations, and dull, grayish groves, with a chain of mining towns, dotted ranches and vineyards, rise the swelling middle heights of the Sierras, a broad billowy plateau cut by sharp sudden cañons, and sweeping up, with its dark, superb growth of coniferous forest to the feet of the summit peaks.

For a breadth of forty miles, all along the chain, is spread this continuous belt of pines. From Walker's Pass to Sitka one may ride through an unbroken forest, and will find its character and aspect vary constantly in strict accordance with the laws of altitude

and moisture, each of the several species of coniferous trees taking its position with an almost mathematical precision. Where low gaps in the Coast Range give free access to the western wind, there the forest sweeps downward and encamps upon the foot-hills, and, continuing northward, it advances toward the coast, securing for itself over this whole distance about the same physical conditions; so that a tree which finds itself at home on the shore of Puget's Sound, in the latitude of Middle California has climbed the Sierras to a height of six thousand feet, finding there its normal requirements of damp, cool air. As if to economize the whole surface of the Sierra, the forest is mainly made up of twelve species of coniferæ, each having its own definitely circumscribed limits of temperature, and yet being able successively to occupy the whole middle Sierra up to the foot of the perpetual snow. The average range in altitude of each species is about twenty-five hundred feet, so that you pass imperceptibly from the zone of one species into that of the next. Frequently three or four are commingled, their varied habit, characteristic foliage, and richly colored trunks uniting to make the most stately of forests.

In the centre of the coniferous belt are assembled the most remarkable family of trees. Those which approach the perpetual snow are imperfect, gnarled, storm-bent; full of character and suggestion, but lacking the symmetry, the rich, living green, and the great size of their lower neighbors. In the other extreme of the pine-belt, growing side by side with foot-hill oaks, is an equally imperfect species, which, although attaining a very great size, still has the air of an abnormal tree. The conditions of drought on the one hand, and rigorous storms on the other, injure and blast alike, while the more verdant centre, furnishing the finest conditions, produces a forest whose profusion and grandeur fill the traveller with the liveliest admiration.

Toward the south the growth of the

forest is more open and grove-like, the individual trees becoming proportionally larger and reaching their highest development. Northward its density increases, to the injury of individual pines, until the branches finally interlock, and at last on the shores of British Columbia the trunks are so densely assembled that a dead tree is held in its upright position by the arms of its fellows.

At the one extremity are magnificent purple shafts ornamented with an exquisitely delicate drapery of pale golden and dark blue green; at the other the slender spars stand crowded together like the fringe of masts girdling a prosperous port. The one is a great continuous grove, on whose sunny openings are innumerable brilliant parterres; the other is a dismal thicket, a sort of gigantic canebrake, void of beauty, dark, impenetrable, save by the avenues of streams, where one may float for days between sombre walls of forest. From one to the other of these extremes is an imperceptible transition; only in the passage of hundreds of miles does the forest seem to thicken northward, or the majesty of the single trees appear to be impaired by their struggle for room.

Near the centre is the perfection of forest. At the south are the finest specimen trees, at the north the densest accumulations of timber. In riding throughout this whole region and watching the same species from the glorious ideal life of the south gradually dwarfed toward the north, until it becomes a mere wand; or in climbing from the scattered drought-scourged pines of the foot-hills up through the zone of finest vegetation to those summit crags, where, struggling against the power of tempest and frost, only a few of the bravest trees succeed in clinging to the rocks and to life, — one sees with novel effect the inexorable sway which climatic conditions hold over the kingdom of trees.

Looking down from the summit, the forest is a closely woven vesture, which has fallen over the body of the range,

clinging closely to its form, sinking into the deep cañons, covering the hill-tops with even velvety folds, and only lost here and there where a bold mass of rock gives it no foothold, or where around the margin of the mountain lakes bits of alpine meadow lie open to the sun.

Along its upper limit the forest zone grows thin and irregular; black shafts of alpine pines and firs clustering on sheltered slopes, or climbing in disordered processions up broken and rocky faces. Higher, the last gnarled forms are passed, and beyond stretches the rank of silent, white peaks, a region of rock and ice lifted above the limit of life.

In the north, domes and cones of volcanic formation are the summit, but for about three hundred miles in the south it is a succession of sharp granite aiguilles and crags. Prevalent among the granitic forms are singularly perfect conoidal domes, whose symmetrical figures, were it not for their immense size, would impress one as having an artificial finish.

The alpine gorges are usually wide and open, leading into amphitheatres, whose walls are either rock or drifts of never-melting snow. The sculpture of the summit is very evidently glacial. Beside the ordinary phenomena of polished rocks and moraines, the larger general forms are clearly the work of frost and ice; and although this ice-period is only feebly represented to-day, yet the frequent avalanches of winter and freshly scored mountain flanks are constant suggestions of the past.

Strikingly contrasted are the two countries bordering the Sierra on either side. Along the western base is the plain of California, an elliptical basin four hundred and fifty miles long by sixty-five broad; level, fertile, well watered, half tropically warmed; checkered with farms of grain, ranches of cattle, orchard, and vineyard, and homes of commonplace opulence, towns of bustling thrift. Rivers flow over it, bordered by lines of oaks which seem characterless or gone to sleep, when compared with the vitality, the spring,

and attitude of the same species higher upon the foot-hills. It is a region of great industrial future, within a narrow range, but quite without charms for the student of science. It has a certain impressive breadth when seen from some overlooking eminence, or when in early spring its brilliant carpet of flowers lies as a foreground over which the dark pine-land and white crest of the Sierra loom indistinctly.

From the Mexican frontier up into Oregon, a strip of actual desert lies under the east slope of the great chain, and stretches eastward sometimes as far as five hundred miles, varied by successions of bare white ground, effervescing under the hot sun with alkaline salts, plains covered by the low ashy-hued sage-plant, high, barren, rocky ranges, which are folds of metamorphic rocks, and piled-up lavas of bright red or yellow colors; all over-arched by a sky which is at one time of a hot metallic brilliancy, and again the tenderest of evanescent purple or pearl.

Utterly opposed are the two aspects of the Sierras from these east and west approaches. I remember how stern and strong the chain looked to me when I first saw it from the Colorado desert.

It was in early May, 1866. My companion, Mr. James T. Gardner, and I got into the saddle on the bank of the Colorado River, and headed westward over the road from La Paz to San Bernardino. My mount was a tough, magnanimous sort of mule, who at all times did his very best; that of my friend an animal still hardier, but altogether wanting in moral attributes. He developed a singular antipathy for my mule, and utterly refused to march within a quarter of a mile of me; so that over a wearying route of three hundred miles we were obliged to travel just beyond the reach of a shout. Hour after hour, plodding along at a dog-trot, we pursued our solitary way without the spice of companionship, and altogether deprived of the melodramatic satisfaction of loneliness.

Far ahead of us a white line traced across the barren plain marked our road. It seemed to lead to nowhere, except onward over more and more arid reaches of desert. Rolling hills of crude color and low gloomy contour rose above the general level. Here and there the eye was arrested by a towering crag, or an elevated, rocky mountain group, whose naked sides sank down into the desert, unrelieved by the shade of a solitary tree. The whole aspect of nature was dull in color, and gloomy with an all-pervading silence of death. Although the summer had not fairly opened, a torrid sun beat down with cruel severity, blinding the eye with its brilliance, and inducing a painful, slow fever. The very plants, scorched to a crisp, were ready, at the first blast of a sirocco, to be whirled away and ground to dust. Certain bare zones lay swept clean of the last dry stems across our path, marking the track of whirlwinds. Water was only found at intervals of sixty or seventy miles, and, when reached, was more of an aggravation than a pleasure, — bitter, turbid, and scarce; we rode for it all day, and berated it all night, only to leave it at sunrise with a secret fear that we might fare worse next time.

About noon on the third day of our march, having reached the borders of the Chabazon Valley, we emerged from a rough, rocky gateway in the mountains, and I paused while my companion made up his quarter of a mile, that we might hold council and determine our course, for the water question was becoming serious; springs which looked cool and seductive on our maps proving to be dried up and obsolete upon the ground.

A fresh mule and a lively man get along, to be sure, well enough; but after all, it is at best with perfunctory tolerance on both sides, a sort of diplomatic interchange of argument, the man suggesting with bridle, or mildly admonishing with spurs; but when the high contracting parties get tired, the *entente cordiale* goes to pieces, and ac-

tual hostilities open, in which I never knew a man to come out the better.

I had noticed a shambling uncertainty during the last half-hour's trot, and those invariable indicators, "John's" long, furry ears, either lopped diagonally down on one side, or lay back with ill omen upon his neck.

Gardner reached me in a few minutes, and we dismounted to rest the tired mules, and to scan the landscape before us. We were on the margin of a great basin whose gently shelving rim sank from our feet to a perfectly level plain, which stretched southward as far as the eye could reach, bounded by a dim, level horizon, like the sea, but walled in to the west, at a distance of about forty miles, by the high frowning wall of the Sierras. This plain was a level floor, as white as marble, and into it the rocky spurs from our own mountain range descended, like promontories into the sea. Wide, deeply indented white bays wound in and out among the foot-hills, and, traced upon the barren slopes of this rocky coast, was marked, at a considerable elevation above the plain, the shore-line of an ancient sea, — a white stain defining its former margin as clearly as if the water had but just receded. On the dim, distant base of the Sierras the same primeval beach could be seen. This water-mark, the level white valley, and the utter absence upon its surface of any vegetation, gave a strange and weird aspect to the country, as if a vast tide had but just ebbed, and the brilliant scorching sun had hurriedly dried up its last traces of moisture.

In the indistinct glare of the southern horizon, it needed but slight aid from the imagination to see a lifting and tumbling of billows, as if the old tide were coming; but they were only shudderings of heat. As we sat there surveying this unusual scene, the white expanse became suddenly transformed into a placid blue sea, along whose rippling shores were the white blocks of roofs, groups of spire-crowned villages, and cool stretches of green

grove. A soft, vapory atmosphere hung over this sea; shadows, purple and blue floated slowly across it, producing the most enchanting effect of light and color. The dreamy richness of the tropics, the serene sapphire sky of the desert, and the cool, purple distance of mountains, were grouped as by miracle. It was as if Nature were about to repay us an hundred-fold for the lie she had given the topographers and their maps.

In a moment the illusion vanished. It was gone, leaving the white desert unrelieved by a shadow; a blaze of white light falling full on the plain; the sun-struck air reeling in whirlwind columns, white with the dust of the desert, up, up, and vanishing into the sky. Waves of heat rolled like billows across the valley, the old shores became indistinct, the whole lowland unreal. Shades of misty blue crossed over it and disappeared. Lakes with ragged shores gleamed out, reflecting the sky, and in a moment disappeared.

The bewildering effect of this natural magic, and perhaps the feverish thirst, produced the impression of a dream, which might have taken fatal possession of us, but for the importunate braying of Gardner's mule, whose piteous discords (for he made three noises at once) banished all hallucination, and brought us gently back from the mysterious spectacle to the practical question of water. We had but one canteen of that precious elixir left; the elixir in this case being composed of one part pure water, one part sand, one part alum, one part saleratus, with liberal traces of Colorado mud, representing a very disgusting taste, and very great range of geological formations.

To search for the mountain springs laid down upon our maps was probably to find them dry, and afforded us little more inducement than to chase the mirages. The only well-known water was at an oasis somewhere on the margin of the Chabazon, and should, if the information was correct, have been in sight from our resting-place.

VOL. XXVII. — NO. 163.

We eagerly scanned the distance, but were unable, among the phantom lakes and the ever-changing illusions of the desert, to fix upon any probable point. Indian trails led out in all directions, and our only clew to the right path was far in the northwest, where, looming against the sky, stood two conspicuous mountain piles lifted above the general wall of the Sierra, their bases rooted in the desert, and their precipitous fronts rising boldly on each side of an open gateway. The two summits, high above the magical stratum of desert air, were sharply defined and singularly distinct in all the details of rock-form and snow-field. From their position we knew them to be walls of the San Geronio Pass, and through this gateway lay our road.

After brief deliberation we chose what seemed to be the most beaten road leading in that direction, and I mounted my mule and started, leaving my friend patiently seated in his saddle waiting for the *afflatus* of his mule to take effect. Thus we rode down into the desert, and hour after hour travelled silently on, straining our eyes forward to a spot of green which we hoped might mark our oasis.

So incredulous had I become, that I prided myself upon having penetrated the flimsy disguise of an unusually deceptive mirage, and philosophized, to a considerable extent, upon the superiority of my reason over the instinct of the mule, whose quickened pace and nervous manner showed him to be, as I thought, a dupe.

Whenever there comes to be a clearly defined mental issue between man and mule, the stubbornness of the latter is the expression of an adamant moral resolve, founded in eternal right. The man is invariably wrong. Thus on this occasion, as at a thousand other times, I was obliged to own up worsted, and I drummed for a while with Spanish spurs upon the ribs of my conqueror; that being my habitual mode of covering my retreat.

It *was* the oasis, and not the mirage. John lifted up his voice, now many

days hushed, and gave out spasmodic gusts of baritone, which were as dry and harsh as if he had drunk mirages only for many a day.

The heart of Gardner's mule relented. Of his own accord he galloped up to my side, and, for the first time together, we rode forward to the margin of the oasis. Under the palms we hastily threw off our saddles and allowed the parched brutes to drink their fill. We lay down in the grass, drank, bathed our faces, and played in the water like children. We picketed our mules knee-deep in the freshest of grass, and, unpacking our saddlebags, sent up a smoke to heaven, and achieved that most precious solace of the desert traveller, a pot of tea.

By and by we plunged into the pool, which was perhaps thirty feet long, and deep enough to give us a pleasant swim. The water being almost blood-warm, we absorbed it in every pore, dilated like sponges, and came out refreshed.

It is well worth having one's juices broiled out by a desert sun just to experience the renewal of life from a mild parboil. That About's "Man with the Broken Ear," under this same aqueous renovation, was ready to fall in love with his granddaughter, no longer appears to me odd. Our oasis spread out its disk of delicate green, sharply defined upon the enamel-like desert which stretched away for leagues, simple, unbroken, pathetic. Near the eastern edge of this garden, whose whole surface covered hardly more than an acre, rose two palms, interlocking their cool, dark foliage over the pool of pure water. A low, deserted cabin with wide, overhanging flat roof, which had long ago been thatched with palm-leaves, stood close by the trees.

With its isolation, its strange warm fountain, its charming vegetation varied with grasses, trailing water-plants, bright parterres in which were minute flowers of turquoise blue, pale gold, mauve, and rose, and its two graceful palms, this oasis evoked a strange sen-

timent. I have never felt such a sense of absolute and remote seclusion; the hot, trackless plain and distant groups of mountain shut it away from all the world. Its humid and fragrant air hung over us in delicious contrast with the oven-breath through which we had ridden. Weary little birds alighted, panting, and drank and drank again, without showing the least fear of us. Wild doves fluttering down bathed in the pool and fed about among our mules.

After straining over one hundred and fifty miles of silent desert, hearing no sound but the shoes of our mules grating upon hot sand, after the white glare, and that fever-thirst which comes from drinking alkali-water, it was a deep pleasure to lie under the palms and look up at their slow-moving green fans, and hear in those shaded recesses the mild, sweet twittering of our traveller-friends, the birds, who stayed, like ourselves, overcome with the languor of perfect repose.

Declining rapidly toward the west, the sun warned us to renew our journey. Several hours' rest and frequent deep draughts of water, added to the feast of succulent grass, filled out and rejuvenated our saddle-animals. John was far less an anatomical specimen than when I unsaddled him, and Gardner's mule came up to be bridled with so mollified a demeanor that it occurred to us as just possible that he might forget his trick of lagging behind; but with the old tenacity of purpose he planted his fore feet, and waited till I was well out on the desert.

As I rode, I watched the western prospect. Completely bounding the basin in that direction, rose the gigantic wall of the Sierra, its serrated line sharply profiled against the evening sky. This dark barrier became more and more shadowed, so that the old shore line and the low land, where mountain and plain joined, were lost. The desert melted in the distance into the shadowed masses of the Sierra, which, looming higher and higher, seemed to rise as the sun went down. Scattered

snow-fields shone along its crest ; each peak and notch, every column of rock and detail of outline, were black and sharp.

On either side of the San Gorgonio stood its two guardian peaks, San Bernardino and San Jacinto, capped with rosy snow, and the pass itself, warm with western light, opened hopefully before us. For a moment the sun rested upon the Sierra crest, and then, slowly sinking, suffered eclipse by its ragged black profile. Through the slow hours of darkening twilight a strange ashy gloom overspread the desert. The forms of the distant mountain chains behind us, and the old shore line upon the Sierra base, stared at us with a strange weird distinctness. At last all was gray and vague, except the black silhouette of the Sierras cut upon a band of golden heaven.

We at length reached their foot and, turning northward, rode parallel with the base toward the San Gorgonio. In the moonless night huge rocky buttresses of the range loomed before us, their feet plunging into the pale desert floor. High upon their fronts, perhaps five hundred feet above us, was dimly traceable the white line of ancient shore. Over drifted hills of sand and hard alkaline clay we rode along the bottom of that primitive sea. Between the spurs, deep mountain alcoves, stretching back into the heart of the range, opened grand and shadowy ; far at their head, over crests of ridge and peak, loomed the planet Jupiter. A long wearisome ride of forty hours brought us to the open San Gorgonio Pass. Already scattered beds of flowers tinted the austere face of the desert ; tufts of pale grass grew about the stones, and tall stems of yucca bore up their magnificent bunches of bluish flowers. Upon all the heights overhanging the road gnarled struggling cedars grasp the rock, and stretch themselves with frantic effort to catch a breath of the fresh Pacific vapor. It is instructive to observe the difference between those which lean out into the vitalizing wind of the pass, and the fated few whose

position exposes them to the dry air of the desert. Vigor, soundness, nerve to stand on the edge of sheer walls, flexibility, sap, fulness of green foliage, are in the one ; a shroud of dull olive-leaves scantily cover the thin, straggling, bayonet-like boughs of the others : they are rigid, shrunken, split to the heart, pitiful. We were glad to forget them as we turned a last buttress and ascended the gentle acclivity of the pass.

Before us opened a broad gateway six or seven miles from wall to wall, in which a mere swell of green land rises to divide the desert and Pacific slopes. Flanking the pass along its northern side stands Mount San Bernardino, its granite framework crowded up above the beds of more recent rock about its base, bearing aloft tattered fragments of pine forest, the summit piercing through a marbling of perpetual snow up to the height of ten thousand feet. Fronting it on the opposite wall rises its compeer, San Jacinto, a dark crack of lava, whose flanks are cracked, riven, and waterworn into innumerable ravines, each catching a share of the drainage from the snow-cap, and glistening with a hundred small waterfalls.

Numerous brooks unite to form two rivers, one running down the green slope among ranches and gardens into the blooming valley of San Bernardino, the other pouring eastward, shrinking as it flows out upon the hot sands, till, in a few miles, the unslakable desert has drunk it dry.

There are but few points in America where such extremes of physical condition meet. What contrasts, what opposed sentiments, the two views awakened ! Spread out below us lay the desert, stark and glaring, its rigid hill-chains lying in disordered grouping, in attitudes of the dead. The bare hills are cut out with sharp gorges, and over their stone skeletons scanty earth clings in folds, like shrunken flesh ; they are emaciated corpses of once noble ranges now lifeless, outstretched as in a long sleep. Ghastly colors define

them from the ashen plain in which their feet are buried. Far in the south were a procession of whirlwind columns slowly moving across the desert in spectral dimness. A white light beat down, dispelling the last trace of shadow, and above hung the burnished shield of hard, pitiless sky.

Sinking to the west from our feet the gentle golden-green *glacis* sloped away, flanked by rolling hills covered with a fresh vernal carpet of grass, and relieved by scattered groves of dark oak-trees. Upon the distant valley were checkered fields of grass and grain just tinged with the first ripening yellow. The bounding Coast Ranges lay in the cool shadow of a bank of mist which drifted in from the Pacific, covering their heights. Flocks of bright clouds floated across the sky, whose blue was palpitating with light, and seemed to rise with infinite perspective. Tranquillity, abundance, the slow, beautiful unfolding of plant life, dark shadowed spots to rest our tired eyes upon, the shade of giant oaks to lie down under, while listening to brooks, contralto larks, and the soft distant lowing of cattle.

I have given the outlines of aspect along our ride across the Chabazon, omitting many amusing incidents and some *genre* pictures of rare interest among the Kaweah Indians, as I wished simply to illustrate the relations of the Sierra with the country bordering its east base,—the barrier looming above a desert.

In Nevada and California, farther north, this wall rises more grandly, but its face rests upon a modified form of desert plains of less extent than the Colorado, and usually covered with sage-plants and other brushy *compositae* of equally pitiful appearance. Large lakes of complicated saline waters are dotted under the Sierra shadow, the ancient terraces built upon foot-hill and outlying volcanic ranges indicating their former expansion into inland seas; and farther north still, where plains extend east of Mount Shasta, level sheets of lava form the country,

and open black, rocky channels, for the numerous branches of the Sacramento and Klamath.

Approaching the Sierras anywhere from the west, you will perceive a totally different topographical and climatic condition. From the Coast Range peaks especially one obtains an extended and impressive prospect. I had fallen behind the party one May evening of our march across Pacheco's Pass, partly because some wind-bent oaks trailing almost horizontally over the wild-oat surface of the hills, and marking, as a living record, the prevalent west wind, had arrested me and called out compass and note-book; and because there had fallen to my lot an incorrigibly deliberate mustang to whom I had abandoned myself to be carried along at his own pace, comforted withal that I should get in too late to have any hand in the cooking of supper. We reached the crest, the mustang coming to a conspicuous and unwarrantable halt; I yielded, however, and sat still in the saddle, looking out to the east.

Brown foot-hills, purple over their lower slopes with "fil-a-ree" blossoms, descended steeply to the plain of California, a great, inland, prairie sea, extending for five hundred miles, mountain-locked, between the Sierras and coast hills, and now a broad arabesque surface of colors. Miles of orange-colored flowers, cloudings of green and white, reaches of violet which looked like the shadow of a passing cloud, wandering in natural patterns over and through each other, sunny and intense along near our range, fading in the distance into pale bluish-pearl tones, and divided by long dimly seen rivers whose margins were edged by belts of bright emerald green. Beyond rose three hundred miles of Sierra half lost in light and cloud and mist, the summit in places sharply seen against a pale, beryl sky, and again buried in warm, rolling clouds. It was a mass of strong light, soft, fathomless shadows, and dark regions of forest. However, the three belts upon its front were

tolerably clear. Dusky foot-hills rose over the plain with a coppery gold tone, suggesting the line of mining towns planted in its rusty ravines,—a suggestion I was glad to repel, and look higher into that cool, solemn realm where the pines stand, green-roofed, in infinite colonnade. Lifted above the bustling industry of the plains and the melodramatic mining theatre of the foot-hills, it has a grand, silent life of its own, refreshing to con-

template even from a hundred miles away.

While I looked the sun descended; shadows climbed the Sierras, casting a gloom over foot-hill and pine, until at last only the snow summits, reflecting the evening light, glowed like red lamps along the mountain wall for hundreds of miles. The rest of the Sierra became invisible. The snow burned for a moment in the violet sky, and at last went out.

Clarence King.

DELSARTE.

IT was not until last summer, and then under peculiarly impressive circumstances, that I saw for the first time a remarkable man whose name is indissolubly associated with French art,—François Delsarte of Paris. My curiosity had been deeply excited by what I had heard of him. I was told that, after long years of patient toil and of profound thought, his genius had discovered and developed a scientific basis for histrionic art, that he had substituted law for empiricism in the domain of the most potential of the fine arts; and when the names of Rachel and Macready were quoted in his list of pupils, I was eager to behold the master and to learn something of the system which has yielded such fruits to the modern stage.

The kindness of a friend procured me the rare privilege of admission to the last session of Delsarte's course, which closed in July. It was on one of those weary summer days when the hush of expectation, following the fierce excitement caused by the declaration of war, had eclipsed the gayety of Paris.

The notes of the Marseillaise had ceased to stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet. The glare and glitter of French chivalry, which had masked the feebleness of the Imperial military system, had vanished. The superb Cent Gardes, the brilliant lancers, the sav-

age Turcos, and the dashing Spahis had been replaced by the coarsely clad troops of the line. It was "grim-visaged war" and not its pageantry that we beheld; heavy guns rumbling slowly across the Place de la Concorde; dark masses of men moving like shadows on their funeral march to the perilous edge of battle. It was a relief to exchange these sad scenes for that quiet interior of the Boulevard de Courcelles, where a little group of persons devoted to æsthetic culture were gathered around their teacher, perhaps for the last time.

The personal appearance of Delsarte is impressive. Years have not deprived his massive form of its vigor, nor dimmed the fire of his eye. His head is cast in a Roman mould; indeed, the fine medallion likeness executed by his daughter might well pass for an antique in the eyes of a stranger. In his personal bearing there is nothing of that self-assertion, that *posing*, which is a common defect of his distinguished countrymen.

The pupils whom I met were ladies, with the single exception of a young American, Mr. James S. Mackaye, to whom, as his favorite disciple, and one designated to succeed him in his profession, Delsarte has imparted all the minutæ of his science. To this gentleman was assigned the honor of

opening the *séance* by a brief exposition of the system, and of closing it by reciting in French a brilliant tragic monologue, the effect of which, in spite of the absence of appropriate costume and scenic illusion, electrified the audience. In this scene — *Les Terreurs de Thoas* — those rapidly changing expressions of the features, those statuesque attitudes, melting into each other which we all remember in Rachel, indicated a common origin. It needed not the added eloquence of words and the sombre music of the voice to tell the tragic story of the victim of the Eumenides. After listening to the recitation, I was not surprised to learn that the young student was to appear, under the auspices of his teacher, at the Théâtre Français, during the approaching winter, — an honor never before conceded to any foreigner. The large American colony in Paris was looking forward to this *début* with a natural pride, and Delsarte with the calm assurance of his favorite's triumph. Alas ! we all reckoned without taking King William, the Crown Prince, the Red Prince, Von Moltke, and Von Bismarck into our account. We never fancied, on that bright July morning, that Krupp of Essen's cannon and the needle-gun were soon to give laws to Paris. But *inter arma silent artes* as well as *leges*. Nearer and deadlier tragedies than those of Corneille and Racine were soon to be enacted ; and the poor players were summoned to perform their parts upon no mimic stage. However, "what though the field be lost ? all is not lost." The *venue*, to borrow a legal phrase, has been changed, but the cause has not been abandoned. Our young countryman has returned to his native land, bringing with him the fruits of his long studies, to appeal to an American audience, and it is quite possible that his teacher may be induced to transfer his school of art to the United States.

Although, at this *séance*, Delsarte appeared disposed to efface himself in favor of his brilliant representative, he kindly consented to speak a few words (and what a charming French lesson

was his *causerie* !) and to present a specimen of his pantomimic powers. The latter exhibition was really surprising. He depicted the various passions and emotions of the human soul, by means of expression and gesture only, without uttering a single syllable ; moving the spectators to tears, exciting them to enthusiasm, or thrilling them with terror at his will ; in a word, completely magnetizing them. Not a discord in his diatonic scale. You were forced to admit that every gesture, every movement of a facial muscle, had a true purpose, — a *raison d'être*. It was a triumphant demonstration.

The life of this great master and teacher, hereafter to be known as the founder of the *Science of Dramatic Art*, crowded with strange vicissitudes and romantic episodes, forms a record full of interest.

François Delsarte was born at Solesmes, Department of the North, France, in 1811. His father was a physician, and his mother a woman of rare abilities, who taught herself to speak and write several languages.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo a detachment of the allied troops was passing through Solesmes, in the midst of a dead and sullen silence, when the commandant's quick ear caught the sound of a childish voice crying *Vive l'Em-pe-yeur ! Vive Na-po-lé-on !* Every one smiled at the juvenile speaker's audacity, except the stern officer, whose name has unfortunately escaped the infamous celebrity it deserved. By his orders, a platoon of soldiers sought out the child's home and burned it to the ground ; and thus little François Delsarte became the innocent cause of the ruin of his family.

The atrocities committed during the *White Terror*, of which this incident is an example, though passed over by history, are not forgotten by the survivors of that cruel period. The leaders in the second terror could not plead the ignorance of Robespierre's followers in excuse of their excesses, for they were nobles, magistrats, priests, and officers of rank.

Delsarte's early years were passed in the midst of cruel privations and domestic troubles, for even love forsook a home blighted by poverty. His father, naturally proud and imperious, irritated by straitened circumstances out of which there seemed no issue, crushed by the weight of obligations to others, lost heart and hope, became morose, sceptical, and bitter, and treated his wife and family with such harshness and injustice, that Delsarte's mother was finally compelled to abandon her husband. She fled with her two boys to Paris, hoping there to make her talents available. All her efforts, however, were fruitless, and she found herself on the verge of starvation.

One evening, as she sat with her two boys in her wretched room, tortured by their questions after their father, she could not suppress her tears. François, the eldest, then nine years of age, tried to console her. He told her that he was almost a man, able to earn his food and to take care of her and his little brother. She listened to his prattle with a sad smile, kissed him and embraced him.

During all of the sleepless night which followed, François was revolving his hidden projects of independence, and at gray dawn, confiding his purpose only to his brother, and bidding him tell his mother, when she awoke, that he would soon be back with money to buy bread for them, the child stole forth to seek his fortune in the great dreary world of Paris.

He wandered about all day, and at night, hungry and weary, entered a jeweller's shop in the Palais Royal, kept by an old woman, to whom he appealed for employment, — vainly at first. Finally, however, she consented to engage him as a drudge and errand-boy, allowed him to sleep in an *armoire* over the door, and gave him four pounds of bread a week in lieu of wages. Four pounds of bread a week! The allowance appeared munificent, and he accepted the offer with gratitude. A brief experience dispelled his illusions. He was always weary and

always hungry. After a few weeks' trial, he left his first benefactress and secured some kind of employment at five sous a day, out of which he contrived to save two. In two weeks he had saved nearly a franc and a half for his dear mother. One day, while executing a commission for his employer, he found his little brother alone in the street crying bitterly.

"How is dear mamma?" was his first question.

"Dead, and carried away by ugly men."

The winter of 1821 was unusually severe for Paris. One night Delsarte and his brother fell asleep in each other's arms in the wretched loft they occupied; but when the former opened his eyes to the morning's light he was holding a corpse to his heart. The little boy had perished of cold and starvation. Almost mad with terror and grief, the survivor rushed into the streets to summon the neighbors.

The next day a little hatless boy, in rags and nearly barefooted, followed two men bearing a small pine coffin which they deposited in the *fosse commune* of *Père la Chaise*.

After seeing the grave covered, Delsarte left the cemetery and wandered wearily through the snow, now utterly alone in the world, across the plain of St. Denis. Overcome by cold, hunger, and grief, he sank to the ground, and then, before he lost his consciousness, a strain of music, real or imaginary, met his ear and charmed him to a forgetfulness of misery, bereavement, all the evils that environed him. It was the first awakening of his artist soul, and to this day Delsarte believes that it was no earthly music that he heard.

Rousing himself from a sort of stupor into which he had fallen, he saw a *chiffonnier* bending over him. The man had for a moment mistaken the prostrate form for a bundle of rags, but taking pity on the half-frozen lad, he placed him in his basket and carried him to his miserable home. And so the future artist commenced his professional career as a Parisian rag-picker.

While wandering about the great city in the interest of his employer, his only solace was to listen to the songs of itinerant vocalists and the occasional music of a military band. Music became his passion. From some of the *gamins* he learned the seven notes of the scale, and, to preserve the melodies that delighted him, he invented a system of musical notation. On a certain holiday, when he was twelve years old, while listening to the delightful music in the garden of the Tuileries, the little *chiffonnier* busied himself with drawing figures in the dust. An old man of eccentric appearance, noticing his earnest diligence, accosted him.

"What are you doing there, boy?" he asked.

Terrified at first, but reassured by the kind manner of the stranger, Delsarte replied: "Writing down the music, sir."

"Do you mean to say those marks have any significance? That you can read them?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Let me hear you."

Encouraged by the interest manifested in him, the lad sang in a sweet and pure but sad voice the strains just played by the military band. The old man was amazed.

"Who taught you this process?"

"Nobody, sir; found it out myself."

Bambini — for it was the then distinguished, but now almost forgotten, professor — offered to take the boy home with him; and he who had entered the garden of the Tuileries a rag-picker, left it a recognized musician. In the dust of Paris were first written the elements of a system destined to regenerate art. Bambini taught his *protégé* all he knew, but the pupil soon surpassed the master and became his instructor in turn; for if the one had talent, the other possessed genius.

Bambini predicted the future of Delsarte. One day when they were walking arm-in-arm in the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, the former said: "Do you see all those people in carriages, with their fine liveries and magnificent clothes? Well, the day

will come when they will only be too happy to listen to you, proud of your presence in their *salons*, envying your fame as a great artist."

Bambini's death left Delsarte poor and friendless. At fourteen, however, he managed to get admitted into the Conservatory, where, though he labored hard, he met with harsh treatment and discouragement. The professors disliked him for his reflective nature and persistent questionings which brought to light the superficiality of their acquirements; his fellow-pupils, for his exclusive devotion to study and his reserve, the result of diffidence rather than of *hauteur*. His professors were dictators, who, while differing from each other as teachers, were yet united in frowning upon any attempt on the part of their pupil to emancipate himself from the thralldom of conventionalism and routine. Genius was a heresy for which they had no mercy.

Thrown upon his own resources, he soon developed, by careful observation of nature and a constant study of cause and effect, a system and a style radically differing from those of the professors and their servile imitators.

One day, after having sung in his own style at one of the public exhibitions, — applauded, however, only by a single auditor, — he was walking sadly and slowly in the court-yard of the Conservatory, when a lady and a gentleman approached him.

"Courage, my friend," said the lady. "Your singing has given me the highest pleasure. You will be a great artist."

So spake Marie Malibran, the queen of song.

"My friend," said her companion, "it was I who applauded you just now. In my opinion, you are a singer *hors de ligne*. When my children are ready to learn music, *you*, above all others, shall be their professor."

These were the words of Adolphe Nourrit. The praises of Malibran and Nourrit gave Delsarte courage, revived his hopes, and decided him to follow implicitly the promptings of his own genius. His extreme poverty com-

pelled him at last to apply to the Conservatory for a diploma which would enable him to secure a situation at one of the lyric theatres. It was refused.

The autumn of 1829 found him a shabby, almost ragged applicant for employment at the stage-door of the Opéra Comique. Repeated rebuffs failed to baffle his desperate pertinacity.

One day the director, hearing of the annoyance to which his subordinates were subjected by Delsarte, determined to abate the nuisance by one of those cruel *coups-de-main* of which Frenchmen are pre-eminently capable. The next night, during the performance, when Delsarte called, he was, to his surprise and delight, shown into the great man's presence.

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Pardon, Monsieur. I came to seek a place at your theatre."

"There is but one vacant, and you don't seem capable of filling that. I want only a call-boy."

"Sir, I am prepared to fill the position of a *premier sujet* among your singers."

"*Imbécile!*"

"Monsieur, if my clothes are poor, my art is genuine."

"Well, sir, if you will sing for me, I will hear you shortly."

He left Delsarte alone, overjoyed at having secured the manager's ear. In a few moments a surly fellow told him he was wanted below, and he soon found himself with the manager upon the stage behind the green curtain.

"You are to sing here," said the director. "There is your piano. In one moment the curtain will be rung up. I am tired of your importunities. I give you one chance to show the stuff you're made of. If you discard this opportunity, the next time you show your face at my door you shall be arrested and imprisoned as a vagrant."

The indignation excited in Delsarte by this cruel trick instantly gave way before the reflection that success was a matter of life and death with him, and that perhaps his last chance lay within his grasp. He forgot his rags;

every nerve became iron; and when the curtain was rung up, a beggar with the bearing of a prince advanced to the foot-lights, was received with derisive laughter by some, with glances of surprise and indignation by others, and, with a sad and patient smile on his countenance, gracefully saluted the brilliant audience. The courtliness of his manner disarmed hostility; but when he sat down to the piano, ran his fingers over the keys, and sang a few bars, the exquisite voice found its way to every heart. With every moment his voice became more powerful. Each gradation of emotion was rendered with an ease, an art, an expression, that made every heartstring vibrate. Then he suddenly stopped, bowed, and retired. The house rang with bravos. The dress-circle forgot its reticence, and joined in the tumult of applause. He was recalled. This time he sang a grand lyric composition with the full volume of his voice, aided in effect by those imperial gestures of which he had already discovered the secret. The audience were electrified. They declared that Talma was resuscitated. But when he was a second time recalled his tragic mood had melted; there were "tears in his voice" as well as on his cheeks.

After the fall of the curtain the director grasped his hand, loaded him with compliments, and offered him an engagement for a year at a salary of ten thousand francs. He went home to occupy his wretched attic for the last time, and falling on his knees poured forth his soul in prayer.

The next day Delsarte, neatly dressed, paid a visit to the directors of the Conservatoire.

"Gentlemen," said he, "*you* would not give me a recommendation as a *chorister*; the *public* have accorded me *this*."

And he displayed his commission as *Comédien du Roi*. Delsarte remained upon the lyric stage until 1834, when the failure of his voice, which had been strained at the Conservatory, compelled him to retire. He continued, however,

the study of music, and his productions, particularly a *Dies Ira*, placed him in the front rank of composers. At this period of his life meditation and study resulted in a firm religious faith, which never wavered afterwards.

He now applied himself to the task of establishing a scientific basis for lyric and dramatic art, and after years of patient labor perfected a system on which probably his fame will ultimately rest. His *Cours* for instruction in the principles of art was first opened in 1839. From the outset he was appreciated by the highly cultivated few, nor was it long before the circle extended and the new master won a European reputation. Some of his pupils were destined for a professional career; but many, men and women of rank and fortune, sought to learn from him the means of rendering their brilliant *salons* yet more attractive. Members of most of the reigning families of Europe were numbered among his pupils, and his apartments in Paris were filled, when I saw them, with pictures, photographs, and other souvenirs of esteem and friendship, from the highest dignitaries of Europe. When he consented, on one occasion, to appear at a *soirée* at the Tuileries, Louis Philippe received him at the foot of the grand staircase, as if he had been his peer, and bestowed on him during the evening the same attentions he would have accorded to a fellow-sovereign. The citizen king recognized the royalty of art. And it may be noted that Delsarte would not have appeared on this occasion, except on the condition that no remuneration should be offered him for the exercise of his talents.

Malibran, whose kind word in the court-yard of the Conservatory had revived Delsarte's fainting hopes, attended his early course of lectures. I have already mentioned Rachel and Macready as his pupils. I now recall the names of Sontag, of the gifted Madeleine Brohan, of Carvalho, Barbot, Pasca (who owed everything to Delsarte), and Pajol. He was the instructor in pulpit oratory of Père Lacordaire, Père

Hyacinthe, and the present abbé of Nôtre Dame.

Notwithstanding the labor exacted by his great speciality, he has done much good work in various other directions. Among his mechanical inventions are a sonotype, a tuning instrument, by means of which any one can tune a piano accurately, an improved level, theodolite, and sextant, a scale for measuring the differences in the solidity of fluids, etc.

Of the conscientiousness with which he works it may be mentioned that he devoted five years to the study of anatomy and physiology, to obtain a perfect knowledge of all the muscles, their uses and capabilities, — a knowledge which he has utilized with remarkable success.

It is now time to give some idea of his system, which can be done most satisfactorily, perhaps, through the medium of an article which appeared in the *Gazette Musicale*, from the authoritative pen of A. Guérault. After having analyzed the *maestro's* theory of vocal art, he says: —

"The study of gesture and its agents has been subjected by M. Delsarte to an analysis no less profound. Thus he recognizes in the human body three principal agents of expression, — the head, the torso, and the limbs, — which perform each a distinct part in the economy of a character. Gesture, sometimes expressive, sometimes eccentric, and sometimes compressive, assumes in each case special forms, which have been classified and described by M. Delsarte with a care and perspicuity which make his labors on this subject entirely new, and for which I know no equivalent anywhere. Permit me to explain more fully the utility of this study, to cite an application, for examples are always more eloquent than generalities. In the play of the physiognomy every portion of the face performs a separate part. Thus, for instance, it is not useless to know what function nature has assigned to the eye, the nose, to the mouth, in the expression of certain emotions of the soul. True passion, which never errs, has no

need of recurring to such studies ; but they are indispensable to the feigned passion of the actor. How useful would it not be to the actor who wishes to represent madness or wrath, to know that the eye never expresses the sentiment experienced, but simply indicates the object of this sentiment ! Cover the lower part of your face with your hand, and impart to your look all the energy of which it is susceptible, still it will be impossible for the most sagacious observer to discover whether your look expresses anger or attention. On the other hand, uncover the lower part of the face, and if the nostrils are dilated, if the contracted lips are drawn up, there is no doubt that anger is written on your countenance. An observation which confirms the purely indicative part performed by the eye is, that among raving madmen the lower part of the face is violently contracted, while the vague and uncertain look shows clearly that their fury has no object. It is easy to conceive what a wonderful interest the actor, painter, or sculptor must find in the study of the human body thus analyzed from head to foot in its innumerable ways of expression. Hence the eloquent secrets of pantomime, those imperceptible movements of great actors which produce such powerful impressions, are decomposed and subjected to laws whose evidence and simplicity are a twofold source of admiration.

"Finally, in what concerns articulate language M. Delsarte has assumed a yet more novel task. We all know the power of certain inflections ; we know that a phrase, which, accented in a certain way is null, accented in another way produces irresistible effects upon the stage. It is the property of great artists to discover this pre-eminent accentuation, but never, to my knowledge, did any one think of referring these happy inspirations of genius to positive laws. Yet whence comes it that a certain inflection, a certain word placed in relief, affects us ? How shall we explain this emotion, if not by a certain relation existing between the laws

of our organization, the laws of general grammar, and those of musical inflection ? There is always, in a phrase loudly enunciated, one word which sustains the passionate accent. But how shall we detach and recognize it in the midst of the phrase ? How distribute the forces of accentuation on all the words of which it is composed ? How classify and arrange them in relation to that sympathetic inflection, without which the most energetic thought halts at our intelligence without reaching our heart ? M. Delsarte has had recourse to the same method which guided him in the study of gesture. He did not study declamation on the stage, but in real life, where unpremeditated inflections spring directly from feeling ; then, fortified by innumerable observations, he rearranged grammar and rhetoric from this special point of view, and has obtained results as simple in their principles as they are fertile in their application.

"If I wished to classify the nature and value of M. Delsarte's labors in relation to what has been spoken or written up to this time on the art of singing or acting, I should say that the numerous precepts which have been formulated on dramatic art have had hardly any other object than the manner in which each character ought to be conceived. Ingenious and multiplied observations have been employed to bring forth the delicacies of the part and its unperceived features. The intellectual strength of the actor or vocalist has been directed to the author's conception. He has been told to be pathetic here, menacing there ; here to assume slight tinge of irony transpiercing apparent politeness, or again to make his gesture a seeming contradiction of his words. Such an analysis of the poet's work is certainly imperative, but how far from adequate ! And what an immense distance there is from the intelligence which comprehends to the gesture which translates, from the song which moves to the inflection which interprets ! It is with the new purpose which M. Delsarte

has embraced that, without neglecting an understanding of the author, he says to the actor: 'This is what you must express. Now how will you do it? What will you do with your arms, with your head, with your voice? Do you know the laws of your organization? Do you know how to go to work to be pathetic, dignified, comic, or familiar, to represent the clemency of Augustus or the drunkenness of a coachman?' In a word, he teaches the vocalist or actor the laws of this language, of this eloquence which nature places in our eyes, in our gestures, in the suppressed or expansive tones of our voice, in the accent of speech. He teaches the actor, or, to speak more properly, the man, to know himself, to manage artistically that inimitable instrument which is man himself, all whose parts contribute to a harmonious unity. Hence, aware of the gravity of such an assertion, I do not hesitate to proclaim here that I believe M. Delsarte's work will remain among the fundamental bases; I believe that his labors are destined to give a solid foundation to theatric art, to elevate and to ennoble it; I believe that there is no actor, no singer, however eminent, who cannot derive from the acquirements and luminous studies of M. Delsarte positive germs of development and progress. I believe that whoever makes the external interpretation of the sentiments of the human soul his business and profession, whether painter, sculptor, orator, or actor, that all men of taste who support them will applaud this attempt to create the science of *expressive* man; a science from which antiquity seems to have lifted the veil, and what appears willing to revive in our days, in the hands of a man, worthy by his patient and conscientious efforts to discover some of its most precious secrets."

Delsarte has sought neither fame nor wealth. He could easily have secured both by remaining on the stage as an actor, after he had lost his power as a vocalist. He preferred to surrender himself in comparative retirement

to the study of science and art, and the instruction of those who sought his aid in mastering the principles of the latter. To the needy this instruction was imparted gratuitously, and more than one successful actress has been raised from penury to fortune by the benevolence of her teacher.

It would be easy to cite many illustrations of the goodness and tenderness of this man. Religious fervor has largely influenced his life and is the key-note of his character; but his faith is not hampered by bigotry. Like all minds of high rank, he holds that science and art are the handmaids of religion.

I have said that this remarkable man did not seek fame; it has come to him unsought. Pages might be filled with voluntary tributes to his genius from the foremost minds of France, — Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Madame Emile de Girardin. Lamartine pronounced him "a sublime orator." Fiorentino, the keen, delicate, and calm critic, spoke of him as "this master, whose feeling is so true, whose style is so elevated, whose passion is so profound, that there is nothing in art so beautiful and so perfect."

If we hazarded an intrusion into the domestic circle of Delsarte, we should find one of those pure and happy family groups, fortunately for France by no means rare even in her capital, — one of those French homes the existence of which nearly all Englishmen and many Americans deny. We should find a bond of sympathy and a community of talent uniting father and mother, two fair daughters, and three brave sons. Or, rather, we should have found this happy gathering, for the iron hand of war has broken the charmed ring. The dear old home on the Boulevard de Courcelles is deserted. Father, mother, and daughters were compelled to seek refuge in the North of France, the sons to march against the Prussians. Let us trust that long ere this they have reached home unwounded, and that the grand old *maestro* has no further ills in store for his declining years.

F. A. Durivage.

I N M A Y.

THAT was a curlew calling overhead,
 That fine, clear whistle shaken from the clouds:
 See! hovering o'er the swamp with wings outspread,
 He sinks where at its edge the shining crowds
 Of yellow violets dance in green and gold,
 Stirred by the spring wind blowing blithe and bold.

Blithe south wind, spreading bloom upon the sea,
 Drawing about the world this band of haze
 So softly delicate, and bringing me
 A breath of balm that like a blessing stays.
 Though beauty like a dream bathes sea and land,
 For the first time Death holds me by the hand.

Yet none the less the swallows weave above
 Through the bright air a web of light and song,
 And crying clear and sweet from cove to cove
 The sandpiper the lonely rocks among
 Makes wistful music, and the singing sea
 Sends its strong chorus upward solemnly.

O mother Nature, infinitely dear!
 Vainly I search the beauty of thy face,
 Vainly thy myriad voices charm my ear;
 I cannot gather from thee any trace
 Of God's intent. Help me to understand
 Why this sweet morn Death holds me by the hand.

I watch the waves, shoulder to shoulder set,
 That strive and vanish and are seen no more;
 The earth is sown with graves that we forget,
 And races of mankind the wide world o'er
 Rise, strive, and vanish, leaving naught behind,
 Like changing waves swept by the changing wind.

"Hard-hearted, cold, and blind!" she answers me,
 "Vexing thy soul with riddles hard to guess!
 No waste of any atom canst thou see,
 Nor make I any gesture purposeless.
 Lift thy dim eyes up to the conscious sky!
 God *meant* the rapture in the curlew's cry.

"He holds his whirling worlds in check, not one
 May from its awful orbit swerve aside;
 Yet breathes he in this south wind, bids the sun
 Wake the fair flowers he fashioned, far and wide,
 And this strong pain thou canst not understand
 Is but his grasp on thy reluctant hand."

Celia Thaxter.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

FIRST EXPEDITION.

THE capture of Fort Fisher was one of the most brilliant naval and military achievements of the war. This formidable earthwork was situated on Federal Point, N. C., in the department of Virginia and North Carolina, and was built more particularly to guard the entrance of New Inlet, while Fort Caswell served the same purpose in respect to the West Inlet.

This department was under the command of Major-General Benjamin F. Butler.

There were other extensive fortifications on Smith's Island and on the banks of the Cape Fear River. Although a large and expensive blockading fleet was kept continually opposite these inlets, still, on account of the peculiar formation of the mouth of Cape Fear River and the effect of storms, it was next to an impossibility on the one hand to prevent the exportation of cotton and other products of the South, and, on the other, entirely to exclude foreign supplies and munitions of war from the port of Wilmington. The necessity of putting an end to this illicit commerce with the Rebels, by the capture of these defences of Wilmington, had long been urged upon the government.

But there were also other great objects to be accomplished. General Sherman was rapidly approaching Savannah, and it was believed that after taking that city he would march to Goldsboro, N. C. It therefore became important that the government should have possession of Wilmington, so that supplies might be sent up the Cape Fear River.

The reduction of these defences could not be accomplished by the navy, and "without military aid and co-operation it could not be effected or even wisely attempted." In the fall of 1864 the War and Navy Departments agreed

to organize a joint movement which would insure success. The Secretary of the Navy said in his report, in relation to the naval branch of the expedition, that "to place that force under the command of the first officer in the navy was a duty. Vice-Admiral Farragut was therefore selected to conduct the enterprise, but impaired health, the result of exposure and unremitted exertions during two years of active labor and unceasing efforts in the Gulf, rendered it imprudent for that distinguished and energetic officer to enter upon this service." Admiral Farragut having declined to serve for the reasons above stated, on the 22d day of September, 1864, the Secretary of the Navy detached Rear-Admiral D. D. Porter from the command of the Mississippi Squadron, and ordered him to proceed to Beaufort, N. C., and relieve Acting Rear-Admiral S. P. Lee, in command of the North Atlantic Blockading-Squadron.

Fort Fisher having been the objective point of the two expeditions, it may not be inappropriate to add a brief description of it.

"Fort Fisher is situated on the peninsula between the Cape Fear River and the Atlantic Ocean, about a mile and a half northeast of Federal Point. For five miles north of Federal Point this peninsula is sandy and low, not rising more than fifteen feet above high tide, the interior abounding in fresh-water swamps, often wooded and almost impassable, while much of the dry land, till one gets within half a mile of Fort Fisher, is covered with wood or low undergrowth, except a strip about three hundred yards wide along the sea-shore.

"Fort Fisher consists of two fronts, — the first, or land front, running across the peninsula at this point, seven hundred yards wide, is four hundred

and eighty yards in length; while the second, or sea front, runs from the right of the first parallel to the beach to the Mound Battery, a distance of thirteen hundred yards. The land front is intended to resist any attack from the north, the sea front to prevent any of our naval vessels from running through New Inlet, or landing troops on Federal Point.

"1. *Land Front.*— This front consists of a half-bastion on the left, or Cape Fear River side, connected by a curtain with a bastion on the ocean side. The parapet is twenty-five feet thick, averages twenty feet in height, with traverses rising ten feet above it and running back on their tops, which were from eight to twelve feet in thickness, to a distance of from thirty to forty feet from the interior crest. The traverses on the left half bastion were about twenty-five feet in length on the top.

"The earth for this heavy parapet, and the enormous traverses at their inner ends, more than thirty feet in height, was obtained partly from a shallow exterior ditch, but mainly from the interior of the work. Between each pair of traverses there was one or two guns. The traverses on the right of this front were only partially completed. A palisade, which is loop-holed and has a banquette, runs in front of this face at a distance of about fifty feet in front of the foot of the exterior slope from the Cape Fear River to the ocean, with a position for a gun between the left of the front and the river, and another between the right of the front and the ocean. Through the middle traverse on the curtain was a bomb-proof postern, whose exterior opening was covered by a small redan for two field-pieces, to give flank fire along the curtain. The traverses were generally bomb-proofed, for men or magazines. The slopes of the work appear to have been revetted with marsh sod, or covered with grass, and to have had an inclination of forty-five degrees, or a little less. . . . There was a formidable system of torpedoes two hundred yards in advance of this front,

the torpedoes being about eighty feet apart and each containing about one hundred pounds of powder. They were connected with the fort by three sets of wires. . . .

"2. *Sea Front.*— This front consists of a series of batteries, mounting in all twenty-four guns, the different batteries being connected by a strong infantry parapet, so as to form a continuous line. The same system of heavy traverses for the protection of the guns, is used as on the land front, and these traverses are also generally bomb-proofed. It may be added that, in the thirty bomb-proof magazines and the passages, there were fourteen thousand five hundred feet of floor space, not including the main magazine, which was exploded and whose dimensions are unknown." (See Report of General C. B. Comstock, of General Grant's staff, dated Head-quarters United States Forces, Fort Fisher, N. C., January 27, 1865.)

On the 6th of December, 1864, General Grant wrote to General Butler, "The details for the execution are intrusted to you and the officers immediately in command of the troops." All the troops which composed the army branch of both expeditions were drawn from the Army of the James, which army was commanded by General Butler. The necessary marching orders having been issued to the troops who were to take part in the expedition, Major-General Benjamin F. Butler called on Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant at his head-quarters at City Point, Va., on the night of the 8th day of December, for the purpose of informing him of the fact. Lieutenant-Colonel Comstock was here taken on board of General Butler's boat. General Butler said to the Lieutenant-General, on taking his leave, "Now we will get off as soon as we can," and "I shall be before Fort Fisher on or about the 16th day of December, and I hope I shall be able to present the fort to you as a Christmas present."

As soon as darkness closed in on the 7th day of December, 1864, General

Ames, with the picked men of his division, moved out from their position on the New Market Road, followed by General Paine's division of colored troops and Captain R. L. Lee's Battery of Independent Artillery. Through a rain-storm this column pressed on across the pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom, and reached the signal-tower on the Appomattox before daybreak. Here camp-fires were lighted. The probable object of this was to lead the enemy to believe that we were moving troops to the left on the Weldon Railroad. Early Thursday morning the line of march was again taken up for Bermuda Hundreds, where the troops were embarked on transports. On account of the draught of these transports, many of them were obliged to anchor in the river during the night, and it was Saturday before all the vessels had arrived in Hampton Roads. The following composed the army branch of the expedition: Major-General Benjamin F. Butler and staff, Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. Comstock, of General Grant's staff, Major-General Godfrey Weitzel and staff (although General Butler accompanied the expedition as Commanding General, still General Weitzel was in the immediate command of the troops), 2d Division of 24th Army Corps under the command of Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames, 3d Division of 25th Army Corps under the command of Brigadier-General Charles J. Paine, and Captain R. L. Lee Battery of Independent Artillery. These troops, taken together, amounted to about six thousand five hundred men. Generals Butler and Weitzel and Lieutenant-Colonel Comstock made their headquarters on board of the Ben Deford, General Ames on the Baltic, and General Paine on the Livingston. The naval force consisted of thirty-seven vessels, five of which were iron-clads, and a reserved force of nineteen vessels.

On Saturday, the 10th of December, General Butler telegraphed to General Grant that he was at Fortress Monroe, ready to sail and waiting for the navy. General Grant replied to this:

"If you do not get off immediately you will lose the chance of surprising a weak garrison." The idea of the Lieutenant-General seemed to be that the success of the expedition depended on the celerity of its movements in order to make a surprise. In this he was to be disappointed, for delay after delay occurred.

On the 13th of December Admiral Porter wrote General Butler that "the rest of the fleet would leave here in three hours, and proceed to the rendezvous, twenty-five miles east of Cape Fear River." On account of the delay the expedition had become common talk at Fortress Monroe and Norfolk.

General Butler being assured at last that the navy was in readiness to sail, and that several vessels had in fact already sailed, and knowing that a portion of the country between the Potomac and the Rappahannock Rivers was infested with spies and scouts, in order to deceive the enemy ordered his whole fleet to get ready and proceed up the Potomac as far as Matthias Point. No doubt many a courier fled to announce the presence of the armada, and then the strategical object was accomplished. As soon as it was dark the bows were turned down the river, and the morning of the 14th of December found the army fleet lying off Cherry-stone Point. The navy had already sailed, and must have had some twenty-four hours' start. Admiral Porter has since claimed that he did not sail first. It is very probable the Admiral thought that, when the army sailed up the bay that they had gone directly to sea.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th the Major-General commanding arrived on the Ben Deford and directed the fleet to immediately weigh anchor and sail for the point of its destination. This was a sight long to be remembered. Few army officers had ever seen such a magnificent display. The decks of the vessels were crowded to witness this small army afloat. Many an anxious inquiry was made as to its destination, for, up to

this time, no one appeared to know, although Wilmington seemed to be the point selected by the staff and other officers who had good opportunities of forming a judgment. After giving these orders, General Butler sailed on in advance of the transport fleet. Soon after starting, General Ames, wishing further instructions in relation to the sailing and rendezvousing of the fleet now temporarily under his command, despatched a staff officer in the Winans, a North River tug-boat, to communicate with General Butler upon this subject. This officer overtook the Ben Deford twenty-five miles south of Cape Lookout, in the afternoon of the next day. He then stood off to meet the fleet and was taken on board the Baltic at about four o'clock. The transport fleet was collected late in the night of the 15th, twenty-five miles due east of Masonboro Inlet. Here the army awaited the coming of the navy, which did not arrive until the afternoon of the 18th.

During the whole of the 16th we were drifting at sea. The ocean was smooth, and we were experiencing the finest possible weather. General Butler stood in toward the blockading fleet, the transport fleet remaining at Masonboro Inlet. The sea was so calm that he lowered his gig and took a row for pleasure. This weather continued up to the night of the 18th of December. During these days of delay every soldier who could procure a hook and line turned fisherman for the nonce. Black-fish were caught in large numbers.

On the 17th of December General Ames started in the Winans to report to General Butler, who was found with the blockading fleet off Federal Point. Here, together with General Weitzel and Colonel Comstock, on this little vessel, he reconnoitred Fort Fisher under fire. The information gained was of an important character.

On the afternoon of the 18th Rear-Admiral Porter with his navy arrived off New Inlet. He determined to commence operations immediately. At this time the mysterious torpedo made its first appearance. There had been

many rumors afloat regarding it. Now it had actually arrived, and the Admiral gave orders to have it exploded that very night.

The effect of explosions at Erith and Woolwich in England, and at City Point on the James, had suggested to General Butler the use of a torpedo in the destruction of fortifications. He believed that the proper ignition of an immense amount of powder under the walls of Fort Fisher would dismount the guns, explode the magazines, and probably destroy its garrison. He communicated this idea to Admiral Porter, who indorsed the opinion of the General. Admiral Porter afterwards said that he believed that the explosion would destroy Wilmington and Smithville. Rear-Admiral Porter's General Order No. 70, dated North Atlantic Squadron, Hampton Roads, December 10, 1864, among other things, contains the following directions: "It is first proposed to endeavor to paralyze the garrison by an explosion, all the vessels remaining twelve miles out from the bar, and the troops in transports twelve miles down the coast ready to steam up, and be prepared to take the works by assault in case the latter are disabled. At a given signal all the bar vessels will run off shore twelve miles, when the vessel with powder will go in under the forts. When the explosion takes place, all the vessels will stand in shore in the order marked on the plan." The Admiral thought a good deal would be accomplished by the explosion, and also advised that the vessels should be run out twenty-five miles and the steam drawn, lest their boilers should be blown up by the explosion.

The arrangements necessary to carry out this enterprise had to be executed by the navy. A flat-bottomed, light-draught, worn-out propeller of two hundred and fifty tons, called the Louisiana, was ordered to and arrived at Hampton Roads on the 30th of November, 1864. She was subsequently altered to resemble a blockade-runner at Norfolk, Va. Under an order of

Admiral Porter's, in which he stated that the chances were "death or glory, honor or promotion," Commander Alexander C. Rhind was selected to execute the plan for the explosion, which was fraught with so much danger. After having changed the appearance of the vessel, she was sent down to Craney Island, at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, where she received one hundred and eighty-five tons of powder. It was placed on the berth-deck in fifty-pound bags, also in the coal-bunker, and the rest in the deck-house. On the 13th day of December, 1864, a temporary crew was placed on her, and she was towed to Beaufort and anchored near Shackelford Banks. It was here she had thirty additional tons of powder placed on board her. On the morning of the 18th of December this immense torpedo was again towed by the *Sassacus* to a point off New Inlet, arriving there a little after dark. The soundings had only been completed on the 17th of December. However, Admiral Porter had already determined to explode the powder-boat on the following night. At about half past nine o'clock in the evening of the 18th of December the *Wilderness* took the torpedo in tow and stood in toward Fort Fisher for the purpose of executing the order. But the threatening aspect of the weather, the disappearance of the lights on the mound, induced Commander Rhind to give up the enterprise for the night. At eight o'clock in the evening General Butler received a letter from Admiral Porter to the effect that he had already sent the powder-boat in to have it exploded. General Butler immediately sent General Weitzel and Colonel Comstock on board the *Malvern* to ask a postponement. It was evident that there could be no benefit derived, if the troops could not be landed and the enemy prevented from gaining time to repair damages. The *A. D. Vance* was then despatched to countermand the order, and met the *Louisiana* returning from the fort. Thus ended the first attempt to explode the torpedo.

It was now evident that the wind was freshening, and all the old salts predicted a gale. The troops had been ten days on transports. The coal and water was exhausted on nearly all of them. This made a resupply necessary. Besides this, a gale had arisen and was rapidly increasing to a terrific storm. As a simple matter of safety the army fleet was obliged to go to some port of shelter. On the morning of the 19th General Butler took the wise precaution to send a few vessels into Beaufort that needed supplies. By the 20th the dreadful storm had burst upon the vessels with all its fury. Nearly all the transports were sent into Beaufort, N. C., for a safe harbor and for supplies; but the stanch old *Baltic* pointed her prow to the sea, and nobly rode out the violence of the elements. The navy also remained outside. One small army vessel that had not received the order to go into Beaufort, and which had on board a battery of artillery, came near being lost. The men in the midst of the gale were obliged to dismount the guns and take the carriages apart and put them in the bottom of the vessel, to save her from total wreck. General Butler accompanied his fleet. From this point he sent a staff officer to Admiral Porter, to inform him that he would return off New Inlet as soon as he had coaled and watered, certainly by the 25th of December, 1864. Every one went to work to supply the transports and to prepare them again for sea service. This was not accomplished until the morning of the 24th of December. These vessels could not have been resupplied at an earlier date, for it was only by the almost superhuman efforts of the officers of the fleet that it was effected by the time mentioned. In order to water the fleet they had to send fifteen miles up the railroad. The gale had not entirely spent its fury until the morning of the 23d of December.

While the army was thus storm-bound in Beaufort, without coal or water, Admiral Porter determined to attack Fort Fisher.

The Admiral, in his report dated North Atlantic Squadron, United States ship *Malvern*, at sea off Beaufort, N. C., December 26, 1864, says: "After the southwester, the wind chopped around to the westward and gave us a beautiful spell of weather, which I could not afford to lose; and the transports with the troops not making their appearance, I determined to take advantage of it, and attack Fort Fisher and its outworks. . . . On the 23d I directed Commander Rhind to proceed and explode the vessel." The explosion of the powder-boat was to precede the attack to be made on the following day by the navy alone, for it was well known that the army could not be present on the 24th day of December. It is a remarkable fact that, although General Butler had suggested the use of this immense torpedo, the privilege of being personally present at its explosion should not have been at least accorded him. The success of the enterprise would seem to have demanded the presence of the army, so that in case any of the supposed effects of the torpedo had been experienced, it could have been in a position to reap the benefits resulting therefrom.

Is it fair to presume that the sailors and marines could have operated against the fort, even though its garrison were in a demoralized condition, as effectively as the army, trained and accustomed as it was to this specialty in warfare? The Admiral must have had the utmost confidence in the powder-boat to think that he could, after the explosion, send a few of his marines ashore to walk in and take possession. However, the fact remains that the army was in Beaufort, N. C., when the Admiral ordered Commander Rhind to explode the *Louisiana*.

Here the powder-boat again plays an important part. There had been four different appliances adopted for the ignition of the powder: 1. A clock-work; 2. Lighted candles with fuses; 3. Slow match; and 4. Firing the ship. At about eleven o'clock on the night

of the 23d of December the *Wilderness* once more took the mammoth torpedo in tow and started in toward the fort. The *Wilderness* continued in until she was in six fathoms of water when she cast the *Louisiana* off. The powder-boat then steamed on alone until she was about eight hundred and fifty yards off the northeast salient of the fort, where she was anchored. (See Colonel Comstock's map.) On the other hand, General Whiting estimates this distance to have been "between twelve (12) and fifteen hundred (1500) yards, not nearer." (See Report on the Conduct of the War, p. 106.) Here a few minutes were spent in making the final arrangements to explode the powder. The firing party then repaired to the deck of the *Wilderness*, which vessel ran out about twelve miles to sea and awaited the effect of the explosion. Commodore Rhind in his report says that "at precisely 1.40 A. M. the explosion took place, the shock being hardly felt, and four distinct reports heard. What result was occasioned near the vessel we can only estimate by the feeble fire of the forts next day. My opinion is that, owing to the want of confinement and insufficient fusing of the mass, much of the powder was blown away before ignition, and its effect lost. The fuses were set by the clocks to one hour and a half, but the explosion did not occur till twenty-two minutes after that time had elapsed, the after part of the vessel being then enveloped in flames." Beyond all peradventure the powder was ignited by the fire that had been made in the stern of the boat as a *dernier ressort* for burning the powder and to prevent the vessel from falling into the hands of the enemy. The powder should have been exploded by the clocks at twenty minutes past one. But the explosion did not take place until about a quarter to two o'clock; then, as all the spectators admit, the stern of the boat was completely wrapped in flames, "the last thing they did being to set her on fire under the cabin," according to Admiral Porter. However in-

genious the machinery for the ignition of the fuses was, it is almost certain that it did not perform its part. Even if fuses were set, they never were properly laid. They were only run into the upper and outer bags in the deck-house. Holes were then merely bored through the deck to the powder below. If the Gomez fuses had been interlaced through every layer, as General Butler advised, a very different result would have been accomplished. The omission to run the fuses through the bags of powder below the decks was a serious error. Lieutenant-Commander Jeffers states in his report (see Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War, Fort Fisher Expedition, p. 250) that it had been suggested to use the Beardslee Electro-Magnetic Machine and wires to explode the powder, but that "it was not favorably considered by those charged with the execution of the plan." There must have been a mismanagement in the preparation of the appliances by which the powder was to be ignited. Every candid person must admit that the experiment was not properly made. The consequence was that a very small part of the powder was ever burnt; the remainder either went down with the wreck or was blown into the ocean. Therefore the theory of General Butler, that an immense torpedo like that of the Louisiana would, if properly exploded near an enemy's fortification, destroy it and paralyze the garrison, has never yet been tested. It may be stated in this connection that, had General Butler's plan been followed, the torpedo would have been run in upon the beach before firing it. No person can estimate what would have been the effect of the ignition of two hundred and ten tons of powder under the walls of Fort Fisher. The failure was not in the conception of the plan, but in its execution. Another great error was in attempting to explode the powder at such an early part of the night. Even if the effects hoped for had been accomplished, the enemy would have had ample time for recovery and repairs. Could there have been a more

inauspicious time selected, not only the hour of the night, but in the absence of the army? The Committee on the Conduct of the War found that "the time for the explosion was not such, in the opinion of your committee, as was proper to allow all the results which would have been attained by a more complete explosion to have been taken advantage of by the co-operating land force." Every one must recollect that but a small part of the powder was really exploded, and the fort was not materially injured.

The grand naval attack which had been preceded by the attempted explosion of the powder-boat was made on the following day.

Admiral Porter says: "At daylight on the 24th the fleet got under way and stood in, in line of battle. At 11.30 A. M. the signal was made to engage the forts, the Ironsides leading, and the Monadnock, Canonicus, and Mahopac following. The Ironsides took her position in the most beautiful and seamanlike manner, got her spring out, and opened deliberate fire on the fort, which was firing at her with all its guns, which did not seem numerous in the northeast face, though we counted what appeared to be seventeen guns; but four or five of these were fired from that direction, and they were silenced almost as soon as the Ironsides opened her terrific battery. The Minnesota then took her position in handsome style, and her guns, after getting the range, were fired with rapidity, while the Mohican, Colorado, and the large vessels marked on the plan, got to their stations, all firing to cover themselves while anchoring. By the last of the large vessels anchored and got their batteries into play, but one or two guns of the enemy were fired, this *feu d'enfer* driving them all to their bomb-proofs; . . . the battle became general; . . . such a torrent of missiles were falling into and bursting over it [the fort] that it was impossible for any human being to stand it. . . . But when they all got into place and commenced work in earnest, the shower

of shell (one hundred and fifteen per minute) was irresistible. . . . Our men were at work at the guns five hours, and glad to get a little rest." (See pages 123, 124, and 125, Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.) The fire of the navy on this attack was as rapid as on any of the following days. The navy must have fired away about half of its ammunition on this day, because, at the end of the bombardment on the 25th, Captain Breeze told General Weitzel that the navy had not sufficient ammunition to continue in case the army would elect to remain on shore. Admiral Porter says in his report of the bombardment of the 25th December, "As the ammunition gave out the vessels retired from action." And in a letter to General Butler dated the 26th of December, 1864: "I have ordered the largest vessels to proceed off Beaufort and fill up with ammunition, to be ready for another attack." It is apparent that the ammunition used on the 24th of December contributed little to the objects of the expedition. The War and Navy Departments had determined that a combined attack of the two branches of the service was necessary for the reduction of the fort. The Secretary of the Navy thought that it was not wise to even attempt the capture of the fort without a co-operating force of the army. It does not appear from whence Admiral Porter had received instructions to make the purely naval attack on the 24th. Suppose that General Butler had returned to Fortress Monroe without making an effort in the direction of the object of the expedition, would it not have been the duty of Admiral Porter to postpone his attack until he had the necessary co-operating army force near the scene of operations and ready to land? What would the country have said if General Butler, while lying off Fort Fisher waiting for the navy, during the first days of beautiful weather which preceded the storm, had determined to take advantage of it and attack? The navy had no more right to attack without the army, than

the army would have had to attack without the navy. Still, the Admiral says that he determined to attack. It is very true that he states in his letter to Secretary Wells, dated January 21, 1865, "In a conversation with General Grant I expressly told him that I wanted nothing to do with General Butler." Notwithstanding this admission, it would be a very serious charge to make against the Admiral that he did not wish General Butler present when he made *his* attempt to take the stronghold. General Butler, on the other hand, seemed to have taken great precaution that the *entente cordiale* should be maintained between the army and navy. Admiral Porter, although the junior officer, sent his fleet captain to confer with General Butler instead of going himself, while the General twice called upon the Admiral at Fortress Monroe on business connected with the expedition. However, after the navy was once ready to commence, there seemed to be a desire to push ahead, regardless of the army. The commanding officer of the navy seemed to say, "Here I am off Fort Fisher, all prepared to attack, and determined to go on; I am going to take this fort myself; if the army wants to participate in the glory that will attend the achievement, it must hurry up, or it will be too late; if the fort succumbs to the fire of my navy, I will send a handful of my marines ashore and receive its surrender." The officers and men on board the *Baltic*, which vessel had remained at sea, crowded her decks in wonderment, gazing at the terrific fire on the fort, and asking themselves what advantage was to be gained by it, while the troops which had been deemed necessary to take the fortification were so many miles away. During the bombardment the fort replied at long intervals in a sullen and determined manner. There was no perceptible change in the appearance of the fort, for it proved, on its capture, that the heavy shots had struck in its sides and buried themselves in the sand, which had fallen back to its place

and refilled the breaches made by the projectiles. On Saturday morning, the 24th of December, General Butler was first informed at Beaufort, N. C., that the powder-boat had been exploded on the previous night at about a quarter before two o'clock. After ordering his transports to follow him, he started for and arrived off New Inlet between four and five P. M., in time to see the end of the first day's bombardment. A staff officer was sent on board to confer with Admiral Porter, but he returned word that he was too much fatigued to give them audience, but would receive General Weitzel and Colonel Comstock early in the morning. At half past six o'clock, Sunday morning, General Weitzel repaired on board the *Malvern*, with instructions from General Butler to urge the Admiral to run by the fort into Cape Fear River. To this proposition Admiral Porter did not accede. General Grant had said on this subject to General Weitzel: "Weitzel, this is to be made another Mobile affair. The navy will run some of their vessels into the Cape Fear, and I would advise you to land your troops and take a position across the peninsula, and then Fort Fisher and these works will fall exactly as Fort Morgan did."

There were a number of captured blockade-runners in the fleet that had been fitted up as gunboats. It had been thought that these vessels might have been utilized in this undertaking, but the Admiral decided otherwise, and the idea of making this another Mobile affair was abandoned. Preparations were now made to recommence the bombardment, and if possible to effect a landing of the troops. The transports had continued to arrive during the night, and by the morning of the 25th of December were in their proper position off New Inlet. At about eight A. M. the navy formed in line of battle, the *Ironsides* leading in the attack and the monitors following. The firing from the vessels was a great deal slower on this day than on the day before. It was half past one in the afternoon before the Flag Pond Battery was entirely

silenced, and arrangements were completed by the naval brigade, under command of Brigadier-General C. K. Graham, to commence the landing of the troops. To cover this landing the Brooklyn and seventeen gunboats opened fire on the strip of woods just back of the beach which hid the enemy from our view. They also sent boats to the troops and rendered every assistance they could. It was a grand sight to see the Brooklyn open her broadsides. The enemy did not seem to relish the fire, and soon retreated and allowed the army to make their landing without further resistance, but not until they had sent a few shots whistling through the rigging of the *Ben Deford* and the *Baltic* and other vessels of the army fleet. The landing was effected in the vicinity of the Flag Pond Battery, which was situated about three miles north of Fort Fisher. Five hundred men of General Curtis's brigade of General Ames's division were the first troops to land on the beach, General Curtis being the first man to touch the land. As this successful disembarkation took place, a prolonged cheer went up from the decks of the transports. By the energetic efforts of General Graham the remainder of Curtis's brigade was speedily and handsomely landed. Skirmishers were thrown out into the woods in front to cover the disembarkation which continued to take place. General Curtis immediately formed his brigade and marched toward the fort along the sea-beach. As this brigade approached Flag Pond Battery the garrison ran up the white flag of surrender. The troops pushed on rapidly through the sand, for they were naturally anxious to take the prisoners. However, ere this could be effected a boat was sent ashore and the garrison, to the number of sixty-five men, carried off on board of the *Santiago de Cuba*. These prisoners belonged to the 17th North Carolina Regiment, which regiment our troops had left in front of their lines near Richmond, Va., before starting upon the expedition. By the time Curtis's bri-

gade had been landed and formed, it was quite evident that the surf was rapidly becoming heavier; already many boats were swamped. It was with the greatest difficulty that ammunition could be got through the surf without becoming damaged. Still the disembarkation continued. By three o'clock a large number of the boats had been overturned either in passing through the surf to the shore or in attempting to return through it to the ships. Although by repeated efforts many were righted, still some of them were hopelessly lost. One boat was so suddenly overturned that a number of men were caught under it. It was some time before they could be rescued. None of the men after three o'clock reached the shore without getting a thorough drenching. The men struggled gallantly with the elements, and all that nerve and strength could do was done in order to get the boats through the still rapidly rising surf. By the Herculean efforts of all, the most of Pennypacker's brigade was landed and marched forward to support Curtis, who in the mean time had been pushed up to the attack. The sand being very deep, the marching was necessarily slow. It was an utter impossibility to march the men on the double-quick.

On its way up to the fort General Curtis's brigade captured a battalion of North Carolina Junior Reserves, numbering about two hundred and fifty men under the command of a major, who had been sent out of the fort because there were not a sufficient number of bomb-proofs there to contain them. They had been ordered to remain outside the works during the day and to return at night after the fire of the navy had ceased. This is an important fact. It seems to prove that there must have been a garrison large enough to man the parapet of the fort without drawing upon these reserves. This, taken together with the other facts, clearly shows that there was a well-disciplined garrison within the walls always ready to man the parapet and

palisade as soon as the bombardment should end. These prisoners were sent off on board the transports. While Curtis's brigade was preparing for the assault, some of the men came upon a line of telegraph, the wires of which were cut. They also captured a Rebel mail-bag. The letters were written by members of the senior reserves to their families about domestic matters, and to prominent men asking for their influence to get retired from further military duty. Curtis marched resolutely on, but notwithstanding his great efforts to force march his men, the day was fast growing to an end before he had advanced his skirmishers up to the fort and found himself in position to charge. This line was pushed up to within two hundred yards of the fort, the garrison being kept in their bomb-proofs by the fire of the navy. Ten men were wounded at this time by our own shells. Immediately upon the cessation of the fire of the navy, the garrison of the fort remanned the works and the palisade. The land front had only two of its guns disabled, and the fort was "substantially uninjured as a defensive work." The enemy opened on our skirmish line and fired through the loopholes of the palisade. General Butler in his report dated Head-quarters Department of Virginia and North Carolina, December 25, 1864, says that "it was evident as soon as the fire of the navy ceased, because of darkness, that the fort was fully manned again and opened with grape and canister upon our picket line." It would have been temerity to order a charge at this time.

The following are statements made by General Whiting, the Rebel commandant of the fort, just previous to his death, in reply to a series of questions framed by General Butler and bearing upon the subject of the strength and reinforcement of the garrison of Fort Fisher, and likewise upon the effect of the bombardment. It is a fact that these answers were not given under oath; still they were made by a man in the solemnity of his approaching

death, and therefore "will carry the force of moral truth and certainty, although not in the form of judicial evidence."

"Five (5) companies of the 36th Regiment North Carolina troops, and Adams's Light Battery, amounting to six hundred and sixty-seven (667) aggregate, was the number of the garrison at Fort Fisher on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of December last."

"On the 23d, one hundred and ten men, veteran artillery of the 10th Regiment North Carolina troops, fifty sailors and the 7th Battalion Junior Reserves, about two hundred and fifty strong, were thrown into the fort."

"*Question 13.* Please state whether any part, and if so, how much of the damage done to the fort by the fire of the navy was repaired during the night?"

"*Answer.* Casualties first day: killed, none; wounded, one (1) mortally, three (3) severely, and nineteen (19) slightly; total, 23. Five (5) gun-carriages disabled.

"Second day: killed, three (3); wounded, nine (9) mortally, six (6) severely, and twenty-eight (28) slightly; total, 46. Damage but very slight; one (1) 10-inch, two (2) 32-pounder, and one (1) 8-inch carriages disabled, and one (1) 10-inch gun disabled. Damage repaired at night. Enemy's fire formidable and sustained, but diffuse, unconcentrated. Apparent design of the fleet to silence the channel batteries, in order to force an entrance with his vessels, and not to attack by land.

"The garrison was in no instance driven from its guns, and fired in return, according to orders, slowly and deliberately, six hundred and sixty-two (662) shot and shells.

"*Question 14.* By reason of the cessation of the bombardment at night, were you not able to rest and recruit your garrison?"

"*Answer.* We were able to do both.

"*Question 15.* At the time of the landing, where was the supporting force, if any, to the fort?"

"*Answer.* Assembling at Sugar Loaf as fast as Hoke's people arrived."

"*Question 17.* At the time our skirmish line was deployed before the fort, what was the condition of the guns and defences upon the land side as to efficiency for a defensive purpose?"

"*Answer.* The guns and defences on the land front were in perfect order at the time referred to, except two (2) disabled guns on the left; nineteen guns in position; palisade in perfect order and the mines the same, the wires not having been cut."

"*Question 18.* In view of the condition of the fort and its garrison, would it have been possible with either three (3) or six (6) thousand men to have taken the work by assault? (NOTE.— In answering this question, please give as many of the details for the reason you may give as possible.)

"*Answer.* Possible, yes. Probable, no. The work was very strong, the garrison in good spirits and ready; and the fire on the approaches (the assaulting column having no cover) would have been extraordinarily heavy. In addition to the heavy guns, I had a battery of Napoleons, on which I placed great reliance. The palisade alone would have been a most formidable obstacle." (See pages iv and v, Report Committee on the Conduct of the War.)

Before this immense stronghold, uninjured as it really was, stood Curtis's brigade; an isolated band of twelve hundred men on a narrow strip of land, with an enemy in their rear. General Ames says in his report, "Upon the report of Brevet Brigadier-General Curtis that he could take the fort, I sent his brigade forward to make the attempt." Even the gallant Curtis did not deem it wise to take the responsibility to assault, although he had permission from General Ames to do so. To have attacked with such an inadequate force would and could have only resulted in disaster and defeat. This brigade constituted all the troops that were within charging distance of the fort. General Ames strained every nerve to get Pennypacker's brigade up in time, but it could not be accom-

plished. Colonel Pennypacker could not have reinforced General Curtis, until late in the night, and before this the enemy would have made an attack upon their rear. There was no line, as there was in the second expedition, run across the land to guard against an attack from the direction of Wilmington. From the first prisoners General Butler learned that two brigades of Hoke's division of Rebel troops were in the woods near the point of our landing. The remainder of the division continued to arrive from Wilmington, to which place they had been ordered, after leaving the position occupied by them in front of General Butler near Richmond. The storm that was fast coming up might drive off the navy, and then the small body of our troops on shore would soon fall into the hands of the Confederates. General Whiting makes the following statement on the subject:—

"Question 21. In view of the condition of the weather immediately following the demonstration of the 25th of December, and in view of the force that might have concentrated upon the peninsula as well above as below the place of landing, would it, in your judgment, have been possible for six thousand men without artillery to have held out there, without being captured or overwhelmed, from the 26th of December to the 15th of January?

"Answer. No; and it is a matter of grave charge against General Bragg that the whole force was not captured on the 26th of December. He had the force and the position.

"Question 24. Would you have deemed it the part of wisdom on the part of the commander of the Federal forces to have exposed his troops in the situation referred to in question twenty-one?

"Answer. I do not. Neither attack was practicable in the presence of the supporting force, provided that had been under a competent officer. The first landing ought assuredly to have been captured entirely; and as for the second, although deriving much great-

er advantages from the different mode of attack by the fleet, and though pressed with great vigor, it is due to the supineness of the Confederate general that it was not destroyed in the act of assault." (See Report of Committee on Conduct of War, pages vi and vii.)

The greatest number of men ever on shore was about twenty-three hundred, and of that number there were not more than twelve hundred in position to assault. If the disembarkation had continued uninterrupted, it is possible that General Ames's division of three thousand men might have been placed on shore. But there would have been no hope of reinforcements from the fleet, for the surf would have cut off all communication with the fleet, as it really did for over thirty hours. While our troops would have been in this dangerous position, the enemy could have reinforced to any extent. General Whiting, in the answer to the committee before referred to, says:—

"Question 19. Please state whether, with a force holding the beach, from the nature of the ground and from the configuration of the channel of Cape Fear River, it would have been possible for the Confederates to have reinforced or provisioned the fort to any extent?

"Answer. No difficulty at all by the river." (See Report of Committee on Conduct of War, page vi.)

After General Curtis's brigade had marched down the beach and Pennypacker's had been partially landed, General Butler, on board of the Chamberlain, ran down to a point about five hundred yards from Fort Fisher and near the position occupied by the monitors. Here he met General Weitzel, who stated that he thought it impossible to make a successful assault upon the fort. General Butler was convinced, by reason of the state of the weather, that the fort should be immediately attacked or that the small portion of the troops landed should be withdrawn. He then ordered Colonel Comstock, who was on board with him, to jump into a boat with General Weitzel, pull

ashore, and examine with General Weitzel and report to him if an assault is possible. "To me," he said, "it does not look possible, but I am unwilling to give it up."

At the same time General Graham reported to General Butler: "General, you have got either to provide for those troops to-night on shore some way, or get them off; because it is getting so rough that we cannot land much longer." General Butler says: "General Graham had been a naval officer, but is now in the service of the army and commanding the naval brigade. Considering a few moments, I determined the course of action that should govern me. A storm was coming on; the surf was rolling in; the barometer had fallen half an inch. If we got the men on shore, it might be, and probably would be, a week before we could send an ounce of provisions to them. In the mean time a deserter from the 62d North Carolina, whom I captured once before at Hatteras, in the early part of the war, having received good treatment, came in. He said that they had marched down from Richmond, and that Kirkland's brigade and another brigade were already down there; and that Hoke was on his way with large reinforcements and had arrived at Wilmington the night before. I then made up my mind what to do in view of the fact that a storm was coming on, and if it became necessary to effect a landing again we could do it any day in two hours without the loss of a man. I thought it a great deal better to risk that than to risk the attempt to get the men on shore and intrench them."

General Butler then adds, that: "I sent to him (Admiral Porter) and asked what could be done. He sent me word that he had not an hour's ammunition, and that he must go to Beaufort to replenish his ships." (See pages 23, 24, and 25, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War.)

The Major-General commanding, having maturely considered all the difficulties of the position, determined to extricate his army from its perilous

situation and ordered a re-embarkation of his troops. It was nearly dark when this order was given. The naval brigade and the boats from the navy all vied with each other in their efforts to get all the men off the beach that night. But at about nine o'clock that evening it was impossible to get any boats through the surf, and therefore the greater part of Curtis's brigade had to be left on the beach, near the point where they had landed in the morning without food or shelter. The rain fell and the wind blew in on the shore all that night. Only one boat passed through the surf on Sunday. There were the troops on the barren beach before us in plain view, but all the assistance that could be rendered was to cover them by the fire of the navy. Gunboats were sent to their relief with orders to keep up an uninterrupted fire upon the woods in rear of our troops, who had improvised an intrenchment to fight behind in case the Rebels undertook to make them prisoners. The enemy could never have captured that body of men, small as it was, without an overwhelming force, for they were part of the picked men of General Ames's division, who afterwards charged and carried Fort Fisher by assault. These troops were not all safely re-embarked until Monday, the 27th of December. The enemy did not seem to make an effort to prevent this. Most of the transports were sent North on Sunday, but General Butler and the remaining vessels did not leave until Monday. The Major-General commanding did not reach the head-quarters Army of the James until late in the night of the 28th of December. It was a day or so after this before all the troops had returned to their former camps.

General Butler, in causing a withdrawal of the troops that he had landed on the beach, acted under the advice of two engineer officers, than whom no more skilled and learned members of their profession held commissions in the United States Army. With respect to the motives which prompted this withdrawal General Weitzel said:

"After that experience (in assaulting military works), with the information I had obtained from reading and study, — for before this war I was an instructor at the Military Academy for three years under Professor Mahan, — and in face of the fact that I had been appointed a major-general only twenty days before, and needed confirmation; notwithstanding all that, I went back to General Butler, and told him I considered it would be murder to order an attack on that work with that force. I understood Colonel Comstock to agree with me perfectly, although I did not ask him, and General Butler has since said that he did. . . .

Question. Upon deliberation, and after all you have since learned, are you entirely satisfied with the opinion you then formed about attacking the fort?

Answer. Yes, sir, I am fully satisfied, from all I have heard since, from the result of the second attack, and everything else, — I am fully satisfied that I did my duty there." (See page iii, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War.)

Colonel Comstock also gave the following testimony before the same committee: —

Question. With the information that General Weitzel had, would you have agreed with him, independent of what General Curtis said to you?

Answer. I should, from the information I had at that time." (See page iv, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War.)

A gallant officer and a few men, under the fire of the navy guns, approached so near to the fort as to carry off a flag which had been cut down by a shell, and was hanging over the parapet. "Thinking that probably the Rebels had not observed it, he crept upon his hands and knees to the palisading, found a hole in it that one of the shells had made, crept through the hole and up to the flag, and got it and got away with it, without being observed." (See Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War, p. 77.) But "this was done

while the shells of the navy were falling about the heads of the daring men who entered the works." Had Curtis's brigade charged through this fire of the navy, and had they been successful in getting possession of a portion of the fort, still this would have been but the beginning of their task; for it is known from experience with the same garrison in the second expedition, that they would have been obliged to fight after they got into the fortification itself. The whole of General Ames's division did fight this identical garrison, somewhat reinforced, inside of the fort, on the second expedition, for nearly seven hours, before there were indications that the Rebels contemplated giving up the battle as lost. There can be but little doubt that, had Curtis charged at the time, unsupported as he was, he would have lost the most of his brigade. On the first expedition the army had only three and one half hours of favorable weather to land and make the necessary arrangements to charge this stronghold of the Rebellion. The second expedition were accorded three days of uninterruptedly beautiful weather. The Committee on the Conduct of the War gave the question as to the refusal of the Major-General commanding the army forces to assault Fort Fisher a thorough and complete examination. The testimony covers over two hundred and sixty pages of printed matter, and after the most mature deliberation the Committee found as follows: "In conclusion, your committee would say, from all the testimony before them, that the determination of General Butler not to assault the fort seems to have been fully justified by all the facts and circumstances then known or afterwards ascertained."

In his instructions to General Butler the Lieutenant-General directed as follows: "The object of the expedition will be gained on effecting a landing on the mainland between Cape Fear River and the Atlantic, north of the north entrance to the river. Should such landing be effected, whether the enemy hold Fort Fisher or the batteries guard-

ing the entrance to the river there, the troops should intrench themselves, and by co-operating with the navy effect the reduction and capture of those places." General Butler does not seem to have been unmindful of these instructions. He did not believe that he had effected such a landing as was contemplated in General Grant's letter to him. There were sixty-five hundred men belonging to the army branch of the expedition. Out of this number there were only about twenty-three hundred men landed. There were very few supplies, no artillery, and little am-

munition placed on shore. This force amounted to about one third of the troops, and they were without the necessary supplies. This was merely a partial landing. General Butler explained his reason for withdrawing his forces in the following words: "By going away I would draw off the enemy's attention. If I remained there, it would keep his forces concentrated at that point; and if I was driven away by the storm that was coming up, then I should lose the men I had landed. I acted for the best, according to the light I had."

H. C. Lockwood.

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

V.

INFLAMMATIONS OF INTERNAL PARTS OF THE EYE.

A BRIEF reference to a few points will show how suicidal is the course often pursued, in neglecting disease of the important internal structures of the eye until their vitality is wholly destroyed and recovery of vision hopeless.

Some of the most serious of these changes are attended with little pain, and perhaps give warning of their progress only by diminished sight. When pain occurs, as in the cases of acute inflammation, it differs from the smarting or itching sensations accompanying most of the forms of external inflammation, and has a deep-seated aching character, often extending along the nerves in the neighborhood of the eye, and sometimes more severe in the forehead and temples than in the eye itself. Any such pain, therefore, especially if accompanied by dimness of sight, should receive immediate attention, as a warning of impending mischief.

As might be supposed, most of the remedies which prove useful in the

treatment of inflammations of the external membranes of the eye are not at all adapted to affections of the internal parts, and can only be hurtful if applied.

INFLAMMATION OF THE IRIS.

This curtain, stretched across the interior of the eye, and from which it takes its color, blue, hazel, etc., is frequently the seat of inflammation. Generally this is attended with pain, extending to the brow or even to the whole of that side of the head, and usually more severe at night. The eye is often quite red, especially around the cornea, but in some cases there is little to attract attention to the eye. There is usually a copious flow of tears, but little thick mucous discharge.

The source of danger lies especially in the tendency to closure of the pupil by adhesion of its edges to neighboring parts. The thickened iris lies in contact with the crystalline lens, and the lymph thrown out from it, similar to the material which unites the edges of ordinary flesh-wounds, forms deposits which cement the margin of the pupil to the lens behind it and often

completely fill its area. This misfortune may be avoided by timely treatment, the iris and lens being kept from contact with each other till the inflammation subsides. This is of great importance to the actual and prospective safety of the eye. If adhesions have already formed they may sometimes be detached, while still recent, by the use of remedies ; but if neglected they become firmly fastened, and can only be separated by surgical means.

Even slight adhesions increase the danger in case of future attacks of the disease ; but where the pupil has become entirely closed immediate surgical interference is necessary, to prevent a slow, destructive process resulting from pressure of the accumulating fluids behind the iris which can no longer find their way through the pupil.

Strong light and much use of the eyes should be avoided during the attack.

Persons of rheumatic constitution are liable to repeated visitations of iritis, which may occur at longer or shorter intervals. They should be careful to give prompt attention to the earliest symptoms,—slight pain, or dimness, or soreness on moving the eyeball,—as a prolonged attack may often be averted if the eye is at once placed under the influence of suitable remedies.

GLAUCOMA.

One of the diseases most absolutely fatal to vision if neglected, or if inefficiently treated, is glaucoma. It is most frequent in women, usually occurs after the middle period of life, and often follows physical or mental depression resulting from fatigue in watching with sick friends or grief in mourning their loss.

The pain in acute attacks is agonizing ; but it is often felt so much more severely in the nerves in the vicinity of the eye than in the globe itself, that these symptoms are frequently mistaken for facial neuralgia, and, notwithstanding the loss of sight, the primary seat of the disease is overlooked.

The eyeball becomes hard, the cornea loses its sensibility, so that it may be touched with a probe without causing pain, the iris is pushed forward and the pupil dilated by the overcrowding of parts behind it, and all vision, even the perception of light, may be lost within a few days. There is often very little redness of the eyeball. These symptoms now and then subside for a time, to return after a longer or shorter interval with renewed force.

The attack is often preceded by a necessity for rapidly increasing the strength of the glasses worn for reading, and by an appearance of rainbow colors around the light on looking at a lamp in the evening, or of a fog or white sheet thrown over objects in the daytime.

On examination with the ophthalmoscope the entrance of the optic nerve, if still visible, shows a cup-like depression, a result of the extreme pressure within the globe. As the disease goes on, the transparent internal parts grow cloudy, so that the optic nerve can no longer be seen, the globe becomes of a stony hardness, the pupil is enlarged to the utmost, the iris is thinned by pressure, the lens is crowded forward until it lies against the cornea and takes a sea-green color, and hopeless disorganization ensues in all the tissues. The pain may continue during all these changes, or it may subside at an earlier period.

The only known remedy for this disease is the early performance of what is termed iridectomy,—an excision of a portion of the iris,—before the morbid changes have continued long enough to crush out the visual power and spoil the eye by their fatal pressure.

The results of this operation, the greatest triumph of modern ophthalmic surgery, seem almost miraculous : it at the same time removes the extreme tension and puts an end to the unhealthy action which gave rise to it ; and a sufferer, one or both of whose eyes had become blind, obtains instant relief from the intense pain, and regains more or less quickly his lost vision.

But to be complete, the relief must be speedy; too long compression of the delicate tissue of the retina destroys its powers.

AMAUROSIS.

Prior to the invention of the ophthalmoscope the term "amaurosis" was applied to loss of sight arising from sundry obscure conditions of the deeper-seated parts of the eye. Most of these are now distinguished as resulting from various changes, and are designated according to the structures affected; and, as now understood, amaurosis implies disease in or behind the optic nerve, excluding such loss of sight as results from inflammation of the choroid or retina, separation of the retina, etc. Many cases, formerly considered hopeless amaurotic disease, are now found by the ophthalmoscope to belong to a more hopeful class of affections, capable of relief.

DISEASES OF OTHER ORGANS MANIFESTED IN THE EYE.

Not the least among the wonders revealed by the ophthalmoscope is the detection of diseases of other and distant organs by an examination of the internal parts of the eye. This has become possible, and the appearances indicating degeneration of the kidney can be as positively distinguished from those denoting certain changes in the brain, or from the structural alterations caused by diseases originating in the eye itself, as any of the most evident external manifestations of disease, as, for instance, those of small-pox and scarlatina can be discriminated from each other. The knowledge thus obtained will doubtless become more and more available in the explanation of phenomena which have hitherto been obscure, and aid in the successful treatment of disease.

CATARACT.

Cataract consists in a loss of transparency in the crystalline lens or its capsule. Cloudiness of the cornea, the result of ulceration, is quite a different

thing, though such opacities are often supposed to be cataract.

When children are born with cataract, or it is developed early in life, as also in cases where it has resulted from a blow or wound of the eye, the cataract is usually soft and of a whitish or bluish-white color. When caused by a hurt it is formed only in the injured eye; but when not the result of an accident it generally appears sooner or later in both eyes.

Soft cataract may be removed, with little risk, by an operation; but it is safer, in many instances, to operate by such a method as will require considerable time for the subsequent absorption and disappearance of the opaque lens, rather than to attempt its immediate removal.

The larger number of cataracts are found in persons beyond middle life; the disease affecting those of every condition and occupation, without apparent relation to the amount or nature of the use they may have made of their eyes. It is probably a result of modifications in the nutrition of the lens, causing it to become opaque, just as the hair becomes white in some persons with advancing age. Like these changes in the hair, it is often hereditary.

The progress of the cloudiness, which gradually shuts out perception of objects, varies greatly in different cases. This circumstance, and the fact that the vision may often be temporarily improved by palliatives, has allowed charlatans to claim that they have cured cataract without operation. But this pretension, often made, is as often falsified by the steady increase of the abnormal changes.

Sometimes the existence of cataract is accidentally discovered upon closing one eye, when it is found that vision in the other is nearly gone. In other instances a slight confusion of vision attracts attention to the eye in the very early stages of cloudiness.

Persons affected with cataract often see better in a dim light, at twilight, or on cloudy days, and perhaps find themselves suddenly unable to see on going

into a bright sunlight. They should therefore be careful, when coming out of church or other places into a broad daylight, not to make mistakes in their judgment of distances and thus be liable to falls.

It is an error to suppose that there is no help for old people who become blind from cataract. The operation for its extraction from the eye is generally successful in restoring vision,—far more so than could have been expected, considering the exceeding delicacy of structure of the eye,—and it can be done without pain, and usually involves only a brief confinement. Persons who are in their usual health, however aged they may be, whose eyes are not otherwise diseased, may therefore submit to an operation with confidence and hope.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

Of all the requisites for a comfortable use of the eyes, none is more important than a favorable and sufficient light; and perhaps none is oftener neglected. Many persons read while lying down, giving more thought to comfort in the position of their bodies than to whether the light falls in such a direction as is adapted for easy vision. Many school-rooms are so arranged as to favor only the teacher, whose desk is between the windows, while a flood

of light falls full on the faces of the pupils, whose eyes have no protection against the strong glare.

Such a position as will allow the light to fall over the shoulder upon the book or paper is best in reading or writing, especially in the evening, the book being also so held that the eyes are not exposed to a direct reflection from the pages.

When artificial light is used, it should be steady and abundant. Far more harm is done by too little than by too much light when the eyes are used for reading, sewing, and similar avocations, and we may well rejoice in the advent of better means of illumination than were possessed by our ancestors. Tradition tells us that tallow-candles and pitch-pine splinters enlightened the eager youthful studies of some whom our country has ranked high among her honored names, but we are more fortunate in having for our "midnight oil" the German student's-lamp, the bright gas-jet, or the clear flame of kerosene.

A soft, steady light, such as is given by a student's or a carcel lamp, is perhaps the perfection of artificial light; yet we may regard gas or kerosene as good enough for all practical purposes, if used in sufficient quantity and with burners which do not flicker.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

V

WHEN we last talked over Hawthorne together, I resolved that the next time we met I would finish what I had to say to you about my favorite author. Whenever I look at his portrait,—and that is pretty often, I assure you,—some new trait or anecdote or reminiscence comes up and asks to be made known to those who feel an interest in it. But time and

eternity call loudly on mortal gossip to be brief. So this April morning shall be our last session over that child of genius, who first saw the light on the 4th of July, 1804.

One of his favorite books was Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and in 1862 I dedicated to him the *Household Edition* of that work. When he received the first volume, he wrote to me

a letter of which I am so proud that I keep it among my bes treasures. Upon honor, Jack, I blush while I read it even to you, but you will think better of your uncle after you hear it.

"I am exceedingly gratified by the dedication. I do not deserve so high an honor; but if you think me worthy, it is enough to make the compliment in the highest degree acceptable, no matter who may dispute my title to it. I care more for your good opinion than for that of a host of critics, and have an excellent reason for so doing; inasmuch as my literary success, whatever it has been or may be, is the result of my connection with you. Somehow or other you smote the rock of public sympathy on my behalf, and a stream gushed forth in sufficient quantity to quench my thirst, though not to drown me. I think no author can ever have had publisher that he valued so much as I do mine."

He began in 1862 to send me some articles from his *English Journal* for the magazine, which he afterwards collected into a volume and called "*Our Old Home*." Sending one to me for December of that year, he says:—

"I hope you will like it, for the subject seemed interesting to me when I was on the spot, but I always feel a singular despondency and heaviness of heart in reopening those old journals now. However, if I can make readable sketches out of them, it is no matter."

In the same letter he tells me he has been re-reading *Scott's Life*, and he suggests some additions to the concluding volume. He says:—

"If the last volume is not already printed and stereotyped, I think you ought to insert in it an explanation of all that is left mysterious in the former volumes,—the name and family of the lady he was in love with, etc. It is desirable, too, to know what have been the fortunes and final catastrophes of his family and intimate friends since his death, down to as recent a period as the death of Lockhart. All such matter would make your edition more valuable; and I see no reason why you

should be bound by the deference to living connections of the family that may prevent the English publishers from inserting these particulars. We stand in the light of posterity to them, and have the privileges of posterity. . . . I should be glad to know something of the personal character and life of his eldest son, and whether (as I have heard) he was ashamed of his father for being a literary man. In short, fifty pages devoted to such elucidation would make the edition unique. Do come and see us before the leaves fall."

While he was engaged in copying out and rewriting his papers on *England* for the magazine, he was very despondent about their reception by the public. Speaking of them one day to me, he said: "We must remember that there is a good deal of intellectual ice mingled with this wine of memory." He was sometimes so dispirited during the war, that he was obliged to postpone his contributions for sheer lack of spirit to go on. Near the close of the year 1862 he writes:—

"I am delighted at what you tell me about the kind appreciation of my articles, for I feel rather gloomy about them myself. I am really much encouraged by what you say; not but that I am sensible that you mollify me with a good deal of soft soap, but it is skilfully applied and effects all you intend it should. . . . I cannot come to Boston to spend more than a day, just at present. It would suit me better to come for a visit when the spring of next year is a little advanced, and if you renew your hospitable proposition then, I shall probably be glad to accept it; though I have now been a hermit so long, that the thought affects me somewhat as it would to invite a lobster or a crab to step out of his shell."

He continued, during the early months of 1863, to send now and then an article for the magazine from his *English Note-Books*. On the 22d of February he writes:—

"Here is another article. I wish it would not be so wretchedly long, but

there are many things which I shall find no opportunity to say unless I say them now ; so the article grows under my hand, and one part of it seems just about as well worth printing as another. Heaven sees fit to visit me with an unshakable conviction that all this series of articles is good for nothing ; but that is none of my business, provided the public and you are of a different opinion. If you think any part of it can be left out with advantage, you are quite at liberty to do so. Probably I have not put Leigh Hunt quite high enough for your sentiments respecting him ; but no more genuine characterization and criticism (so far as the writer's purpose to be true goes) was ever done. It is very slight. I might have made more of it, but should not have improved it.

"I mean to write two more of these articles, and then hold my hand. I intend to come to Boston before the end of this week, if the weather is good. It must be nearly or quite six months since I was there ! I wonder how many people there are in the world who would keep their nerves in tolerably good order through such a length of nearly solitary imprisonment ?"

I advised him to begin to put the series in order for a volume, and to preface the book with his "Consular Experiences." On the 18th of April he writes : —

"I don't think the public will bear any more of this sort of thing. . . . I had a letter from —, the other day, in which he sends me the enclosed verses, and I think he would like to have them published in the Atlantic. Do it if you like ; I pretend to no judgment in poetry. He also sent this epithalamium by Mrs. —, and I doubt not the good lady will be pleased to see it copied into one of our American newspapers with a few laudatory remarks. Can't you do it in the Transcript, and send her a copy ? You cannot imagine how a little praise jollifies us poor authors to the marrow of our bones. Consider, if you had not been a publisher, you would certainly have

been one of our wretched tribe, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for us. (Let Michael Angelo write the remarks, if you have not the time.)"

"Michael Angelo" was a little Irish boy who had the care of my room, at the old corner shop, where your uncle lived so many years behind a green curtain. Hawthorne conceived a fancy for the little lad, and liked to hear stories of his smart replies to persistent authors who called during my absence with unpromising-looking manuscripts. On the 30th of April he writes : —

"I send the article with which the volume is to commence, and you can begin printing it whenever you like. I can think of no better title than this, 'Our Old Home ; a Series of English Sketches, by,' etc. I submit to your judgment whether it would not be well to print these 'Consular Experiences' in the volume without depriving them of any freshness they may have by previous publication in the magazine ?

"The article has some of the features that attract the curiosity of the foolish public, being made up of personal narrative and gossip, with a few pungencies of personal satire, which will not be the less effective because the reader can scarcely find out who was the individual meant. I am not without hope of drawing down upon myself a good deal of critical severity on this score, and would gladly incur more of it if I could do so without seriously deserving censure.

"The story of the Doctor of Divinity, I think, will prove a good card in this way. It is every bit true (like the other anecdotes), only not told so darkly as it might have been for the reverend gentleman. I do not believe there is any danger of his identity being ascertained, and do not care whether it is or no, as it could only be done by the impertinent researches of other people. It seems to me quite essential to have some novelty in the collected volume, and, if possible, something that may excite a little discussion and remark. But decide for yourself and me ; and if

you conclude not to publish it in the magazine, I think I can concoct another article in season for the August number, if you wish. After the publication of the volume, it seems to me the public had better have no more of them.

"J—— has been telling us a mythical story of your intending to walk with him from Cambridge to Concord. We should be delighted to see you, though more for our own sakes than yours, for our aspect here is still a little winterish. When you come, let it be on Saturday, and stay till Monday. I am hungry to talk with you."

I was enchanted, of course, with the "Consular Experiences," and I find from his letters of that time that he was made specially happy by the encomiums I could not help writing upon that inimitable sketch. When the "Old Home" was nearly all in type, he began to think about a dedication to the book. On the 3d of May he writes: —

"I am of three minds about dedicating the volume. First, it seems due to Frank Pierce (as he put me into the position where I made all those profound observations of English scenery, life, and character) to inscribe it to him with a few pages of friendly and explanatory talk, which also would be very gratifying to my own life-long affection for him.

"Secondly, I want to say something to Bennoch, to show him that I am thoroughly mindful of all his hospitality and kindness; and I suppose he might be pleased to see his name at the head of a book of mine.

"Thirdly, I am not convinced that it is worth while to inscribe it to anybody. We will see hereafter."

The book moved on slowly through the press, and he seemed more than commonly nervous about the proof-sheets. On the 28th of May he says in a note to me: —

"In a proof-sheet of 'Our Old Home' which I sent you to-day (page 43, or 4, or 5 or thereabout) I corrected a line thus, 'possessing a happy faculty of seeing my own interest.' Now as the

public interest was my sole and individual object while I held office, I think that, as a matter of scanty justice to myself, the line ought to stand thus, 'possessing a happy faculty of seeing my own interest and the public's.' Even then, you see, I only give myself credit for half the disinterestedness I really felt. Pray, by all means, have it altered as above, even if the page is stereotyped; which it can't have been, as the proof is now in our Concord post-office, and you will have it at the same time with this.

"We are getting into full leaf here, and your walk with J—— might come off any time."

An arrangement was made with the liberal house of Smith and Elder, of London, to bring out "Our Old Home" on the day of its publication in Boston. On the 1st of July Hawthorne wrote to me from The Wayside as follows: —

"I am delighted with Smith and Elder, or rather with you; for it is you that squeeze the English sovereigns out of the poor devils. On my own behalf I never could have thought of asking more than £50, and should hardly have expected to get £10; I look upon the £180 as the only trustworthy funds I have, our own money being of such a gaseous consistency. By the time I can draw for it, I expect it will be worth at least fifteen hundred dollars.

"I shall think over the prefatory matter for 'Our Old Home' to-day, and will write it to-morrow. It requires some little thought and policy in order to say nothing amiss at this time; for I intend to dedicate the book to Frank Pierce, come what may. It shall reach you on Friday morning.

"We find Gail Hamilton a comfortable and desirable guest to have in the house. My wife likes her hugely, and for my part, I had no idea that there was such a sensible woman of letters in the world. She is just as healthy-minded as if she had never touched a pen. I am glad she had a pleasant time, and hope she will come back.

"I mean to come to Boston whenever I can be sure of a cool day.

"What a prodigious length of time you stayed among the mountains!

"You ought not to assume such liberties of absence without the consent of your friends, which I hardly think you would get. I, at least, want you always within attainable distance, even though I never see you. Why can't you come and stay a day or two with us, and drink some spruce-beer?"

Those were troublous days, full of war gloom and general despondency. The North was naturally suspicious of all public men who did not bear a conspicuous part in helping to put down the Rebellion. General Pierce had been President of the United States, and was not identified, to say the least, with the great party which favored the vigorous prosecution of the war. Hawthorne proposed to dedicate his new book to a very dear friend, indeed, but in doing so he would draw public attention in a marked way to an unpopular name. Several of Hawthorne's friends, on learning that he intended to inscribe his book to Franklin Pierce, came to me and begged that I would, if possible, help Hawthorne to see that he ought not to do anything to endanger the success of his new volume. Accordingly I wrote to him just what many of his friends had said to me, and this is his reply to my letter, which bears date the 18th of July, 1863:—

"I thank you for your note of the 15th instant, and have delayed my reply thus long in order to ponder deeply on your advice, smoke cigars over it, and see what it might be possible for me to do towards taking it. I find that it would be a piece of poltroonery in me to withdraw either the dedication or the dedicatory letter. My long and intimate personal relations with Pierce render the dedication altogether proper, especially as regards this book, which would have had no existence without his kindness; and if he is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the volume, there is

so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him. I cannot, merely on account of pecuniary profit or literary reputation, go back from what I have deliberately felt and thought it right to do; and if I were to tear out the dedication, I should never look at the volume again without remorse and shame. As for the literary public, it must accept my book precisely as I think fit to give it, or let it alone.

"Nevertheless, I have no fancy for making myself a martyr when it is honorably and conscientiously possible to avoid it; and I always measure out my heroism very accurately according to the exigencies of the occasion, and should be the last man in the world to throw away a bit of it needlessly. So I have looked over the concluding paragraph and have amended it in such a way that, while doing what I know to be justice to my friend, it contains not a word that ought to be objectionable to any set of readers. If the public of the North see fit to ostracize me for this, I can only say, that I would gladly sacrifice a thousand or two of dollars rather than retain the good-will of such a herd of dolts and mean-spirited scoundrels. I enclose the rewritten paragraph, and shall wish to see a proof of that and the whole dedication.

"I had a call from an Englishman yesterday, and kept him to dinner; not the threatened —, but a Mr. —, introduced by —. He says he knows you, and he seems to be a very good fellow. I have strong hopes that he will never come back here again, for J—— took him on a walk of several miles, whereby they both caught a most tremendous ducking, and the poor Englishman was frightened half to death by the thunder. . . . On the other page is the list of presentation people, and it amounts to twenty-four, which your liberality and kindness allow me. As likely as not I have forgotten two or three, and I held my pen suspended over one or two of the names, doubting whether they deserved

of me so especial a favor as a portion of my heart and brain. I have few friends. Some authors, I should think, would require half the edition for private distribution."

"Our Old Home" was published in the autumn of 1863, and although it was everywhere welcomed, in England the strictures were applied with a liberal hand. On the 18th of October he writes to me:—

"You sent me the 'Reader' with a notice of the book, and I have received one or two others, one of them from Bennoch. The English critics seem to think me very bitter against their countrymen, and it is, perhaps, natural that they should, because their self-conceit can accept nothing short of indiscriminate adulation; but I really think that Americans have more cause than they to complain of me. Looking over the volume, I am rather surprised to find that whenever I draw a comparison between the two people, I almost invariably cast the balance against ourselves. It is not a good nor a weighty book, nor does it deserve any great amount either of praise or censure. I don't care about seeing any more notices of it."

Meantime the "Dolliver Romance," which had been laid aside on account of the exciting scenes through which we were then passing, and which unfitted him for the composition of a work of the imagination, made little progress. In a note written to me at this time he says:—

"I can't tell you when to expect an instalment of the Romance, if ever. There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold, and have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered if I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book."

I invited him to come to Boston and have a cheerful week among his old friends, and I threw in as an inducement a hint that he should hear the great organ in the Music Hall. I also suggested that we could talk over the

new Romance together, if he would gladden us all by coming to the city. Instead of coming, he sent this reply:—

"I thank you for your kind invitation to hear the grand instrument; but it offers me no inducement additional to what I should always have for a visit to your abode. I have no ear for an organ or a Jews-harp, nor for any instrument between the two: so you had better invite a worthier guest, and I will come another time.

"I don't see much probability of my having the first chapter of the Romance ready so soon as you want it. There are two or three chapters ready to be written, but I am not yet robust enough to begin, and I feel as if I should never carry it through.

"Besides, I want to prefix a little sketch of Thoreau to it, because, from a tradition which he told me about this house of mine, I got the idea of a deathless man, which is now taking a shape very different from the original one. It seems the duty of a live literary man to perpetuate the memory of a dead one, when there is such fair opportunity as in this case; but how Thoreau would scorn me for thinking that I could perpetuate him! And I don't think so.

"I can think of no title for the unborn Romance. Always heretofore I have waited till it was quite complete before attempting to name it, and I fear I shall have to do so now. I wish you or Mrs. F—— would suggest one. Perhaps you may snatch a title out of the infinite void that will miraculously suit the book, and give me a needful impetus to write it.

"I want a great deal of money. . . . I wonder how people manage to live economically. I seem to spend little or nothing, and yet it will get very far beyond the second thousand, for the present year. . . . If it were not for these troublesome necessities, I doubt whether you would ever see so much as the first chapter of the new Romance.

"Those verses entitled 'Weariness,'

in the last magazine, seem to me profoundly touching. I too am weary, and begin to look ahead for the Wayside Inn."

I had frequent accounts of his ill health and changed appearance, but I supposed he would rally again soon, and become hale and strong before the winter fairly set in. But the shadows even then were about his pathway, and Cunningham's lines, which he once quoted to me, must often have occurred to him, —

"Cold 's the snow at my head,
And cold 's the snow at my feet ;
And the finger of death 's at my eyes,
Closing them to sleep."

We had arranged together that the "Dolliver Romance" should be first published in the magazine, in monthly instalments, and we decided to begin in the January number of 1864. On the 8th of November came a long letter from him, and I will read to you an extract from it : —

"I foresee that there is little probability of my getting the first chapter ready by the 15th, although I have a resolute purpose to write it by the end of the month. It will be in time for the February number, if it turns out fit for publication at all. As to the title, we must defer settling that till the book is fully written, and meanwhile I see nothing better than to call the series of articles 'Fragments of a Romance.' This will leave me to exercise greater freedom as to the mechanism of the story than I otherwise can, and without which I shall probably get entangled in my own plot. When the work is completed in the magazine, I can fill up the gaps and make straight the crookednesses, and christen it with a fresh title. In this untried experiment of a serial work, I desire not to pledge myself, or promise the public more than I may confidently expect to achieve. As regards the sketch of Thoreau, I am not ready to write it yet, but will mix him up with the life of The Wayside, and produce an autobiographical preface for the finished Romance. If the public like that sort of

stuff, I too find it pleasant and easy writing, and can supply a new chapter of it for every new volume, and that, moreover, without infringing upon my proper privacy. An old Quaker wrote me, the other day, that he had been reading my Introduction to the 'Mosses' and the 'Scarlet Letter,' and felt as if he knew me better than his best friend ; but I think he considerably overestimates the extent of his intimacy with me.

"I received several private letters and printed notices of 'Our Old Home' from England. It is laughable to see the innocent wonder with which they regard my criticisms, accounting for them by jaundice, insanity, jealousy, hatred, on my part, and never admitting the least suspicion that there may be a particle of truth in them. The monstrosity of their self-conceit is such that anything short of unlimited admiration impresses them as malicious caricature. But they do me great injustice in supposing that I hate them. I would as soon hate my own people.

"Tell Ticknor that I want a hundred dollars more, and I suppose I shall keep on wanting more and more till the end of my days. If I subside into the almshouse before my intellectual faculties are quite extinguished, it strikes me that I would make a very pretty book out of it ; and, seriously, if I alone were concerned, I should not have any great objection to winding up there."

On the 14th of November came a pleasant little note from him, which seemed to have been written in better spirits than he had shown of late. Photographs of himself always amused him greatly, and in the little note I refer to there is this pleasant passage. —

"Here is the photograph, — a grandfatherly old figure enough ; and I suppose that is the reason why you select it.

"I am much in want of *cartes de visite* to distribute on my own account, and am tired and disgusted with all the undesirable likenesses as yet pre-

sented of me. Don't you think I might sell my head to some photographer who would be willing to return me the value in small change; that is to say, in a dozen or two of cards?"

The first part of Chapter I. of "The Dolliver Romance" came to me from The Wayside on the 1st of December. Hawthorne was very anxious to see it in type as soon as possible, in order that he might compose the rest in a similar strain, and so conclude the preliminary phase of Dr. Dolliver. He was constantly imploring me to send him a good pen, complaining all the while that everything had failed him in that line. In one of his notes begging me to hunt him up something that he could write with, he says:—

"Nobody ever suffered more from pens than I have, and I am glad that my labor with the abominable little tool is drawing to a close."

In the month of December Hawthorne attended the funeral of Mrs. Franklin Pierce, and, after the ceremony, came to stay with us. He seemed ill and more nervous than usual. He said he found General Pierce greatly needing his companionship, for he was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his wife. I well remember the sadness of Hawthorne's face when he told us he felt obliged to look on the dead. "It was," said he, "like a carven image laid in its richly embossed enclosure, and there was a remote expression about it as if the whole had nothing to do with things present." He told us, as an instance of the ever-constant courtesy of his friend General Pierce, that while they were standing at the grave, the General, though completely overcome with his own sorrow, turned and drew up the collar of Hawthorne's coat to shield him from the bitter cold.

The same day, as the sunset deepened and we sat together in this room, Hawthorne began to talk in an autobiographical vein, and gave us the story of his early life, of which I have already told you somewhat. He said

that at an early age he accompanied his mother and sister to a township in Maine, which his grandfather had purchased. That, he continued, was the happiest period of his life, and it lasted till he was thirteen, when he was sent to school in Salem. "I lived in Maine," he said, "like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there I first got my cursed habits of solitude." During the moonlight nights of winter he would skate until midnight all alone upon Sebago Lake, with the deep shadows of the icy hills on either hand. When he found himself far away from his home and weary with the exertion of skating, he would sometimes take refuge in a log-cabin, where half a tree would be burning on the broad hearth. He would sit in the ample chimney and look at the stars through the great aperture while the flame went roaring up. "Ah," he said, "how well I recall the summer days also, when, with my gun, I roamed at will through the woods of Maine. How sad middle life looks to people of erratic temperaments. Everything is beautiful in youth, for all things are allowed to it then."

The early home of the Hawthornes in Maine must have been a lonely dwelling-place indeed. A year ago (May 12, 1870) the old place was visited by one who had a true feeling for Hawthorne's genius, and who thus graphically describes the spot.

"A little way off the main-travelled road in the town of Raymond there stood an old house which has much in common with houses of its day, but which is distinguished from them by the more evident marks of neglect and decay. Its unpainted walls are deeply stained by time. Cornice and window-ledge and threshold are fast falling with the weight of years. The fences were long since removed from all the enclosures, the garden-wall is broken down, and the garden itself is now grown up to pines whose shadows fall dark and heavy upon the old and mossy roof; fitting roof-trees for such a

mansion, planted there by the hands of Nature herself, as if she could not realize that her darling child was ever to go out from his early home. The highway once passed its door, but the location of the road has been changed; and now the old house stands solitarily apart from the busy world. Longer than I can remember, — and I have never learned how long, — this house has stood untenanted and wholly unused, except, for a few years, as a place of public worship; but, for myself, and for all who know its earlier history, it will ever have the deepest interest, for it was *the early home of Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

“Often have I, when passing through that town, turned aside to study the features of that landscape, and to reflect upon the influence which his surroundings had upon the development of this author’s genius. A few rods to the north runs a little mill-stream, its sloping bank once covered with grass, now so worn and washed by the rains as to show but little except yellow sand. Less than half a mile to the west this stream empties into an arm of Sebago Lake. Doubtless, at the time the house was built, the forest was so much cut away in that direction as to bring into view the waters of the lake, for a mill was built upon the brook about half-way down the valley, and it is reasonable to suppose that a clearing was made from the mill to the landing upon the shore of the pond; but the pines have so far regained their old dominion as completely to shut out the whole prospect in that direction. Indeed, the site affords but a limited survey, except to the northwest. Across a narrow valley in that direction lie open fields and dark pine-covered slopes. Beyond these rise long ranges of forest-crowned hills, while in the far distance every hue of rock and tree, of field and grove, melts into the soft blue of Mount Washington. The spot must ever have had the utter loneliness of the pine forests upon the borders of our northern lakes. The deep silence and dark shadows of the old woods

must have filled the imagination of a youth possessing Hawthorne’s sensibility with images which later years could not dispel.

“To this place came the widowed mother of Hawthorne in company with her brother, an original proprietor and one of the early settlers of the town of Raymond. This house was built for her, and here she lived with her son for several years in the most complete seclusion. Perhaps she strove to conceal here a grief which she could not forget. In what way, and to what extent, the surroundings of his boyhood operated in moulding the character and developing the genius of that gifted author I leave to the reader to determine. I have tried simply to draw a faithful picture of his early home.”

On the 15th of December Hawthorne wrote to me: —

“I have not yet had courage to read the Dolliver proof-sheet, but will set about it soon, though with terrible reluctance, such as I never felt before. . . . I am most grateful to you for protecting me from that visitation of the elephant and his cub. If you happen to see Mr. — of L—, a young man who was here last summer, pray tell him anything that your conscience will let you, to induce him to spare me another visit, which I know he intended. I really am not well and cannot be disturbed by strangers without more suffering than it is worth while to endure. I thank Mrs. F— and yourself for your kind hospitality, past and prospective. I never come to see you without feeling the better for it, but I must not test so precious a remedy too often.”

The new year found him incapacitated from writing much on the Romance. On the 17th of January, 1864, he says: —

“I am not quite up to writing yet, but shall make an effort as soon as I see any hope of success. You ought to be thankful that (like most other broken-down authors) I do not pester you with decrepit pages, and insist upon your accepting them as full of the old

spirit and vigor. That trouble, perhaps, still awaits you, after I shall have reached a further stage of decay. Seriously, my mind has, for the present, lost its temper and its fine edge, and I have an instinct that I had better keep quiet. Perhaps I shall have a new spirit of vigor, if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not."

The end of February found him in a mood which I can best indicate to you by reading this letter, which he addressed to me on the 25th of the month:—

"I hardly know what to say to the public about this abortive Romance, though I know pretty well what the case will be. I shall never finish it. Yet it is not quite pleasant for an author to announce himself, or to be announced, as finally broken down as to his literary faculty. It is a pity that I let you put this work in your programme for the year, for I had always a presentiment that it would fail us at the pinch. Say to the public what you think best, and as little as possible; for example: 'We regret that Mr. Hawthorne's Romance, announced for this magazine some months ago, still lies upon the author's writing-table, he having been interrupted in his labor upon it by an impaired state of health'; or, 'We are sorry to hear (but know not whether the public will share our grief) that Mr. Hawthorne is out of health and is thereby prevented, for the present, from proceeding with another of his promised (or threatened) Romances, intended for this magazine'; or, 'Mr. Hawthorne's brain is addled at last, and, much to our satisfaction, he tells us that he cannot possibly go on with the Romance announced on the cover of the January magazine. We consider him finally shelved, and shall take early occasion to bury him under a heavy article, carefully summing up his merits (such as they were) and his demerits, what few of them can be touched upon in our limited space'; or, 'We shall commence the publication of Mr. Hawthorne's Romance as soon as that gentleman chooses to forward it. We are

quite at a loss how to account for this delay in the fulfilment of his contract; especially as he has already been most liberally paid for the first number.' Say anything you like, in short, though I really don't believe that the public will care what you say or whether you say anything. If you choose, you may publish the first chapter as an insulated fragment, and charge me with the overpayment. I cannot finish it unless a great change comes over me; and if I make too great an effort to do so, it will be my death; not that I should care much for that, if I could fight the battle through and win it, thus ending a life of much smoulder and scanty fire in a blaze of glory. But I should smother myself in mud of my own making. I mean to come to Boston soon, not for a week, but for a single day, and then I can talk about my sanitary prospects more freely than I choose to write. I am not low-spirited, nor fanciful, nor freakish, but look what seem to be realities in the face, and am ready to take whatever may come. If I could but go to England now, I think that the sea voyage and the 'Old Home' might set me all right.

"This letter is for your own eye, and I wish especially that no echo of it may come back in your notes to me.

"P. S. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. F—, and tell her that one of my choicest ideal places is her drawing-room, and therefore I seldom visit it."

On Monday, the 28th of March, Hawthorne came to town and made this house his first station on his journey to the South for health. I was greatly shocked at his invalid appearance, and he seemed quite deaf. The light in his eye was beautiful as ever, but his limbs seemed shrunken and his usual stalwart vigor utterly gone. He said to me with a pathetic voice, "Why does Nature treat us like little children! I think we could bear it all if we knew our fate; at least it would not make much difference to me now what became of me." Toward night he brightened up a little, and his delicious wit flashed out, at intervals, as of old, but

he was evidently broken and dispirited about his health. Looking out on the bay that was sparkling in the moonlight, he said he thought the moon rather lost something of its charm for him as he grew older. He spoke with great delight of a little story, called "Pet Marjorie," and said he had read it carefully through twice, every word of it. He had much to say about England, and observed, among other things, that "the extent over which her dominions are spread leads her to fancy herself stronger than she really is; but she is not to-day a powerful empire; she is much like a squash-vine which runs over a whole garden, but if you cut it at the root it is at once destroyed." At breakfast, next morning, he spoke of his kind neighbors in Concord, and said Alcott was one of the most excellent men he had ever known. "It is impossible to quarrel with him, for he would take all your harsh words like a saint."

He left us shortly after this for a journey to Washington, with his friend Mr. Ticknor. The travellers spent several days in New York, and then proceeded to Philadelphia. Hawthorne wrote to me from the Continental Hotel, dating his letter "Saturday evening," announcing the severe illness of his companion. He did not seem to anticipate a fatal result, but on Sunday morning the news came that Mr. Ticknor was dead. Hawthorne returned at once to Boston, and stayed here overnight. He was in a very excited and nervous state, and talked incessantly of the sad scenes he had just been passing through. We sat late together, conversing of the friend we had lost, and I am sure he hardly closed his eyes that night. In the morning he went back to his own home in Concord.

His health, from that time, seemed to give way rapidly, and his friend, General Pierce, proposed that, as early as possible, they should go among the New Hampshire hills together and meet the spring there.

The first letter we received from Mrs. Hawthorne, after her husband's

return to Concord in April, gave us great anxiety. It was dated "Monday eve," and I will read some extracts from it to you:—

"I have just sent Mr. Hawthorne to bed, and so have a moment to speak to you. Generally it has been late, and I have not liked to disturb him by sitting up after him, and so I could not write since he returned, though I wished very much to tell you about him, ever since he came home. He came back unlooked for that day; and when I heard a step on the piazza, I was lying on a couch and feeling quite indisposed. But as soon as I saw him I was frightened out of all knowledge of myself,—so haggard, so white, so deeply scored with pain and fatigue was the face, so much more ill he looked than I ever saw him before. He had walked from the station because he saw no carriage there, and his brow was streaming with a perfect rain, so great had been the effort to walk so far. . . .

He needed much to get home to me, where he could fling off all care of himself and give way to his feelings, pent up and kept back for so long, especially since his watch and ward of most excellent, kind Mr. Ticknor. It relieved him somewhat to break down as he spoke of that scene. . . . But he was so weak and weary he could not sit up much, and lay on the couch nearly all the time in a kind of uneasy somnolency, not wishing to be read to, even,—not able to attend or fix his thoughts at all. On Saturday he unfortunately took cold, and, after a most restless night, was seized early in the morning with a very bad stiff neck, which was acutely painful all Sunday. Sunday night, however, a compress of linen wrung in cold water cured him, with belladonna. But he slept also most of this morning. . . . He could as easily build London as go to the Shakespeare dinner. It tires him so much to get entirely through his toilet in the morning, that he has to lie down a long time after it. To-day he walked out on the grounds, and could not stay ten minutes, because I would not let him

sit down in the wind, and he could not bear any longer exercise. He has more than lost all he gained by the journey, by the sad event. From being the nursed and cared for, — early to bed and late to rise, — led, as it were, by the ever-ready hand of kind Mr. Ticknor, to become the nurse and night-watcher with all the responsibilities, with his mighty power of sympathy and his vast apprehension of suffering in others, and to see death for the first time in a state so weak as his, — the death also of so valued a friend, — as Mr. Hawthorne says himself, ‘it told upon him’ fearfully. There are lines ploughed on his brow which never were there before. . . . I have been up and alert ever since his return, but one day I was obliged, when he was busy, to run off and lie down for fear I should drop before his eyes. My head was in such an agony I could not endure it another moment. But I am well now. I have wrestled and won, and now I think I shall not fail again. Your most generous kindness of hospitality I heartily thank you for, but Mr. Hawthorne says he cannot leave home. He wants rest, and he says when the wind is *warm* he shall feel well. This cold wind ruins him. I wish he were in Cuba or on some isle in the Gulf Stream. But I must say I could not think him able to go anywhere, unless I could go with him. He is too weak to take care of himself. I do not like to have him go up and down stairs alone. I have read to him all the afternoon and evening and after he waked in the morning to-day. I do nothing but sit with him, ready to do or not do, just as he wishes. The wheels of my small *ménage* are all stopped. He is my world and all the business of it. He has not smiled since he came home till to-day, and I made him laugh with Thackeray’s humor in reading to him; but a smile looks strange on a face that once shone like a thousand suns with smiles. The light for the time has gone out of his eyes, entirely. An infinite weariness films them quite. I thank Heav-

en that summer and not winter approaches.”

On Friday evening of the same week Mrs. Hawthorne sent off another despatch to us : —

“Mr. Hawthorne has been miserably ill for two or three days, so that I could not find a moment to speak to you. I am most anxious to have him leave Concord again, and General Pierce’s plan is admirable, now that the General is well himself. I think the serene jog-trot in a private carriage into country places, by trout-streams and to old farm-houses, away from care and news, will be very restorative. The boy associations with the General will refresh him. They will fish, and muse, and rest, and saunter upon horses’ feet, and be in the air all the time in fine weather. I am quite content, though I wish I could go for a few *petits soins*. But General Pierce has been a most tender, constant nurse for many years, and knows how to take care of the sick. And his love for Mr. Hawthorne is the strongest passion of his soul, now his wife is departed. They will go to the Isles of Shoals together probably, before their return.

“Mr. Hawthorne cannot walk ten minutes now without wishing to sit down, as I think I told you, so that he cannot take sufficient air except in a carriage. And his horror of hotels and rail-cars is immense, and human beings beset him in cities. He is indeed *very* weak. I hardly know what takes away his strength. I now am obliged to superintend my workman, who is arranging the grounds. Whenever my husband lies down (which is sadly often) I rush out of doors to see what the gardener is about.

“I cannot feel rested till Mr. Hawthorne is better, but I get along. I shall go to town when he is safe in the care of General Pierce.”

On Saturday this communication from Mrs. Hawthorne reached us : —

“General Pierce wrote yesterday to say he wished to meet Mr. Hawthorne in Boston on Wednesday, and go from thence on their way.

"Mr. Hawthorne is much weaker, I find, than he has been before at any time, and I shall go down with him, having a great many things to do in Boston; but I am sure he is not fit to be left by himself, for his steps are so uncertain, and his eyes are very uncertain too. Dear Mr. Fields, I am very anxious about him, and I write now to say that he absolutely refuses to see a physician officially, and so I wish to know whether Dr. Holmes could not see him in some ingenious way on Wednesday as a friend; but with his experienced, acute observation, to look at him also as a physician, to note how he is and what he judges of him comparatively since he last saw him. It almost deprives me of my wits to see him growing weaker with no aid. He seems quite bilious, and has a restlessness that is infinite. His look is more distressed and harassed than before; and he has so little rest, that he is getting worn out. I hope immensely in regard of this sauntering journey with General Pierce.

"I feel as if I ought not to speak to you of anything when you are so busy and weary and bereaved. But yet in such a sad emergency as this, I am sure your generous, kind heart will not refuse me any help you can render. . . . I wish Dr. Holmes would feel his pulse; I do not know how to judge of it, but it seems to me irregular."

His friend, Dr. O. W. Holmes, in compliance with Mrs. Hawthorne's desire, expressed in this letter to me, saw the invalid and thus describes his appearance in an article full of tenderness and feeling which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1864:—

"Late in the afternoon of the day before he left Boston on his last journey I called upon him at the hotel where he was staying. He had gone out but a moment before. Looking along the street, I saw a form at some distance in advance which could only be his,—but how changed from his former port and figure. There was no mistaking the long iron-gray locks, the

carriage of the head, and the general look of the natural outlines and movement; but he seemed to have shrunk in all his dimensions, and faltered along with an uncertain, feeble step, as if every movement were an effort. I joined him, and we walked together half an hour, during which time I learned so much of his state of mind and body as could be got at without worrying him with suggestive questions,—my object being to form an opinion of his condition, as I had been requested to do, and to give him some hints that might be useful to him on his journey.

"His aspect, medically considered, was very unfavorable. There were persistent local symptoms, referred especially to the stomach,—“boring pain,” distension, difficult digestion, with great wasting of flesh and strength. He was very gentle, very willing to answer questions, very docile to such counsel as I offered him, but evidently had no hope of recovering his health. He spoke as if his work were done, and he should write no more.

"With all his obvious depression, there was no failing noticeable in his conversational powers. There was the same backwardness and hesitancy which in his best days it was hard for him to overcome, so that talking with him was almost like love-making, and his shy, beautiful soul had to be wooed from its bashful pudency like an unschooled maiden. The calm despondency with which he spoke about himself confirmed the unfavorable opinion suggested by his look and history."

I saw Hawthorne alive, for the last time, the day he started on this his last journey. His speech and his gait indicated severe illness, and I had great misgivings about the jaunt he was purposing to take so early in the season. His tones were more subdued than ever, and he scarcely spoke above a whisper. He was very affectionate in parting, and I followed him to the door, looking after him as he went up School Street. I noticed that he faltered from weakness, and I should have

taken my hat and joined him to offer my arm, but I knew he did not wish to *seem* ill, and I feared he might be troubled at my anxiety. Fearing to disturb him, I followed him with my eyes only, and watched him till he turned the corner and passed out of sight.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1864, a telegram, signed by Franklin Pierce, stunned us all. It announced the death of Hawthorne. In the afternoon of the same day came this letter to me : —

"PEMIGEWASSET HOUSE, PLYMOUTH, N. H.,
Thursday morning, 5 o'clock.

"MY DEAR SIR,— The telegraph has communicated to you the fact of our dear friend Hawthorne's death. My friend Colonel Hibbard, who bears this note, was a friend of H——, and will tell you more than I am able to write.

"I enclose herewith a note which I commenced last evening to dear Mrs. Hawthorne. O, how will she bear this shock! Dear mother — dear children —

"When I met Hawthorne in Boston a week ago, it was apparent that he was much more feeble and more seriously diseased than I had supposed him to be. We came from Senter Harbor yesterday afternoon, and I thought he was, on the whole, brighter than he was the day before. Through the week he has been inclined to somnolency during the day, but restless at night. He retired last night soon after nine o'clock, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. In less than half an hour changed his position, but continued to sleep. I left the door open between his bed-room and mine, — our beds being opposite to each other, — and was asleep myself before eleven o'clock. The light continued to burn in my room. At two o'clock I went to H——'s bedside; he was apparently in a sound sleep, and I did not place my hand upon him. At four o'clock I went into his room again, and, as his position was unchanged, I placed my hand upon him and found that life was extinct. I sent, however, immediately for a physi-

cian, and called Judge Bell and Colonel Hibbard, who occupied rooms upon the same floor and near me. He lies upon his side, his position so perfectly natural and easy, his eyes closed, that it is difficult to realize, while looking upon his noble face, that this is death. He must have passed from natural slumber to that from which there is no waking without the slightest movement.

"I cannot write to dear Mrs. Hawthorne, and you must exercise your judgment with regard to sending this and the unfinished note, enclosed, to her.

"Your friend,

"FRANKLIN PIERCE."

Hawthorne's lifelong desire that the end might be a sudden one was gratified. Often and often he has said to me, "What a blessing to go quickly!" So the same swift angel that came as a messenger to Allston, Irving, Prescott, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Dickens, was commissioned to touch his forehead also, and beckon him away.

The room in which death fell upon him,

"Like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,"

looks towards the east; and standing in it, as I have frequently done, since he passed out silently into the skies, it is easy to imagine the scene on that spring morning which President Pierce so feelingly describes in his letter.

On the 24th of May we carried Hawthorne through the blossoming orchards of Concord, and laid him down under a group of pines, on a hillside, overlooking historic fields. All the way from the village church to the grave the birds kept up a perpetual melody. The sun shone brightly, and the air was sweet and pleasant, as if death had never entered the world. Longfellow and Emerson, Channing and Hoare, Agassiz and Lowell, Greene and Whipple, Alcott and Clarke, Holmes and Hillard, and other old friends walked slowly by his side that beautiful spring morning. The companion of his youth

and his manhood, for whom he would willingly at any time have given up his own life, Franklin Pierce, was there among the rest, and scattered flowers into the grave. The unfinished Romance, which had cost him so much anxiety, the last literary work on which he had ever been engaged, was laid on his coffin.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

Longfellow's beautiful poem will always be associated with the memory of Hawthorne, and most fitting was it that his fellow-student, whom he so loved and honored, should sing his requiem.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Mechanism in Thought and Morals. An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, June 29, 1870. With Notes and Afterthoughts. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

SOME embarrassment, we have felt, would attend any systematic effort of ours to mark passages for extract or comment from this wise and charming little book. We fear we should find, on running over the pages when we had done, that every line had a black mark under it, and that every sentence was turning a parenthetical back upon its neighbors, — like a man who is getting on in the world. Does this indicate a dissatisfaction with the author? Well, beggars *will* be choosers, whatever the proverb may say. But we have so seldom to complain of receiving too much!

After some consideration of the physical structure of the brain, and some conjecture as to its operation in conscious and unconscious thought, the writer arrives at discussion of materialism in the moral world, and, rejecting the "mechanical doctrine which makes him the slave of outside influences, whether it work with the logic of Edwards or the averages of Buckle," he declares that "moral chaos began with the idea of transmissible responsibility." Then he combats the idea of a penal hell, and of a measurement of guilt, not by the sin committed, but the quality of the Being offended, while he maintains that there is a divine recuperative force constantly working in human nature against the effects of evil. These ideas will be none the more palatable, we dare say, to the theologians whose notions they oppose,

from the fact that their own opinions are characterized throughout as materialism. But neither they nor any one else will fail to read this part of Dr. Holmes's address with attention and interest, or help feeling with what a singular combination of subtlety and frankness the subject is treated. We are rather glad, however, that it is no part of our business to pronounce upon the correctness of his ideas; and, to tell the truth, we do not value this part of the book so much as that which records the experiences and observations of so acute a student of mental operations in himself and in others, and which abounds in passages like these *apropos* of unconscious mental action: —

"The poet sits down to his desk with an odd conceit in his brain; and presently his eyes fill with tears, his thought slides into the minor key, and his heart is full of sad and plaintive melodies. Or he goes to his work, saying, 'To-night I would have tears'; and, before he rises from his table, he has written a burlesque, such as he might think fit to send to one of the comic papers, if these were not so commonly cemeteries of hilarity interspersed with cenotaphs of wit and humor. These strange hysterics of the intelligence, which make us pass from weeping to laughter, and from laughter back again to weeping, must be familiar to every impressible nature; and all is as automatic, involuntary, as entirely self-evolved by a hidden organic process, as are the changing moods of the laughing and crying woman. The poet always recognizes a dictation *ab extra*; and we hardly think it a figure of speech when we talk of his inspiration.

"The mental attitude of the poet while writing, if I may venture to define it, is that of the 'nun, breathless with adoration.' Mental stillness is the first condition of the listening state; and I think my friends the poets will recognize that the sense of effort, which is often felt, accompanies the mental spasm by which the mind is maintained in a state at once passive to the influx from without, and active in seizing only that which will serve its purpose."

Dr. Holmes studies the brain both as a physician and a metaphysician, and the reader starts with a glance at it as the great nervous centre. Then the dual form and possible dual function of this organ, the analogy between mental defects and peculiarities and the defects and peculiarities of other organs ("the old brain thinks the world grows worse as the old retina thinks the eye of the needle grows smaller," and "intellectual myopes, near-sighted specialists, are blind to all but the distant abstract"), conscious mental action, pictured thought, musical consciousness, the nature of will, the rapidity of thought, unconscious thought, unconscious sleep, passive thought, mental labor, memory, association, intellectual decay, — are the topics (we have somewhat inaccurately noted them) which are successively touched on in the essay, and by which the author arrives at the spiritual or moral phase of his problem.

But for a sense of its over-compactness, which we have hinted, this little book reminds us of the "Autocrat" in his best moods, — in those moments when, all barrier of invention and situation being broken down, the author talks face to face, or rather soul to soul, consciousness to consciousness, with the reader. By this we imagine ourselves to be saying that it is one of the most delightful, and one of the subtlest things we have read since the "Autocrat," and to be commending it in the strongest and only possible terms; for in this most characteristic attitude we can have no one but himself to compare the author with.

Topics of the Time. By JAMES PARTON.
Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

OUR readers have had an opportunity of seeing all but one of the papers included in this volume; and such is the spirit and attractiveness with which they are written, that we believe all will vividly recall the

articles on civil service, on Congress, on international copyright, and on Catholics and Jews, as well as the review of Bonaparte's correspondence, the discursive essay on fashions, and Mr. Parton's study of New England life. The one unfamiliar chapter is that on "The Government of the City of New York," which on the whole is the strongest and best chapter in the book. It was a subject singularly well adapted to Mr. Parton's powers; it required research, bold and free handling, and the highest courage and cheerfulness. We do not know where else the author's peculiar optimism appears with such effect as where, at the close of this paper, he expresses a hope for the future of a city which he shows to be literally abandoned to the rule of thieves and other criminals. But it is a dreadful picture to exhibit to the Old World, and it does not quite help matters that we know what a wicked Old World it is, and how little its opinion is worth caring for. We owed it an example of a different kind; and while such organized misrule exists in New York, we ought to be tender of the violence of Paris.

In his treatment of all these topics of the time, Mr. Parton reveals the qualities which in greater degree characterize that on the New York City government, with an occasional disadvantage of subject. Wherever the case has to be urged, he betrays what seems an inherent logical weakness; his feeling — always good feeling — sometimes carries him too far in defence and offence; his colors are often too positive and too little harmonized. But where a character, or a period, or a phase of civilization, is to be studied and described, he seldom fails of a right effect; he never fails of interesting the reader, and for the moment, at least, of persuading him. Occasionally we lament the misapplication of his powers; but we do not doubt them.

There has always been a difficulty with some in acknowledging them; and on the whole we suppose that this larger kind of journalism, in which Mr. Parton has of late been engaged, has added to the number of these reluctant. But it has also added largely to the number of his readers, and has immensely widened the circle which one day, when he has produced some crowning work of history or biography, will welcome it with all his faults, — and it will be pretty sure to have them all in greater or less degree; for he is not a man to do things by halves, and give his virtues alone.

Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum. Code of Health of the School of Salerno. Translated into English Verse, with an Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By JOHN ORDRONAU, LL.D., M.D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Law School of Columbia College, N. Y. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ROBERT, Duke of Normandy, and second son of William the Conqueror, was wounded with a poisoned arrow at the fall of Jerusalem, and on his way home to England stopped at Salerno to seek the advice of the famous school of medicine, which had flourished there ever since the tenth century. He was told that the wound could be cured only by suction ; and when nobody else would attempt the perilous service, his wife, as is well known to romance, drew the poison from the hurt with her own lovely and loving lips, while he slept, and the prince got well. But he did not recover so rapidly that he did not need counsel concerning his mode of life ; and the faculty of Salerno uttered their wisdom in his behalf in a series of maxims and prescriptions couched in Latin verse, and applicable to all the ordinary contingencies of health and sickness. At first they gave him some general advice, in the following terms, to use a quaint translation of 1607 : —

"The Salerne Schoole doth by these lines impart
All health to England's King, and doth advise
From care his head to keepe, from wrath his harte.
Drink not much wine, sup light, and soone arise.
When meat is gone long sitting breedeth smart ;
And after noone still waking keepe your eies,
When mov'd you find your selfe to nature's needs,
Forbeare them not, for that much danger breeds,
Use three physitians still — first Dr. Quiet,
Next Dr. Merry-man, and Dr. Dyet."

This admirable prescription they then expanded into more than a hundred particular rules of possibly varying value, but unvarying simplicity and clearness. What Dr. Ordronau has now done is to give us a new versified English translation of this poem, largely preserving its spirit of downrightness and directness, and prefacing his version with a very pleasant sketch of the history of the School of Salerno and of the poem itself. From this it appears that the poem has, since the invention of printing, constantly reappeared in new editions ; in German sixteen times, in French nineteen, in Italian seven, in Dutch, Bohemian, Polish, and Irish, each one, in English ten ; and besides there have been one hundred and seven Latin

editions. From this great popularity, our translator naturally argues great merit : —

"It is the condensation of truth in compact, suggestive sentences, adorned by the elegance of rhyme, and thus invoking the harmony of numbers to the aid of memory, which has given to this poem an undying charm. Written in plain, untechnical language, saturated with the broad common sense of daily experience, and prescribing for all the necessities and all the dangers of practical life, it at once comes home, as Bacon said of his essays, to 'Men's Business and Bosomes' ; and the innumerable imitations of it which sprang up in unlearned Europe, wherever a medical school existed, attest in the most forcible manner possible the high and fixed reverence it commanded in public estimation."

Of course the ordinary reader will find the wisdom of the school of Salerno quite as delightful when, in the light of modern popular science, it seems a little obsolescent, as when it shines with undiminished force and lustre. A certain old-wisely air in much of the advice detracts little from its authority ; and we read with comfortable faith, —

"The radish, pear, theriac, garlic, rue,
All potent poisons will at once undo."

And we feel sure that the most reckless and dissipated person will honor a prescription so consonant with reason and nature as this : —

"Art sick from vinous surfeiting at night?
Repeat the dose at morn, 't will set thee right."

It is interesting to know that the unliest of the passions was once within the control of science ; and for this reason, at least, it seems almost a pity that phlebotomy should have fallen into disfavor : —

"Bleeding soothes rage, brings joy unto the sad,
And saves all love-sick swains from going mad."

The rules for this noble treatment are very abundant and explicit, and Duke Robert, and after him all afflicted, are fully instructed at what age, in what months, in what condition, from which veins, and how, they are to be let blood, and are warned of states and seasons when it is dangerous. The most curious of these instructions relate to

"WHAT PARTS ARE TO BE DEPLETED
AND AT WHAT SEASONS."

"In spring, and likewise in the summer tide,
Blood should be drawn alone from the right side.
In autumn sere, or on cold winter's day,
Take from the left in corresponding way.
Four parts distinct we must in turn deplete —
The liver, heart, the head, and last the feet."

In spring the heart — liver when heats abound,
The head or feet, whene'er their turn comes round."

There are many directions for regulating the diet, some of which would surprise the sufferers who pin their faith to Dr. Dio Lewis, while others seem the germ of the conspiracy of that physician and the doctors of Sancho Panza to deny hunger all that it craves, and bid it wholesomely satisfy itself with whatever the appetite abhors. Yet on the whole the balance is in favor of nature and of sense, and the patient of the school of Salernum is advised to use and to disuse pretty much the same things that his taste and his good old family doctor prescribe and proscribe at this day. All who feel grateful to Providence for good cheer will agree with the following, especially as far as it relates to free indulgence in winter : —

"Slender in Spring thy diet be, and spare ;
Disease, in Summer, springs from surplus fare.
From Autumn fruits be careful to abstain,
Lest by mischance they should occasion pain.
But when rapacious Winter has come on,
Then freely eat till appetite is gone."

Concerning wines the school has also somewhat to say of such practical effect that we cannot altogether withhold its wisdom from our readers : —

"The taste of wines, their clearness, odor, shade,
Are living proofs of their specific grade ;
You'll find all those that are of highest source,
Fragrant, frigid, fair, fuming high with force."

"Rich, heavy wines that are both sweet and white,
The body's size increase, and e'en its might."

"Ripe, good old wine imparts a richer blood
To him who daily tastes its tonic flood ;
But when too dark — beware ! the danger 's great
That you may grow inert, and not elate.
Let wines be fine and clear, mature and old,
And mixed with water, still, their sparkle hold ;
Then quaff a mod'rate draught, secure and bold.

(Addition from Paris Ed., 1861.)

Bright beads, when rising fast in any wine,
Bespeak good quality and vintage fine ;
But sparkling wine, unless its tide flows free,
Is false and doubly base in quality.
In good wine beads and bubbles take their start,
Resilient ever from the central part.
In wines depraved and drugged the bubbles spring,
From out, alone, the margin's narrow ring."

In turning from this odd, old-fashioned book, we must not fail to own that we have copied purposely the quaint passages, and have scarcely touched a bottom of sound reason and knowledge there is in it. We ought all to thank the translator for his version, and to be glad of a new edition of a book which, while it will minister in some degree to man's passion for doctoring himself, may also chance to amuse him so much

as to take his mind off his malady, and make him forget what he went to it for. This is an advantage it has over modern popular treatises on health.

Poems. By LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.
Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THERE are at least two pieces in this collection of verse that show a dramatic power, namely, "The Duel" and "Garden and Balcony" ; but both of these are arrangements of familiar and conventional themes, rather than original performances. We shall do our utmost for the poet, and shall give the reader a clearer idea of our meaning, by quoting the last of the poems mentioned : —

"GARDEN AND BALCONY.

"LOVER.

"I have scaled the outer wall,
I have passed the secret gate,
Yonder shines the signal lamp,
There my love waits —

"HUSBAND.

"No, my hate !

"LOVER.

"Stars, my dim and kindly guides,
Through the darkness of the night,
Veil your telltale brightness now —

"HUSBAND.

"Look your last upon their light !

"LOVER.

"Roses round her lattice twined
 wooing me with scented breath,
Hid behind your perfumed shade,
Love awaits me —

"HUSBAND.

"No, 't is Death !"

From this we think the justice of our praise and of the detraction from it is plain enough ; and it does not seem a good omen for the poet that she should have done her best in a thing so remote from reality, and so near the footlights of the operatic stage.

It is not literary facility or poetic form which is wanting in her or in most other American poets ; but the creative sense of a relation between these and life, — life seen, felt, and known, not life read about, conjectured, and borrowed. In the mean time, as we have half allowed already, here is grace, sentiment sweet and bitter, pretty passion, hallowed and unhallowed (for one is quite as much the mode now as the other in all polite literature), pretty loveliness, pretty horror.